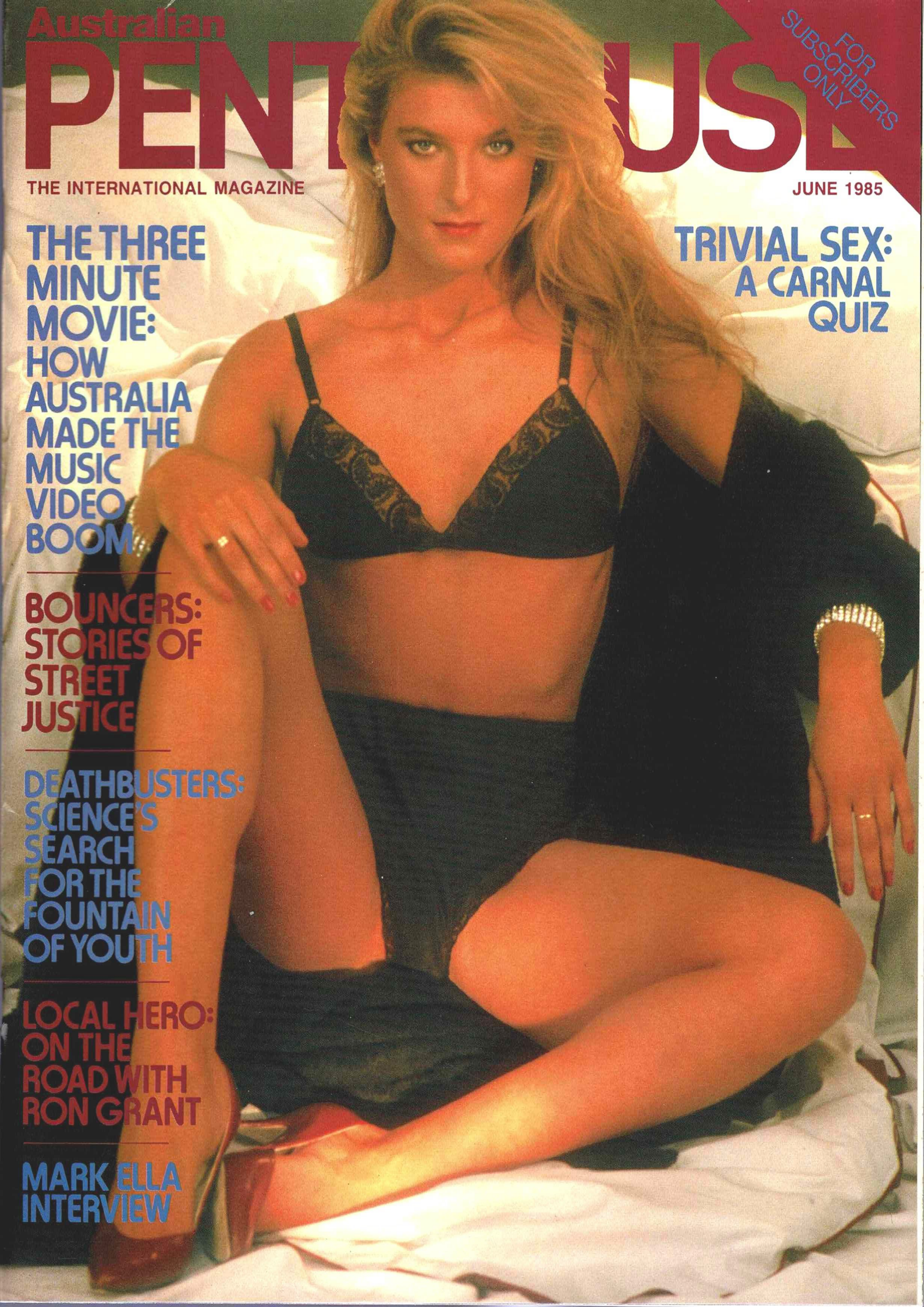
Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE 1985

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY



THE THREE MINUTE MOVIE: HOW AUSTRALIA MADE THE MUSIC VIDEO BOOM

TRIVIAL SEX: A CARNAL QUIZ

BOUNCERS: STORIES OF STREET JUSTICE

DEATHBUSTERS: SCIENCE'S SEARCH FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

LOCAL HERO: ON THE ROAD WITH RON GRANT

MARK ELLA INTERVIEW

With Peter Jackson 30's,
you're laughing!
30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.
Peter
Jackson
EXTRA MILD
PREMIUM 30 QUALITY
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
PHL1694 CC 1821/84

Australian
PENTHOUSE

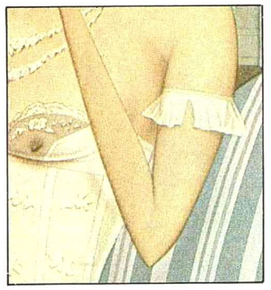
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 6 No 6/June 1985

CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	Katie Ryan	Photo by Bob Watson	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Scot Morris	19
SOUNDS	Reviews	Edited by Jeremy Cook	20
FILM	Reviews	Edited by C.J. Mackay	22
SEX	Opinion	Michael MacArthur	24
SPORT	Opinion	John Bay	26
VIDEO	Reviews	Edited by Denis Whitburn	28
WINNING	Opinion	Michael Korda	30
TRAVEL	Service	Edited by Fred Baker	32
THE ENFORCERS	Article	Greg Hunter	34
CATCH THE MOMENT/ANGELA	Pictorial	Photos by Leslie Turtle	42
THREE MINUTE MOVIE	Article	Anthony O'Grady	52
DEATHBUSTERS	Article	Gary Hanauer	58
THE LAP OF LUXURY/KATIE	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Watson	63
TRIVIAL SEX	Quiz	Hugh Batters	78
THE CANDY APPLE	Portfolio	Blair Drawson	86
1943	Humor	Colin Bowles	92
RULE 606	Fiction	Gary Holt	96
FAME AND FORTUNE/BARBETTE	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	104
GROSZ INDECENCY	Cartoons	Chris Grosz	114
MARK ELLA	Interview	Keith J. Butterick	118
CAN YOU HANDLE SUCCESS?	Quiz		125
PASTA POWER	Motoring	Peter McKay	128
LOCAL HERO	Profile	Frank Robson	132
PEOPLE	Profiles		138
LIBERATED LADY/SONDRA	Pictorial	Photos by Carl Wachter	142
HEROIN: CRIME AND PUNISHMENT	Advise and Dissent	John Marsden	148
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Edited by C.J. Mackay	150

The Enforcers

Three Minute Movie



The Candy Apple

1943

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited, Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia $3.40. *Recommended and maximum price only. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655

ClemSyd. SWM 2219 AB3829/85

The one thing the French love more than tradition: breaking with it.

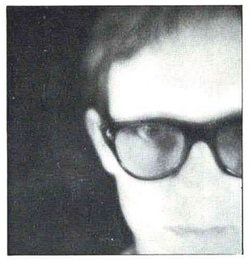
Today, in France, another revolution is taking place. Gone are the days when people can sit over lengthy, over-rich meals and then take the time to sleep it off.

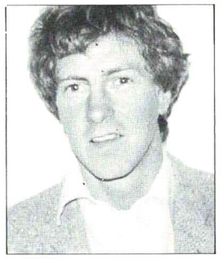
The food is now lighter. The sauces less creamy and floury. And along with this nouvelle cuisine is a new approach to wine making.

A perfect example is Piat D'Or red. A light, exceptionally smooth red, that even chilled, is a joy to swallow. Look for Piat D'Or red and white. We've been looking after people who love wine since 1849. Piat D'Or Rouge and Blanc.

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

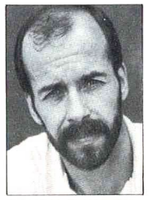
EDITOR
Phil Abraham
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Stephen Costello
EDITORIAL
Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter, John Elliot; *Copy Editor:* Graeme Sims; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Art Director:* Doug Finley; *Assistant Art Director:* Linda Margolin; *Contributing Editors:* Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Adrian Tame, Denis Whitburn, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; *Office Manager:* Julie Mitchell; *Typsetting:* Love Computer Typesetting.
ADVERTISING
Marketing Manager: Max Press, Tel. (02) 929 6144; P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. *Advertising Director:* Howard Jenkins; *Senior Sales Executive:* Paul Dotson; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Jill Van Der Horn; *Vic:* Bob Gaff, 349 Moray Street, South Melbourne, 3205, Tel. (03) 690 8233; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; *WA:* Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9593. *NZ:* John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; *Japan:* Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)
PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.
EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.
ADVERTISING OFFICES
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.
DISTRIBUTORS
Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*; Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman)*; David J. Myerson *(Chief Operating Officer)*; Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer)*; John Evans *(Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)*
EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino
ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli.
EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.
FOREIGN EDITIONS
Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.
JUNE


GRAEME DAVEY


ANTHONY O'GRADY

GREG HUNTER

HUGH BATTERS


TANDY ROWLEY

FRANK ROBSON

HOUSECALL

THE ENFORCERS
Bouncers are the street-level barometers of social change. In the Sixties they were monkey-suited Neanderthals who dispensed a violent brand of justice with impunity. In the Eighties they're a new breed of smooth talkers, deadly with their fists if the need arises but generally loath to use them. The evolving bouncer has left behind a trail of battered bodies and a fascinating social history, documented by Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** in The Enforcers (page 34). The accompanying photo was shot by **Tandy Rowley**.

DEATHBUSTERS
Five years from now we might well be able to live to an average age of 85 just by popping a pill or two each day. Sounds like a good deal, but that's only the surface of an enormous body of current research aimed at granting human beings their oldest and most ardent wish: immortality. In Deathbusters **Gary Hanauer** examines the controversial findings of those who seek to uncover the legendary fountain of youth. **Alan McGee's** illustration opens that piece on page 58.

TRIVIAL SEX
At last the national obsession with trivia has been put to some worthwhile purpose. **Hugh Batters** has turned a boring game into a scoring game by moving it out of the lounge-room and into the bedroom. Trivial Sex, designed to be played on standard trivia apparatus, is the ultimate sex test. Turn to page 78.

THE THREE-MINUTE MOVIE
The world-wide music video boom originated in Australia, and local film-makers are still putting together the best rock clips in the world on budgets that wouldn't cover a record company executive's lunch bill in the States. **Anthony O'Grady** looks at the outlaw Aussie whizzkids who skilfully blend the most potent of all entertainment media. The Three-Minute Movie, accompanied by **Graeme Davey's** photo, begins on 52.

THE CANDY APPLE
Internationally acclaimed artist **Blair Drawson** turns his wickedly satirical brush to the subject of forbidden fruit. A selection of prints from Drawson's superb portfolio of erotica is presented for your delection on page 86.

LOCAL HERO
In the snoozy Queensland town of Caboolture there lives a man whose wholesome simplicity and superhuman endurance combine to make him the quintessential local hero. He is Ron Grant, mid-summer conqueror of the Simpson Desert and probably the world's toughest ultra-distance runner. **Frank Robson** presents an insightful profile, probing for a solution to the perennial mystery: "Why does he do it?" **Steve Grove's** photo introduces Robson's story on page 132.

MARK ELLA INTERVIEW
By the time this issue appears on the newsstands rugby union enthusiasts will probably know whether or not they've seen the last of the mercurial Mark Ella. If Ella sticks by his decision to retire, the loss to Australian rugby and sport in general will be incalculable. **Keith J. Butterick** interviewed the world's finest attacking footballer just after his triumphant 1984 tour of the British Isles. Ella speaks candidly about his motives and about the pressures which may have forced a tragically premature retirement. The interview starts on page 118.

FOR ANYONE WHO THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER BE INTERESTED IN A VOLVO.

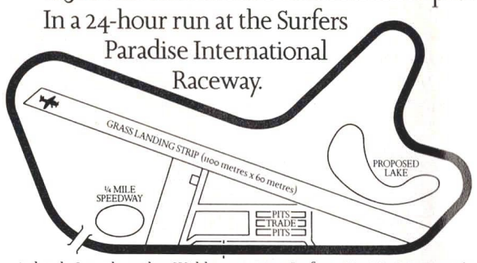
Trim kilograms and centimetres off your idea of a Volvo.

You'll find the 360 GLT is lighter and smaller than anything with a Volvo name on it.

It's also quick.

A 360 GLT ran flat out on a race track to prove it.

In a 24-hour run at the Surfers Paradise International Raceway.



Circuit details: Length - 3.2 km, Width - 9.4 metres, Surface - Hot Mix, Max. Straight - .8 km
AERIAL VIEW OF SURFERS PARADISE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY.

A grand total of 36 national and international marks were recorded.

The 360 GLT clocked blistering quarter mile and half kilometre times.

It coaxed records from distances of 500, 1000 and 2000 kilometres.

It ran up an amazing 2646 kilometres in the 24 hours to prove that it's not just a car with speed, but also a car with heart.

All of this could not have been accomplished without advanced engineering. So the engine here is a 2-litre, fuel-injected exercise in precision.

It's given rein by a 5-speed gearbox mounted Porsche-style over the rear axle.

A feature that gives you extraordinary balance and poise through corners.

To further aid the handling this car rides on MacPherson struts on the front and a sophisticated deDion suspension on the back.

You have alloy wheels and the tyres are Pirelli low-profile radials.

All this is packaged in a 5-door hatchback with a low-drag, aerodynamic shape.

And to make this a one-of-a-kind small car, the 360 GLT is built as tough as any Volvo.

Underlying the design is the famous Volvo crash cage. As well as crumple zones, front and rear.

We hope you find favour with the beauty shot of our car on these pages.

But perhaps you are the type of person who is more impressed by the car's appearance in the record books? Either way, a test drive is yours for the asking.

THE VOLVO 360 GLT.
HOLDER OF 36 NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SPEED AND ENDURANCE RECORDS.

Y&R VOL 2107

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A fan

Congratulations, *Penthouse*! Your March issue was just over the top. The centrefold Francesca was magnificent, as was the pictorial of Mindy Farrar. Both of these luscious ladies rate 11 out of 10 in my book. By the way, I do read the articles — especially when they get into areas that aren't covered by any other media. That's where the March issue of *Penthouse* really knocked me out. Aural Sex, The Carnal Coast and The Electric Church were all riveting stories covering ground that was totally new to me. You guys are so far ahead of the opposition these days it's just not funny. Not that you need any encouragement from me, but please keep up the high standard. — *J.D.H., Newcastle, NSW*

Tasteful? Us?

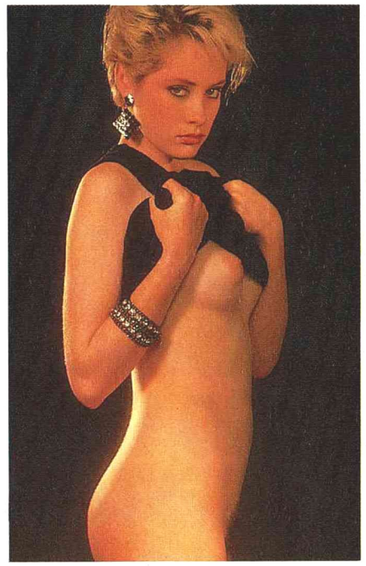
Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed the interview with Imran Khan (March *Penthouse*). I read most of the cricket magazines from time to time but I find these special interest journals seldom break the bonds of conservatism and broach the more sensitive issues. I was fascinated to read about Imran's attitudes to sex, alcohol, religion, marriage, and so on. Those subjects were introduced tastefully and explored as fully as I'd hoped they would be, and that's a nice surprise. Well done, *Penthouse*. — *Richard Wall, Melbourne*

Hang-ups

I'm writing after reading C.J. Mackay's article Aural Sex in your March '85 issue. As different as wanking over the phone may be, I can't help thinking how pathetic and very sad it is that a man has to resort to this sort of extreme fantasy to get his rocks off.

There are plenty of lonely females around, though it's true it doesn't always seem that way when men outnumber women at parties and on the books at dating services, etc. Maybe women are more adept at coping with or hiding their loneliness.

The only reason I see these places operating at a profit is that people these days are not prepared to take emotional risks. Men should learn to relate to women on an emotional as well as sexual level — then they wouldn't need this hybrid form of simulated sex. Why play out a crude and detached fantasy when there's a larger and much more exciting reality to play with? — *Mr J. Simpson, Mt Gravatt, Brisbane, Qld*



Francesca . . . 11 out of 10

The long and short of it

Michael Korda spoke only the truth in his March '84 Winning column. Being tall doesn't put you on top of the world. I'm two metres tall and as poor as owl shit. And I'm doubly cursed since I don't get into organised sports.

We tall people always have and always will have to pay our dues. Being tall means growing up with a constant stream of nicknames like "Bean Pole", "Corn Stalk" or "Long Streak Of Duck Shit."

I guess that short people's behavior (aggressive ambition and petulant feistiness) stems from a lack of pure air. Short people go through life breathing the air that whistles around tall people's hair, shoulders and armpits — or, at best, a fellow short person's face. A short person really suffers in the crowds.

At a concert, being tall really pays off. You can see the stage, people you know, where the pretty girls are, and you don't have to smoke that much of your own dope. You can catch a contact high from all the rising smoke.

Korda was also right when he states that a short boss will almost always, even if unconsciously, give a taller employer a harder row to hoe. Nothing seems to delight a short boss more than to make an arsehole of a taller employee. They love it even more if the deed is perpetrated when there's a fetching young lady around. And you might as well hang it up if your boss is both short and fat and you're tall and thin. And God help you if you're tall and thin and have a lot of hair and your boss is short, fat and bald.

I'm glad Michael Korda wrote that article. But I doubt that this time-honoured social screw-up will ever go away. Any way you look at it, tall people need short people. With them around, we stand out more. — *Gary Woolard, address withheld*

Sailors' delight

Well, *Penthouse*, you've really outdone yourselves this time. Your February '85 edition was the most!

I work at a naval base in Sydney and keeping an edition of *Penthouse* to myself is just about impossible. So it's not just me, but all of the boys who are casting our vote for your jelly wrestling Pet La-Lola. Maybe her boyfriend doesn't know what flavor she's going to be after a sweaty bout in gelatine, but we don't need three guesses.

It's on the strength of the February issue (Lola and the Phantom Freaks story especially) that we've decided to take out a year's subscription. You people should get some sort of trophy for the work you've done in eliminating boredom around here. Keep up the good work. — *The Zany Zetlanders, Sydney*

Queensland dreaming

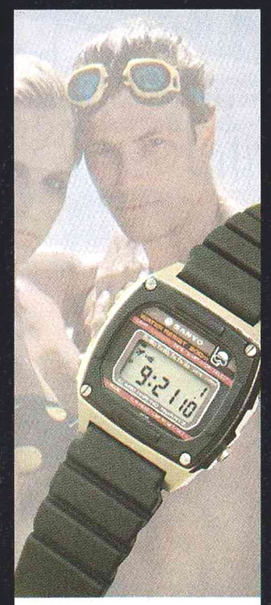
Your correspondent Jack Ransley must be living in some kind of a fantasy world. Anyone who could present a picture of far north Queensland like the one he presented in March *Penthouse* (The Carnal Coast) must have a very tenuous grip on reality.

Let me assure you, as a long time resident, that Cairns and its environs is not the haven for hedonists described by Ransley. Lascivious lifestyles are certainly not the norm. Nudity, as described in Ransley's breathless prose, is a rarity, and a state of dress which frequently results in prosecution, as does the drug abuse indulged in by your writer.

The north is just a far corner of a Fascist state, and it can be a tough place to live in unless you come out of the same can of baked beans as Hinze and his corpulent cronies. — *P.J.S. Qld.*

Have the time of your life...

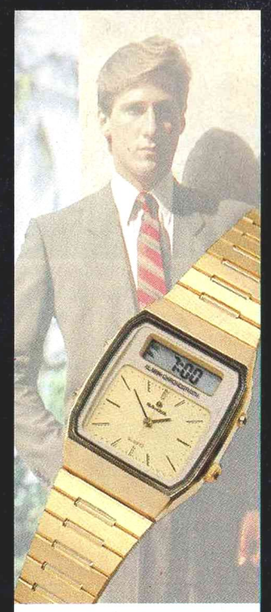
With a new Sanyo watch you can have the time of your life. Sanyo has a watch to suit any occasion. For work and play, Sanyo's fashionable styling allows you to keep in time with your surroundings. Any one of their wide range of mens and ladies watches could be suitable to help make a good time of your day ... But that's life.



Mens Sports/Water Resistant
Model DWD — 200SR

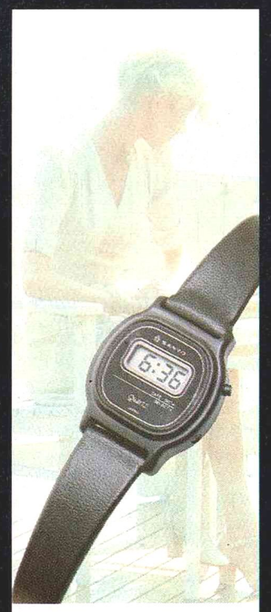
SANYO
That's Life!

Ladies Analogue
Model SFK — B2LGY

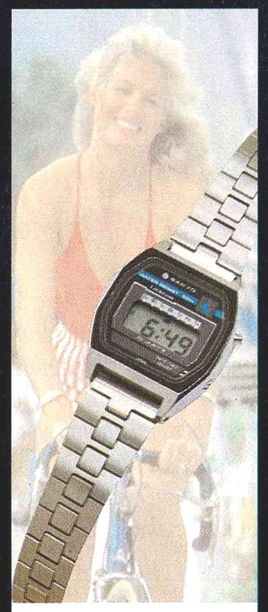


Mens Digital Analogue
Model NPW — 19MGY

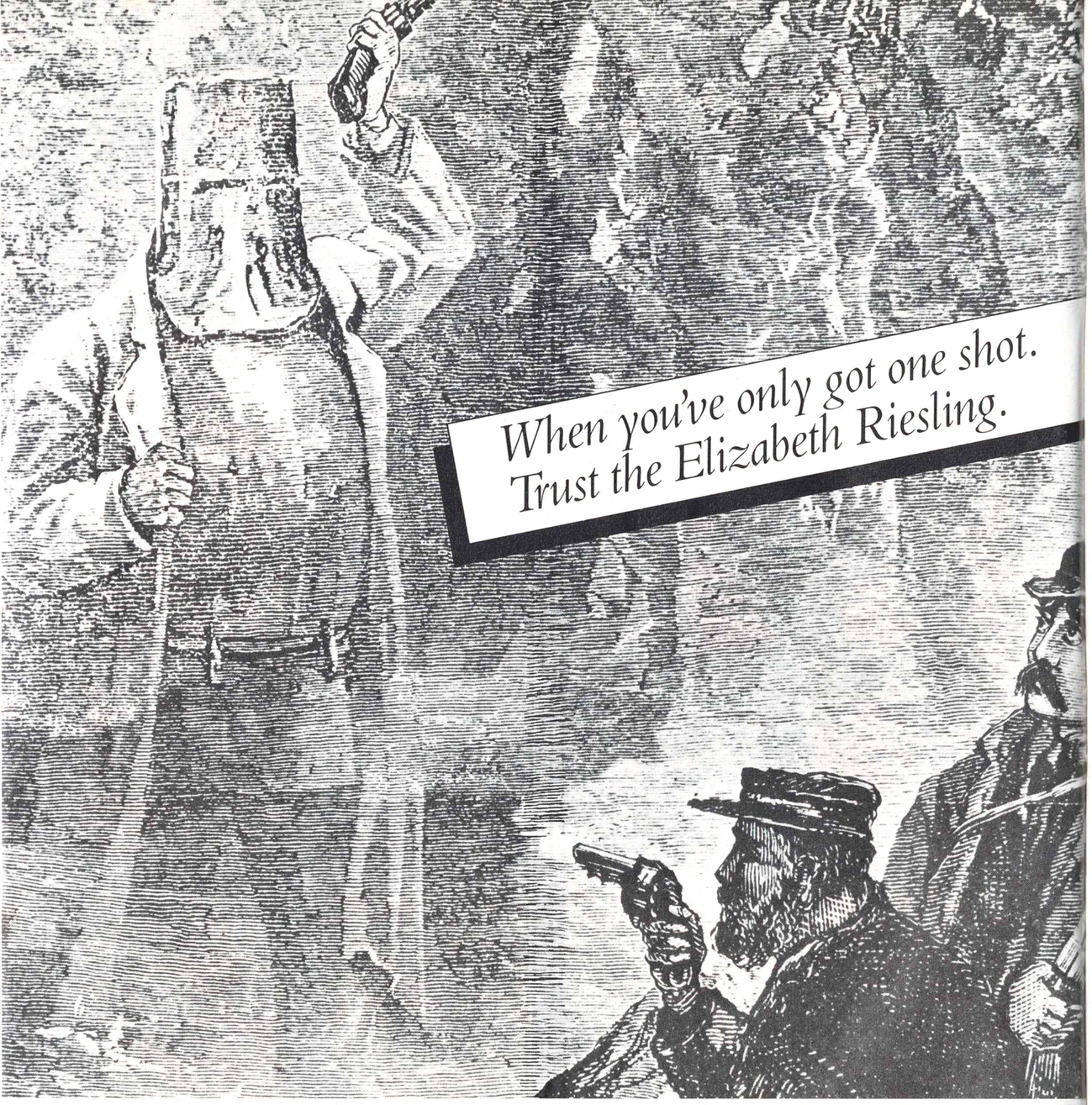
Mens Analogue
Model SKD — B2MGY



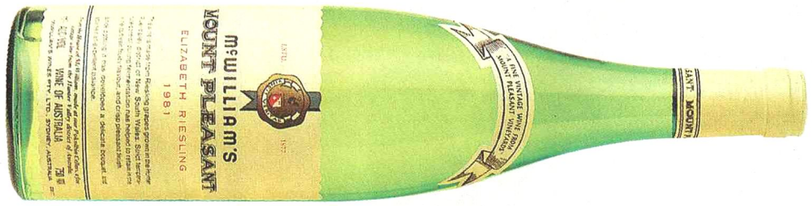
Ladies Casual
Model DW — L11PK



Ladies Sports/Water Resistant
Model DW — LD 530SK



To ensure the true taste from the Hunter Valley, the release of our 1981 Elizabeth Riesling has been held back till 1985. And if you'd like to give it some more time in your cellar, you'll find it will be even better. But enjoyed now or cellared for later, rest assured you'll never be disappointed by our Elizabeth Riesling.

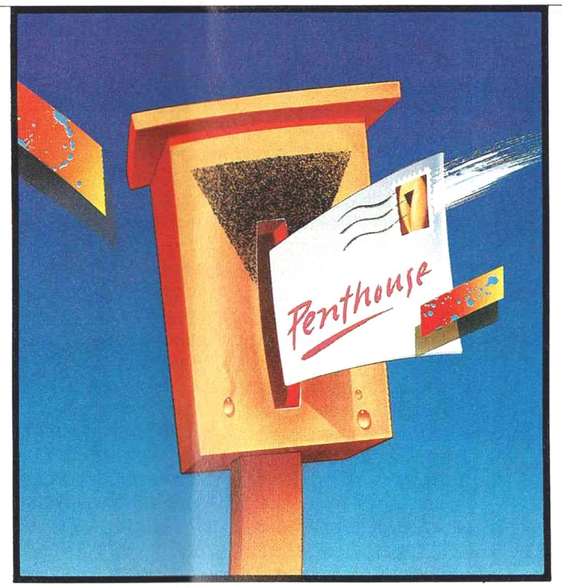


MOUNT PLEASANT

AB3952/85 MC1485/A

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



A taste of perfection

When it comes to oral sex, I'm pretty much perfect. Now, I know this may sound conceited, but the truth of the matter is that I'm a dynamic cock-sucker.

I'm in my early thirties, average looking and not particularly smart or successful at work, but I have more than my share of men. The secret of my popularity is simple — my oral technique. And the secret of that is equally simple — I love to suck cock. It follows that a person is good at what she loves, right? So, there you have the story of my sexual triumphs. But let me give you a few examples.

Roy's a good-looking guy, and we're in the same car pool. When he mentioned that he'd just broken up with his girlfriend, I decided to try to get him interested in me, but he showed no sign of anything more than a friendly attitude. My house is the last stop on the car pool, and when it was Roy's turn to drive, we found ourselves alone in the front seat, the other passengers having already been dropped off.

We got stuck in a traffic jam, and while Roy was cursing and getting all tensed up, I turned on the radio and very casually began stroking his cock inside his trousers in time to the beat of the C&W song on the radio. Roy looked amazed, even shocked, but he didn't tell me to stop — they never do. When we finally got clear of the traffic snarl, I suggested that we take a side road to my house, all the while keeping up my rhythmic rubbing of his rock-hard cock.

Well, Roy lost no time in getting on that side road, and when I told him to pull up beside a clump of trees, he did so without question. When he turned the ignition off, I unzipped his fly, pulled his engorged penis out of his pants and, throwing myself on his lap, happily sucked his cock, slurping away in an abandon of pleasure. With a loud groan Roy came in my mouth, and I held his shrivelling cock there a while after I had swallowed his love liquid.

After that Roy and I went out quite a bit, and central to the relationship we developed were the blowjobs I gave him — just as they were at the centre of my relationship with Jimmy, a big, brawny truck driver I met at my cousin's house. His wife had recently died, and he had the glazed look of someone in mourning. When I invited him in for coffee after he drove me home he accepted, but I could tell that his heart just wasn't in it.

Instead of hot coffee I told him to go and take a hot shower, and, like a child, he blindly obeyed me. Then I suprised him by getting in the shower with him. He looked startled, but his cock stayed limp. Then I knelt under the shower's spray and took him in my mouth. Sucking vigorously on his cock, I felt a thrill of achievement as that flaccid organ stiffened in my mouth.

I sucked Jimmy until he came, and after that he fucked me for half the night — and then again in the morning. That experience in the shower had melted the ice around his heart, and he was able to be a feeling, sexual man again. We had a great time together, Jimmy and I, and he always said I was a perfect cock-sucker.

I could give lots of other examples, but I guess you get my point. I think every woman — and man — should have one thing in their sexual repertoire that they do especially well. For me it's oral sex, and it works every time. And believe me, there are certainly plenty of times, if you get my point. — *Name and address withheld*

Healthy appetites

"Let's have you out of those clothes," I said. "I'm sure you'll look even better without them." I fumbled at the fastenings of her frock and, with a sigh of impatience, she stepped out.

Within seconds I had her bra off. Her teeny panties were ripped off and tossed, triumphantly, across the room. I paused for a minute and played with her tits before going down on my knees to pry into the secrets of her vagina. Taking both lips in my hands I gently prised them apart and then with two fingers stirred around the interior with a slow yet masterful motion. Now and again I stopped this movement and felt deep inside for the little nodule of her clit. Her involuntary gasp told me that I had found it and I rubbed it relentlessly while she slowly moved to lie down. I waited for her explosive reaction. "Please, please," she cried.

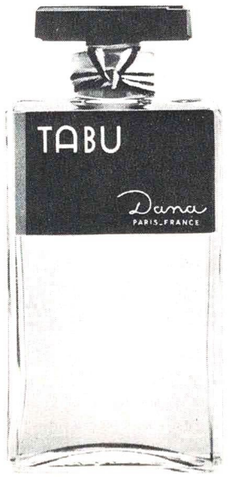
She offered not the slightest resistance as she breathed hard in the delirium of bliss. She lay back, wearing only the smallest of suspender belts. I'd never had a hard-on like the one I had now. Perhaps this is why I took my time penetrating her. I thought of all sorts of nice things to say to her, touched every part of her body, inside and out. When she lay back with the her thighs wide open I went into her and rode her with a slow easy action, relishing the delay in climaxing. My penis was still hard when I took it out and, in an excess of pride, I moved around to the other side of the table and slowly eased it into her mouth, glad that she knew how to bring me to another orgasm.

The roar of a car in the drive shattered the moment and brought us hastily to our senses. We just had time to tidy the room and ourselves before our dinner guests arrived at the door. In my eyes I still felt so deliciously intimate with her that she still looked naked. — *Name and address withheld*

Shoot the moon

I wasn't circumcised until I was 23. This never bothered me but when I met and married my wife she took a dislike to my foreskin. She had been married before and her husband was a "roundhead" so I guess she knew what she was talking

Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

about. She said that she wouldn't suck me off until I had my foreskin removed and so I had it done as soon as I could!

After the operation I felt pretty sensitive but eventually this subsided and things returned to normal — except that we were now free to enjoy reciprocal oral sex. My wife and I practise domestic nudity (we have no children so it's just the two of us — and occasionally a couple of friends) and she loves to see me walking around the house with an erection. I like it too — I've never felt so much like a man as when she is watching me march around the room!

Joanne is very pleased with her new toy and has sucked and fucked me to orgasm at least twice daily since the operation a year ago. She loves to suck me anywhere, especially in the back of the car — a venue that has always had illicit associations!

One of the benefits of the operation is that we have both begun to take ejaculation a lot more seriously. By this I mean that we have learned to enjoy the spurting of semen as well as the build-up to it. I ejaculate pretty strongly and I know that Joanne loves this as she often tells me how much she enjoys feeling the wet pressure on her throat or cervix. One thing led to another and eventually we decided to see just how well I measured up.

It wasn't long before she was down on her knees sucking me off. Soon I lay down on the bed and she finished me off by hand. The first shot, to our delight, hit the ceiling. Joanne squealed with delight and quickly pulled my cock down so that we could measure the horizontal trajectory. My cock shot my load out in about eight squirts (each getting weaker) and then she milked the rest out of me.

Telling me to hold still she dashed off to get the tape measure. She stuck the end under my prick and we were surprised (and pleased) to learn that we had squirted nearly 15 feet. I say "we" because without her superb stimulation I'd never have done half that. Inevitably we have since kept up this practice and we are aiming to hit the magic 20 by the time you read this. Experimentation with masturbation is great fun and certainly keeps our love life alive.

Perhaps readers will let us know how they get on. And remember men, you can always practise while your lady's out! Unfortunately we have not been able to think of a similar context for my wife. I love watching her wank, and she loves doing it, but there doesn't seem to be any way that this method can be quantified. Perhaps lucky readers who've found a way will let us know. — *Name and address withheld*

Miss adventuresome

Three blokes and I have a pretty great thing going with a model I'll call Sandy. She's the fantastic blonde with long, curly hair whom I'm sure you've seen in shampoo and perfume ads on television. Besides her modelling income, I'm sure she gets along very well just on what we pay her. Each of us gets to spend one night a week at her unit, as well as every fifth weekend. She gets every fifth week off. The four of us don't know each other, and we don't recognise her when we see her on the street.

Sandy's a never-ending source of new ideas and adventures. She has an excellent library of sex manuals and a superb video collection. Last night was my night with her, and we decided to try something different.

After some preliminaries we retired to her bedroom. She told me to lie on my back, then she tied my ankles to the foot of the bed and my hands to the headboard. Slowly, she took off her dress, teasing me with her voluptuous body as she did so. She leaned over and kissed me on the lips, then she progressed lower with kisses under my arms. When she saw the pleasure on my face she giggled with delight and stood above me.

I strained to see her dark nipples through her bra, but she turned sideways and ran her fingers over her bum and thighs giving me a tempting view. She then undid her bra, ran over to her wardrobe, and put on a loose-fitting blouse.

Returning to the bed, she started to kiss my torso. Her cascading hair tickled my sides as she moved below my waist. She sat back, looked me over speculatively and toyed with her breasts. She turned away, picked up a rubber band from her bedside table and stretched it around the base of my cock. As the pressure built up inside of my prick, it grew larger and redder. She fondled it between the fingers of both hands, and her lovely hair fell across my body as she bent over to kiss and nip its purple head.

She stood up and slipped off her blouse, freeing her magnificent tits and loosened one stocking from her garter belt, gathering it as it slid down her leg.

With the stocking rolled in her hand, she said, "You talk too much! Stick out your tongue!" After spreading the damp toe over my tongue, she pushed the rest of the stocking into my mouth. "Now lick me," she commanded as she lowered her hard nipple to the wet stocking. I tried as hard as I could to suck her tit, but I couldn't with the stocking in my mouth. Angered, she stood, stripped off her wet panties and dropped them on my face.

Taking my cock in one hand, she scraped it hard with the hard nails of her other hand. God, it hurt like hell! She then pulled the stocking out of my mouth and positioned her pussy above my face.

She lowered her cunt and made me tongue her. Suddenly, she moved it from my slurping mouth, and with swivelling hip movements moved down my body and slipped it over my bulging cock. She began to move up and down in a frenzy. I, too, began to let loose and moaned with the delight of an approaching orgasm. "Don't even think of coming," she said. Putting her pussy on my face again, she teased my cock with her hair, tongue and fingers. I exploded into orgasm, but the band kept my cock hard and supersensitive. She reversed again and slowly slid my cock in and out of her cunt. She laughed as she watched my agonised face. She withdrew my dick, rubbed her cunt in the come on my stomach, and made me lick it until she came.

After removing the rubber band, she disappeared, returning with two drinks. She thoroughly enjoyed her little experiment, and I promised to do as well by her the next time. She wore a soft white robe and was cuddly as a kitten as we watched TV. No, she didn't want to be tied up that night — some other time maybe. In the meantime, we made love twice before I returned to work in the morning. God, I wonder what she's doing tonight. — *Name and address withheld*

Herculean task

I would like to thank you and those whose letters have appeared for giving me the courage to live out a fantasy I had had since I was a young girl.

Just as I was reaching puberty, I went to the pictures with some girl friends. The second feature was about Hercules. One scene has remained in my mind for years. The mythical muscleman was to be torn limb from limb by two teams of wild horses chained to his wrists. Also chained was a very well built and scantily clad slave girl. The sight of that stud sweating, grunting, and flexing while the slave girl looked up at every bulging muscle made my young juices flow. When Hercules ripped the chains apart with his bare hands, I had my first orgasm. Ever since then I have wanted to make love with my own Hercules.

A few weeks ago I got my chance. It was a warm day, and my air conditioner had broken down. I called for a repairman. While I was waiting, I sunned myself on the balcony, wearing a string bikini. There was a knock on the door. I opened it to find this gorgeous stud who said that he had come to repair my air conditioner. He had to be one of the tallest men I've seen. His T-shirt clung to his body like a second skin. His muscles made my fantasy Hercules look like a runt. I admired his body, and he admired my 38C-23-35 body. He told me he had been into weightlifting and body building for about eight years. I told him about my fantasy and asked whether he'd display his muscles for me. He gladly agreed, saying that he enjoyed showing off his body to someone who digs rippling muscles.

He stripped down to his tiny underpants. Every muscle was beautifully developed and bulged even before he flexed. I asked him to pose for me, and this beautiful god began to flex. I lay on the floor beneath him as he went from one pose to another.

I could control myself no longer. I said, "There's one muscle I haven't seen." I pulled off his shorts to find a massive, circumcised cock. I told him to keep flexing while I sucked him off. I ran my hands over the bulging muscles in his legs and stomach, and began feeling the rest of his body. I couldn't believe the size of his muscles. He told me that his arms measured 19 inches, his chest 49 inches, and his waist 31 inches. Every part of him was hard as iron, especially the bursting organ in my hand. Suddenly, he ripped off my bikini and fucked me harder than I've ever been fucked before.

I had made it with Hercules! Since that time I have watched him work out, and we always end his sessions with a super screw! If you've never made it with a bodybuilder, try it! You'll be hooked. — *Name and address withheld*

Oui, masseur

Having been a reader of this broadminded magazine for some months I would like to tell you about my experiences.

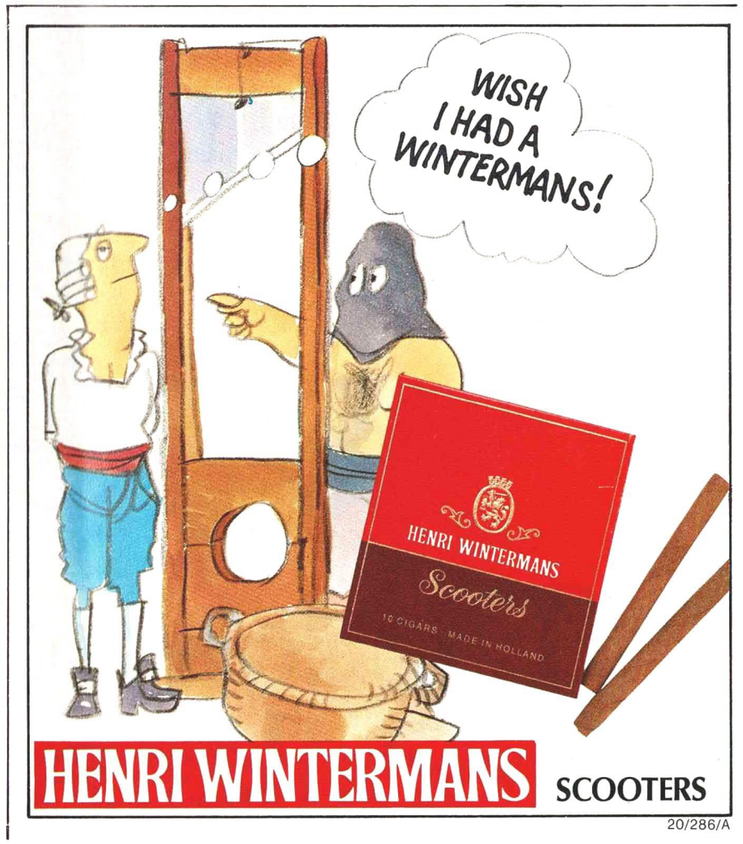
I've often heard the expression "mixing business with pleasure", but on my last trip it was more pleasure than business. While interstate I decided to stay over an extra night rather than take a late flight home. The next day, since I wasn't going back to Sydney until that afternoon, I grabbed a cup of coffee and headed for the pool.

Sitting in the sun and almost dozing, I didn't notice a woman enter the pool area. So when she asked to borrow my lighter, I almost jumped out of my skin. We both laughed and she tried to apologise. She was very tall and in her late forties. Even in her modest one-piece bathing suit, she was an attractive, classy lady.

She told me that she was a computer consultant, and that she was killing time before an afternoon meeting. I noticed that she moved very stiffly and I asked her why. She told me that she had twisted her back the day before. Half joking, I offered to give her a massage. To my surprise, she said she'd love one. Since none of the lounge chairs in the pool area would lay flat, I said we'd have to go to her room.

When she got there, I told her to take a long, hot shower. While she was in the shower, I stripped down the bed and turned on some FM music. When she walked out of the bathroom, I nearly swallowed my teeth. Due to her height, the towel didn't quite cover her very heavy bush. Trying very hard to control myself, I told her to stretch out on the bed. She started to lie down with the towel on, but she looked at me, blushed and dropped it. I only got a quick glimpse of her tits before she lay on the bed. Her body would put most 20-year-olds to shame.

I straddled her hips and started working



No, there's absolutely nothing wrong with our roast duck with mango. In fact, like all the dishes on our Business Class menu, it's a veritable gourmet's delight.

It is however, rather difficult to partake of whilst sleeping. Which is what more and more of our Business Class passengers are doing.

You see, we recently introduced leg-rests to all of our Business Class chairs. And if you've ever had the pleasure of settling back into a comfortable recliner with your feet up, you'll know how conducive to sleep that can be.

You'll also appreciate what a boon it can be to arrive relaxed and raring to go.

Leg-rests that help you sleep are exclusive to Qantas Business Class, the first class for business in the world.

But then, if you travel overseas on business, you deserve all the support you can get.

QANTAS
THE SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

The roast duck with mango hasn't been as popular since the leg-rests were installed.

QPH3929L

QPH3929R

on her neck and shoulders. Her firm arse felt great against my crotch and was very distracting while I worked my way down her back. As I gently rubbed, I felt her muscles start to relax. At the base of her spine I found a spot that made her moan slightly. Using my thumbs on this area, my fingers lightly caressing her cheeks, she began to moan more and slightly parted her thighs. Working my hands lower I started to work on her left thigh. One of my strokes accidentally brushed the lips of her very hot and wet cunt. She let out a loud moan and flipped over, almost tossing me off the bed. Ignoring her protests, I buried my face in her sweet-smelling crotch. Her thighs slammed against my ears, causing a ringing sensation. She went limp and was almost in a trance.

As we lay next to each other, sharing a cigarette, she told me that she had never let anyone "do that" to her before. Caressing the bulge in my swimming suit, she shyly asked if she could "return the favor." What she lacked in experience she made up for with enthusiasm. We took a shower but ended up back in bed for a hot sixty-nine and a slow, teasing screw.

We had lunch together before we had to leave. She plans on being in Sydney next month for a week-long seminar, so we'll have to get together and continue the massage therapy. — *Name and address withheld*

All that jazz

I am 36 years old, I've been married for 14 years and have two children. My marriage has been good in all respects, except for sex. My husband can only give me five inches and intercourse seldom lasts for more than a couple of minutes. Sex between us has been completely straight and I remain passive during intercourse.

My only sexual release had been through masturbation after he went to sleep, or during the day. Over the past few years his sex needs have dwindled to once or twice a week, while mine have increased. For a long time I had seriously considered having an affair, purely for sexual reasons. I knew I would have no trouble finding men — I have a pretty face and a figure that attracts a lot of attention. The problem was opportunity, and I needed to maintain discretion.

A couple of years ago I came across a swingers' magazine in my husband's desk. It wasn't the first time I had found pornographic magazines in his possession. It didn't bother me, but I was somewhat curious, so I glanced through it. I then came to the personal ad section. There were several pages of "Men seeking women." Quite a few had close-up shots of a hard cock, and even the smallest one seemed bigger than what my husband gave me. I also noticed several ads where women were seeking men, and there was a lesbian section.

I put the magazine away, but I couldn't take my mind from those ads. When I play with myself I usually enter a fantasy world in which other men make out with me. Later in the day I took the magazine out again, this time feeling myself up while I carefully read each ad. I found most of the men were seeking sex without obligation, and most seemed to prefer fucking married women. Most sought women who were willing to suck cock — a sex act I had never tried. I brought myself off twice before putting the magazine away.

I was using the magazine at least once a day. The wilder the ads and the requested sex acts, the more it turned me on. The magazine was weekly, and I found my husband was buying each issue. I entered stage two of my fantasy world. I would select the most exciting ads, then masturbate with one hand while I used the other to write a long and descriptive letter, telling the men why I selected their ad and what I wanted them to do to me. When I finished each session I would destroy the letter.

Stage three involved my own pictures. We have a Polaroid with a self timer. I used up several film packs taking pictures of myself in sexy poses and in various stages of undress, then of me playing with myself. The pictures were to enclose in my letters, even though I had no intention of actually mailing them.

Then I found the fourth issue of the magazine, and one ad in particular. The picture was of the biggest cock I had ever imagined, well over twice as long and thick as what my husband gave me, but the ad excited me even more than the picture. It contained phrases such as: "Only unsatisfied married women who want to be treated like a whore — all day sessions — must submit to my every desire — I'll fuck every hole — come in your mouth."

The letter I wrote was the longest and horniest yet. When I finished I gave my telephone number, then put the letter and several pictures in an envelope and mailed it quickly, before I lost my nerve. I needed this man to fuck me more than I had ever needed anything.

One morning less than two weeks later I received a phone call. I knew it was the man in the ad as soon as I heard his voice. He asked me if I was the woman in the pictures and if I had a phone in the bedroom. When I told him I did he ordered me to go into the bedroom and undress. He would call back in a few minutes and I was to be feeling myself up when I answered the phone.

When he called back he introduced himself as Carl. He told me he had my pictures before him and he had a big hard-on for me. He described how he wanted me to suck his cock and how he would fuck me until I couldn't take another inch. He

"Thurgood, you could learn a lot from McAllister, here."

In just 3 years, we've made quite a name for ourselves. Padthaway

In 1969, Lindemans discovered a potential new wine growing district near the small rural town of Padthaway, 80km north of Coonawarra, in the cool south east of South Australia.

The soil was rich and red. The climate ideal.

Lindemans chose to use this new district to produce some very special wines.

Exotic varietals.

Wine styles many Australians wouldn't even hear about for another ten years.

From 1981, Lindemans' foresight paid off with wines that took the Wine Shows by storm.

Padthaway wines have since won a Special Trophy and a staggering 43 Gold, 37 Silver and 41 Bronze medals.

The 1984 Fume Blanc has a very attractive 'grassy' varietal aroma and distinctive flavour enhanced by its maturation in oak. An exciting young wine with excellent cellaring potential.

LINDEMANS FINE VARIETAL WINES FROM PADTHAWAY.

AB3290.LI145.FMH

demanded that I tell him what I wanted him to do to me.

He asked when my husband left for work, and when he returned. After I gave him my address Carl told me he would screw me the next day, and warned me that I would have to do everything he demanded. If he was satisfied with me I would become his personal whore. He then asked if I owned a suspender belt and stockings. When I told him I did not he ordered me to buy some that day. When I greeted him at the door I was to be wearing a black suspender belt, black silk stockings, high heels, white bikini panties, a black brassiere with the cups tucked under my nipples, and nothing else.

The next morning I didn't think my husband would ever leave for work! I took a long, hot bath while the children were getting ready for school. I made arrangements for them to stop by at a friend's house after school, and I would pick them up later. As soon as they left I put on my new garments.

When I heard the knock at the door my knees turned to rubber, but I was so hot I thought I would come then and there. I opened the door and found a brute of a man standing there. He was certainly not handsome, but he was tall and powerfully built. I glanced down and saw the bulge in his pants growing for me. He carried a camera on a tripod.

He stepped into the house and ordered me to kneel before him. He set up the camera, then stood before me and ordered me to take his cock out and suck it. I unzipped his pants and reached inside. His prick was so thick I couldn't close my hand about it, and so long I didn't think I could possibly take it inside me. I was more than a little frightened by him, but that only made it more exciting.

As I took his cock into my mouth he started taking pictures. I found I loved the taste of his prick. He used one hand at the back of my head to guide me in a bobbing motion, sliding his cock in and out of my mouth. He only let me suck him for a minute, then sat down on the couch and ordered me to parade before him and tell him everything I wanted him to do to me.

It was really turning me on to parade before him and show him what he was going to be getting. I had never felt so proud of my figure. He then ordered me to slip my panties off and show him more. Carl was calling me a slut, cocksucking bitch and a whore. His words only excited me more.

He ordered me to take him into the kitchen and fix us coffee. I wanted to go to the bedroom and fuck, and told him so. He said he was going to fuck me in every room of the house, when he was ready.

I fixed the coffee and Carl sat at the table and had me stand before him. He slipped his hand between my legs and felt me up, then ordered me to dip my tit into the coffee and let him suck it off. The coffee was so hot it burned my nipples, but I didn't mind at all, especially when he started sucking my tits. After a few minutes he lay me back on the table, spread my legs and went down on me, a first for me. I loved the feeling of his tongue lapping my pussy. I was on the verge of coming when he backed off.

Carl took me into the bedroom and set the camera up. I lay back and he knelt between my legs, stroking the head of his cock over my pussy until I was screaming at him to put it in me, begging him to fuck me. I screamed both in pain and pleasure when I felt the head of his cock force into my pussy. It felt like he was splitting me in two, but I was coming and it was like no orgasm I had ever experienced. My orgasm grew more and more intense as I felt his cock sliding deeper into my pussy. When he hit bottom he still had a couple of inches to give me, and he was already in me twice as deep as my husband had ever been.

Carl held still in me until my orgasm passed. He made me put my legs around him. He was talking to me, asking if I liked him fucking me more than my husband. When he started pouring the meat to me my hips were coming up to meet every thrust, and each stroke bottom was a little deeper until I was taking him all the way in me and I could feel his balls slapping against my arse.

I was so filled with cock I though I would burst. When he withdrew it felt like he was turning me inside out. When he rammed it home I thought his cock would go clear through me. It still hurt, but it was the most exciting pain I could imagine. Within a few strokes I was coming again and again. From time to time he would set off the camera with a remote control.

I have no idea how long he screwed me, or how many times I made it. I didn't want it to ever end, and when he pulled his cock out of my pussy I knew he had not come in me. He made me suck him off again, then took me into the kitchen for another cup of coffee. He made me straddle him until we finished our coffee, then he screwed me on the table for a few minutes. We went into the lounge and he had me top ride him. With each move the camera went with us.

Carl told me he was ready for me to suck his cock again, but this time he was going to come in my mouth. It started off with me stroking his prick all over my titties until they were wet and slippery. When I took his cock in my mouth he started fucking it as if it were a pussy. He kept feeding me more until the head of his cock was banging against the back of my throat. I started choking when he shoved his cock into my throat. He pulled back and a few seconds later told me to swallow. After a few attempts I was able to take the head of his cock into my throat for a second without gagging, but there was no way I could take it all the way in my mouth, as much as I wanted to!

Carl started to grunt. He pulled back until the head of his cock was just outside my lips, my tongue flicking under the head. He took another picture as a stream of jazz spurted into my open mouth, then he was squirting all over my face and in my hair. I could feel the jazz dripping on to my tits. I took his cock back into my mouth and drank the rest of his semen.

Less than an hour before my husband was due home Carl mounted me for the last time. He fucked me viciously, and I wouldn't let him stop screwing me until he was coming in me. I gave him a last blow job and he left me minutes before my husband got home.

Two years later I am still putting out to Carl once a week. He has arranged several gang bangs and a few lesbian escapades for me. I have put out to a number of other men I have met through swingers' ads, or men I have let pick me up in the city. I am now getting laid at least a couple of times a week. My husband is usually gone overnight three or four times a month, and I usually have a man or a woman to sleep with while he is gone.

Regrets? Yes, I regret all the fun I missed out on before, all the men who could have screwed me if I had only realised what I was missing out on. My life with my husband is now relaxed and without frustration. — *Mrs A.C., Rockdale, Sydney*

Titillations

My lover and I have been readers of *Penthouse Forum* for quite some time. We thought you would like to know that fucking, sucking, rubbing, masturbating, oral and anal sex, etc, doesn't even faintly compare with our "nipple fucking."

Our loving, sucking, licking and fingering is only a warm-up exercise.

We experience real ecstasy when she takes her hard, erect nipple and presses it against my warm, wet pussy. She pushes her nipple deeper in me with each stroke.

Within seconds my skin becomes clammy. She can keep me pulsing and pumping for literally hours on end.

At times I'm begging her to bring me over the top, and the way she holds back is enough to send me absolutely wild.

As I climax, my muscles contract and pull at her nipple in a sucking manner causing her to climax so hard that her love juices run down her leg. Just right on a cold night!

If you *Penthouse Forum* readers are looking for new toys, don't overlook the "tit in the pussy" game. I can guarantee it is the ultimate experience.— *Name and address withheld*

The sooner you see your travel agent, the sooner you can be on board and raging!

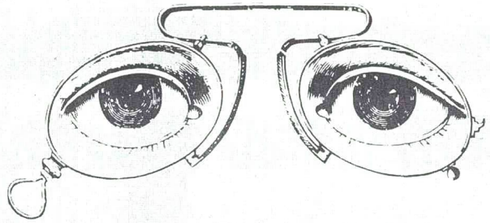
Berths start at about $80 per night.

Ogilvy MPO 4197 PH L

Ogilvy MPO 4197 PH R

PINO
SILVESTRE
.....the bottle is on only
the beginning

Pino Silvestre
Men's Cologne by Vidal Venezia



VIEW FROM THE TOP

PRACTICALLY JOKING

BY SCOT MORRIS

The whoopee cushion, the joy buzzer, the exploding cigar, plastic wrap on the girls' toilet seats — the words alone evoke treasured memories of classic practical jokes.

The best practical jokes are relatively harmless. There are those who disagree and who would perpetrate more malevolent stunts: sugar in the petrol tank, Alka-Seltzer tablets in the car battery, glue in the door lock, or a dead fish in the safe-deposit box. Still, our preference is for the fiendishly clever gag that everyone, even the victim, can later laugh about.

Don't ever think that practical jokes are *practical,* ie *useful.* The point is that they are *practised*, as opposed to being *told*. Ironically, the jokes are often funnier in the retelling than they ever were in practice.

One class of joke is played on newcomers. In the military, the uninitiated are traditionally ordered to bring back a copy of the cannon report, a bucket of prop wash or a gallon of prop pitch. In print shops the new boy is sent all over town for dotted ink and paper-stretchers.

Another class of joke relies on gradually progressive changes. The classic example is the story of the guy with the new Volkswagen Beetle who couldn't stop bragging about the mileage he was getting. A neighbor sneaked into his garage every night and poured an extra litre or two of petrol into the tank. Soon the owner could talk of nothing else: "I'm getting 60 miles a gallon in this thing!" Then it was 80, then 100. Finally the neighbor started siphoning off petrol each night instead, and eventually the man took his VW into the workshop, complaining: "Something's wrong. I used to get 130 miles a gallon in this car. You know what I get now? Seven!"

Many good practical jokes are the sort that anyone might try, such as putting footprints on a ceiling or a car tyre over a flagpole. Or try these:

- At a tollbooth, pay one fare for yourself and another "for the car behind." Imagine the reaction of the person in the next car when told, "It's been taken care of."
- On an elevator, start up a conversation with a friend, telling a story that everyone else on the elevator will overhear: "So what did you do?" "I went back to her apartment, of course." "What did you do with the pony?" "We took it with us, what else?" Time the story so that you come to your floor and step off just as you reach the most incredible part: "Then she opened the door and her sister came in, wearing nothing but sunglasses . . ."
- When you call someone and get an answering machine, leave a message in a very deep voice, speaking extremely slowly: "Hellloooooo therrre . . . It'ssssss meeeeeeee callllling . . ." The idea is to make the owner of the machine think there's something wrong with his tape recorder, because the voice he heard was distorted.
- In a public rest room, above the machine that dries your hands with hot air, write this message: PUSH BUTTON FOR A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM OUR PRIME MINISTER.

The names of some grand masters are enshrined (in disappearing ink?) in the Practical Joke Hall of Fame. You have probably heard of at least one joke originated by each of them. They're the classic bunch of cards, the sort that should be dealt with.

Hugh Troy was the man who posed as a work foreman and ordered his crew of unsuspecting workmen to dig up a whole block of Fifth Avenue in New York City. No-one questioned why the excavation was being done, or who was ordering it, until it was too late. Troy is also the man who got his revenge on the owner of a New York City movie house by taking a jar of moths into the theatre and releasing them at an opportune moment. The moths naturally flocked to the brightest light in the room, the projection lamp, blurring the image on the screen so that the film had to be stopped.

Alan Abel is most famous for SINA, the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals. Despite the joke in the organisation's name, SINA was able to get prime television coverage to spread its view that all animals should be clothed — cows should wear brassieres, and horses, dogs, and cats should all wear nappies to keep their private parts from public display. The organisation's straight-faced spokesman, who made several appearances on various US TV shows until the hoax was exposed, was comedy writer, of *Get Smart* fame, Buck Henry.

Dick Tuck was the original "dirty trickster." Tuck's most famous dirty trick occurred when Richard Nixon was campaigning in San Francisco's Chinatown in 1960. To Nixon's eyes, the Chinese characters on the banner that the children were carrying looked like any others. But when the photo ran in a local paper, Chinese readers quickly pointed out that the translation of the sign was "What about the Hughes loan?" — a reference to the $216,000 given to Nixon's brother Donald in the form of a loan.

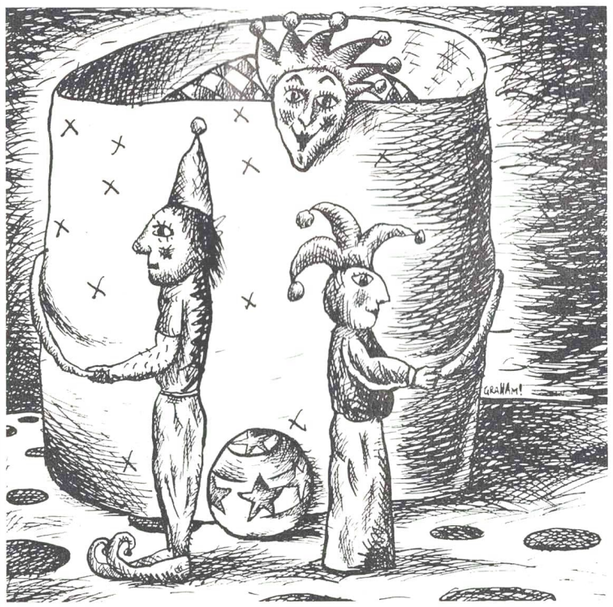


Illustration by Graham Rendoth

SOUNDS

FOREIGN FAVORITES

It's cold comfort to witness the platinum rebirth of Anglo-American heavy metal popsters **Foreigner**. After a silence of more than three years *Agent Provocateur* (Atlantic) sees them back with power chords and gravel vocals, except for The Hit "I Want To Know What Love Is" — a bankable rock ballad. Definitely a packet cake mix of an album with real rock frosting (like Chicago albums number 47 through 113).

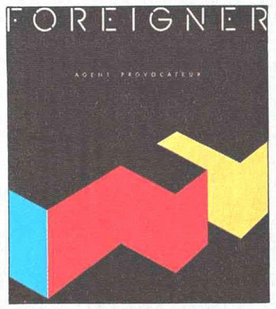
Another aggressive little chartbuster is the *Chinese Wall* (CBS) erected by Phil Collins for **Philip Bailey**. Collins is a most prolific writer/performer/producer. Despite the much-aired duet with Bailey, "Easy Lover", this is not one of his finest hours. Bailey's choice of songs has unfortunately omitted anything of great interest. The title track has a hummable lilt but other moments don't inspire.

In a style reminiscent of a hack Elton John, **Nik Kershaw** turns out a series of well-crafted pop with pretensions on *The Riddle* (MCA). He bags "our disposable mankind" ("Roses") and does his bit to "Save The Whale" ("in the turquoise inner space the giants live with grace"). Criticised, possibly unjustly, by some as just another hairdo, he avoids the misty focus of Wham (soft porn for 14-year-olds for the thought-provoking, parabolic-approach indictments of human foibles.

More slick pop from a past master comes from **Gino Vanelli**, who would like lots of *Black Cars* (Polydor) please — especially large, expensive ones.

If none of this is an appealing option try some classic pop of yesteryear. Hits of the late Twenties through to early Thirties are well captured on two recent discs. The first is the dryly titled *Jazz Classics In Digital Stereo Vol 3 New York* (ABC) and features superbly treated original recordings. The double album *New York* completes the trilogy, along with *New Orleans* and *Chicago*, compiled by recording engineer and jazz buff Robert Parker. He has eliminated the expected crackles from old 78s and given them a stereo outlook on life. Originally recorded in mono in very dead rooms, Parker has attempted to give the bands more ambience of a live performance. The sound is still quite compressed but bubbles with energy. Well annotated, the record has the drive of the original performers. The second disc is the film soundtrack *The Cotton Club* (Geffen) which does its best to recreate the era. The studio orchestra for the disc tackles the tunes with an eye for accurate recreation but, in attempting several performers' styles at once, documents the music minus some original quirks.

Also revisiting some more big band pop classics is **Linda Rondstadt** on *Lush Life* (Asylum). For her second batch of classic croons, mainly from the Thirties and Forties, she teams again with the king of subtle schmaltz orchestration Nelson Riddle. *What's New* proved that the lady could belt out more than spotty country rock and inject personality into these languid, melodic settings. *Lush Life* is also suitably mellow with a few medium-paced outbursts ("You Took Advantage Of Me" and "Can't We Be Friends") and some finely understated vocal moments with well sustained finales ("Sophisticated Lady").



Foreigner's newie . . . rocking on

Something from the past is Tina Turner's *Mini* (Fantasy) — referring to the number of tracks rather than her attire. Last year she triumphantly re-established herself out of Ike's shadow and these five tracks are from the last sessions before their big split in 1976. Tina belts her believable way through some hits of the early Seventies.

Joey Vincent (who bears a striking resemblance to Joe Camilleri) and the **Black Sorrows** have some top wax from the house of tracks, Spirit Records through the White Label. *Rockin Zydeco* features violin, accordian, acoustic guitar and a jumping rhythm section that rocks and billies its way through much of this six-track.

The Who attempt to finally leave on a high note with the double live *Who's Last* (Warners), culled from their North American tour of 1982.

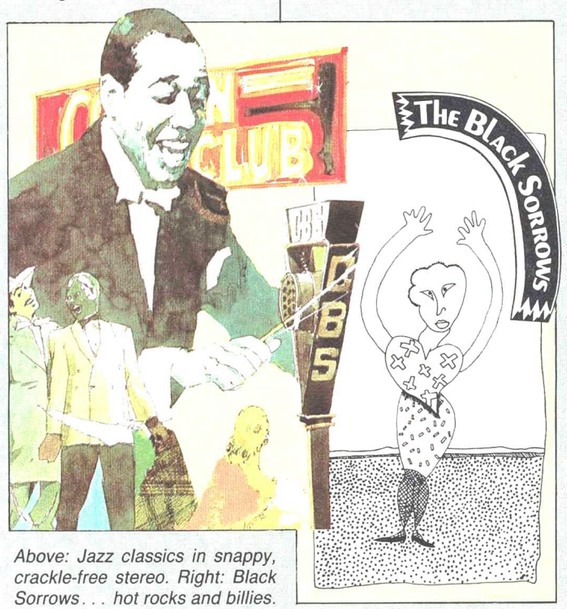
For mellow Latin splendor make a *Rendezvous* (WEA) with alto player **Sadao Wantanabe**.

Jim Capaldi's *One Man Mission* (WEA) reminds how much Traffic's magic was Steve Winwood's.

Frank Zappa still maintains it's *Them Or Us* (EMI). This double has his son Dweezil on some guitar solos — the last family collaboration "Valley Girls" with daughter Moon Unit was a sarcastic *tour de force*. Zappa still reeks of acid burn-out with rambling, choppy rhythms (classically influenced, mind you), hoary guitar grunge and his main comic muse stuck fantasising over underwear ads.

Scottish boys **Friends Again** have *Trapped And Unwrapped* (Mercury) some early Bowie styling while demonstrating they are of the age of Boy George (musically that is).

On *Soul Deep* (Polydor) Paul Weller and like-minded Brits dig into their career pockets for striking miners' solidarity. This history lesson/electro soul rap comes under the namesake of the **Council Collective** . . . Remember tin nights are Monday and Wednesday. — *Jeremy Cook*



Above: Jazz classics in snappy, crackle-free stereo. Right: Black Sorrows . . . hot rocks and billies.

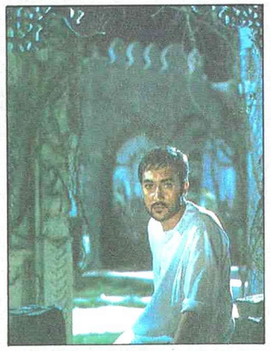
1001 PRIZES TO BE WON
ENTRY FORMS INSIDE SPECIALLY MARKED PACKS
You and your friends can roll up TO THE WHITSUNDAYS
IN THE ROLL YOUR OWN COMPETITION
DOUWE EGBERTS DRUM Excellent cigarette tobacco
TAA. The friendly way.
FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT Whitsunday Rent-a-Yacht CALL 008 075 012 TOLL FREE

FILM

THE INDIAN FILE

It's not easy to imagine someone water-skiing on the Ganges. Such a crude scenario is grossly incongruous in the context of Mother India. The exaggerated and accelerated cycle of Indian life, death and afterlife, of which the river is symbolic to Indians, has a profound impact on all but the hardest of Western hearts — an impact that demands respect, if not reverence. India is not the country you visit for a "fun time."

Passage to India, David Lean's film of E.M. Forster's classic novel, uses this timeless quality to



Bannerjee in Passage

haunting effect. The setting is the declining years of those colonists who would have no doubt skied the river with gay abandon had they been capable of it: the British Raj. Though leaving explanations of the country's mysticism to the imagination, the theme is set against the neurotic cultural backdrop of the Twenties, when professional Indians were striving to be British and the British were obsessed with averting any such adulteration of their inbred ways.

Two sensitive souls meet: Dr Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, and Judy Davis' acclaimed Miss Adela Quested. She has come to India to be with the man she had planned to marry, a young prude of a magistrate who metes out callous British justice with the aplomb of a Thatcher. Aziz, reeking humility, is touched by the gentle natures of Miss Quested and Mrs Moore (Peggy Ashcroft), and provides the closeted Englishers with their first genuine taste of the "real" India.

What Miss Quested experiences may be little more than the realisation of the depth of her virginal frailty, but it is enough for her to put the brakes on and retreat into her colonial security blanket, while inexplicably alleging that Aziz has tried to rape her in a sacred hermit's cave high in the mountains. Aziz is elevated to martyr status as he fights his case, discovering that he is capable of fierce moral courage. His terse distancing of himself from his true British friends, whom he had tried to emulate earlier, is a predictable by-product of that very suspect emotion: patriotism.

The unfolding and resolution of the conflict creates a story of intoxicating warmth. Though perhaps dauntingly long for some (almost three hours), stunning scenery and genuinely likeable characters give this movie the flavor of excellence. What *Gandhi* dealt with in terms of the politics of power, *Passage To India* addresses in the politics of personalities, with equal taste and class.

The Razor's Edge, the film of W. Somerset Maugham's brilliant and moving novel, also deals with the confrontation with Self that the Indian experience stimulates but, though it is set in the same era, the subject is able to benefit from it rather than capitulate.

Larry Darrell is fatefully pointed in the Eastern direction to unveil the mysteries of the soul. His earthy, spiritually motivated receptivity — what he calls "loafing and reading" while his family, friends and fiance Charleston life away back in the US — brings him to a temple high in the mountains where he meets his guru. Midst the grandeur of the Himalayas, he recognises his primordial questions as the impossible feats of the intellect that they are, however necessary. At one stage he must burn his beloved books for warmth and with that symbolic act his pathway to salvation, the *razor's edge* of the title, is revealed. He returns to his Paris life and loves, brimming with peace, which he radiates with charm, grace and humor.

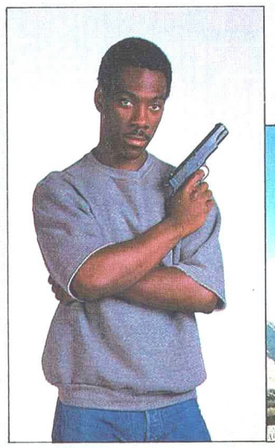
With so much talk about the effect of ultra-violence on the psyche of an audience (do people actively mimic their heroes' actions or not?) it sure puts the boot on the other foot when a movie comes along which would hopefully have just that effect on viewers.

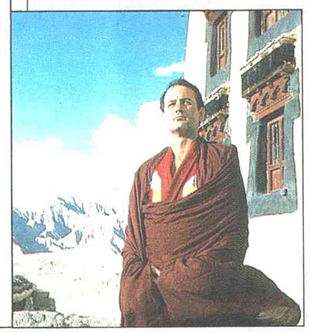
Forget the Schwarzeneggers, the Dirty Harrys and the Road Warriors: *here* is the true superhero of the Eighties and the years to come. Larry is a man of steel but a character of soul-warmth, driven only by love and respect for others; he is someone who, at last, knows when to hold his tongue, joke or act the goat. His dealings with his worldly passions and loves is the story's subject; in this regard he is a princely example. He leaves no trail of corpses and broken hearts, only a path of warmth and light while so many around him are shivering.

Bill Murray, well known for his comic parts in such hits as *Ghostbusters, Stripes* and *Tootsie*, adds the special off-beat disarming humor that is Larry. It is obviously a role he plays from the heart and is true to the visions of Maugham.

Here is a film that can be taken on many different levels, but those who choose to look at the immaculate depth of its message will be far from disappointed.

Beverly Hills Cop is like the writing on breakfast cereal packets: something to distract you in those mindless mechanical moments. Mind you, *Beverly Hills Cop* is a great distraction. As heavyweight as Fruit Loops and as tasteful as soggy Weetbix, it's a smartly packaged snap-crackle-pop serving of likeable Eddie Murphy set to funky soul music. Murphy, the newest cult-comic ghetto-hero, a middle-of-the-road cross between Bill Cosby and Richard Pryor, has an impeccable delivery and infectious palatability that carries this film. It's lots of fun, with plenty of cars and trucks biting the dust and the baddies expediently slaughtered in the final scene. No loose ends in this baby, and some wonderful bit parts that out-corn Kelloggs. — *Graeme Sims*





Murphy plays funky cop; Murray plays it straight.

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the lemonade.

You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own. For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

AB 3834/85

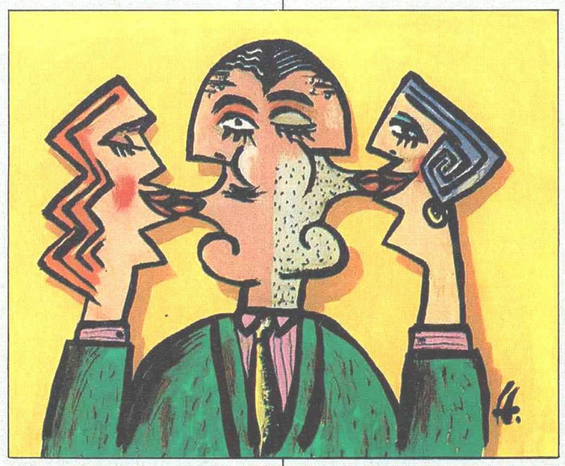
BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

Ogilvy MBA 0071 PH

SEX

KEEPING A MISTRESS (AND YOUR WIFE)

Men are by nature polygamous, and the fact that a man has committed adultery is no indication that he does not love his wife. An unfaithful husband expresses his love for his spouse by the effort he makes to hide his affair from her. The man who is indiscreet and lets his wife suffer the humiliation of discovering his infidelity is a cad and a bounder. He deserves (and is probably looking for) a divorce. However, the great majority of men don't fall into that class; their goal in life is to keep both a wife *and* a mistress, and to do so they are well advised to follow some



time-honored traditions of husbandhood.

The safest affairs by far are those conducted interstate or overseas on business trips. Just follow the principle of covering your tracks. If you come from Melbourne, tell her you are from Brisbane, and vice versa.

The second most common opportunity for extra-curricular sex is in the office. Here, a man has to be careful. The young, single, sexy office girl may be the boss's property, and you will incur his wrath if not her indignation if you venture an exploratory pass. Carrying on an affair with a married woman can also present problems. You both have ties and have to fit into each other's schedules. On the other hand, a married woman has as much to lose as you have, and is just as bound to discretion. Neither will she demand expensive gifts, these being subject to hostile suspicion from her spouse. If she is caught in an unhappy marriage, though, beware. She may perceive you as a knight in shining armor come to rescue her, and if so will be even more likely than a bachelor girl to demand that you leave your wife and ride off into the sunset with her. Tread carefully.

Having chosen your mark, it's time to make the first move. Wait until you and she are alone in the office, snatch her into your arms and kiss her passionately. If she shrieks or slaps your face, quickly release her, step back and say cheerfully, "Sorry. Got carried away. Must have had too much wheatgerm on my cornflakes." She is likely to be flattered by your sudden loss of control, and will forgive and forget. If, however, she does make a charge of sexual harrassment to the Board, she has no witnesses and you've made no previous approaches which could have been witnessed. You may lie to your heart's content.

If she faints, gently revive her. A little mouth to mouth resuscitation and loosening of her blouse will not go astray. When she is resting in your arms, take the opportunity to explain that you need her desperately. "Need" is a much safer word than "love." It does not imply commitment. If, on the other hand, she melts in your arms or responds with equal passion, you're home and hosed.

Conducting the affair needs a certain amount of organisation. It is to be hoped that you have chosen a woman who is self-sufficient, ie, one who can afford to pay for her own abortions and has her own love nest. Motel rooms become expensive.

You must make it clear to your mistress from the start where she stands. Never give her the notion that you may, in the distant future, divorce your wife and marry her. Let her know that you are happily married and that there is no hope for her. Women are suckers for integrity.

A secret that Frenchmen like to keep to themselves is the ploy of ensuring that your wife exudes a glow of contentment. Women will always believe that whatever it is about you that makes your wife happy will also make *them* happy. Keeping your wife happy is also the secret of keeping your wife. Do not feel that you have to create a lack of harmony in the marriage in order to justify your affairs. You are perfectly justified by virtue of your masculinity. Do as Frenchmen do: while you are wooing you mistress, woo your wife. Bring her flowers. Take her to an expensive hotel for the weekend.

Let's assume that all is going well until you carelessly leave lying around some blatant piece of evidence. The moment calls for a cool, calm, clear head. *Deny everything.* Your wife may see through your lies, but she will be grateful that you have tried to spare her the humiliating truth of your infidelity. And she will be much more likely to forgive you.

Usually, however, the evidence is a little more vague. You have grown a moustache, started wearing after-shave, or bought some ties which match your shirts and socks which match your trousers. She merely suspects you are having an affair and cannot confront you with anything. She will then resort to female wiles. She'll get her mother to ring and hang up when you answer the phone. She'll send herself flowers. These ploys may be safely ignored. A pretence of jealousy will flatter her, and help her to forget her own jealousy.

If your wife is a liberated lady who believes that female wiles are beneath her, you may have to contend with an ultimatum. Call her bluff. You love your wife, but if you must choose between her and your mistress, you will choose the latter. She is younger/richer/has bigger tits/is related to a contact who can further your career. If your wife threatens you with the loss of the children, do not be stymied. Your mistress loves children and you intend to take them to Queensland with you. You have already discussed custody procedures with a lawyer. Faced with the loss of both husband and children, your wife will break down and weep, begging your forgiveness for her lack of understanding. You will then have *carte blanche.*

Whatever you do, don't fall in love with your mistress. That will only cause painful complications. If you find yourself going under, do not under any circumstances let the woman know that you love her. If you do she will begin to see a ray of hope, and begin a knock-down, drag-out battle with your wife for possession of you. Your body and soul will be caught in a damaging cross-fire. — *Michael MacArthur*

Illustration by Fane Flaws

Australian

PENTHOUSE READERS! TRENT NATHAN ACCESSORIES

Quality products available by mail order – choose your Trent Nathan products and send enclosed mail order coupon back now.

TRENT NATHAN ACCESSORIES ORDER FORM

ITEM NO	DESCRIPTION	Silver	Gold	Black	Maroon	Tan	Price	Qty
TN100	CIG. LIGHTER ELECTRONIC						$69.00	
TN200	CIG. LIGHTER FLINT						$79.00	
TN300	CIGARETTE CASE						$39.00	
TN400	MENS QUARTZ WATCH						$149	
TN401	LADIES QUARTZ WATCH WATCHES SWISS MADE 12 MONTHS GUARANTEE						$149	
		Black	Brown	Maroon				
TN500	LEATHER KEY CASE						$29.50	
TN501	WALLET						$49.00	
TN502	CH/BOOK HOLDER						$59.00	
TN503	MONEY CLIP						$49.00	
TN504	CR/CARD HOLDER						$29.50	
TN505	FRENCH PURSE						$59.00	
TN506	LONG PURSE						$59.00	
TN507	COIN PURSE						$25.00	
TN508	PASSPORT WALLET						$49.00	
		Black/Grey	Brown/Tan	Maroon/Black				
TN600	WIDE BELT 1¼" Italian Leather Reversible						$26.00	
TN601	NARROW BELT ¾" Italian Leather Reversible						$26.00	
		Black	Red	Brown/Yellow	Pink	Skin		
TN800S	MENS BRIEFS						$7.50	
TN800M	MENS BRIEFS						$7.50	
TN800L	MENS BRIEFS						$7.50	
		Black	Brown	Grey	Burg	Blue	White	
TN900	MENS SOCKS MERCERISED COTTON						$6.50	
ADD $2.50 PER ORDER FOR PACKING AND POSTAGE		PLEASE SIGN HERE *						

ALL PRODUCTS ARE GIFT BOXED. CIGARETTE LIGHTERS AND CASES ARE UNISEX AND CARRY A 12 MONTH GUARANTEE.

PLEASE SEND ME GOODS AS ORDERED ABOVE WHICH

TOTAL $_____ AND CHARGE MY: AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ DINERS CLUB ☐ BANKCARD ☐

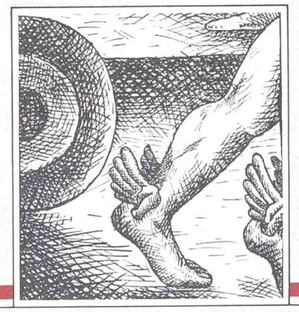
(INCLUDE $2.50 PER ORDER FOR PACKING AND POSTAGE)

ACCOUNT NO._____ EXPIRY DATE_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ POSTCODE_____

Cigarette lighters and cigarette cases, Swiss made men's and ladies' watches all covered by 12 months world wide guarantee. Leather goods all genuine quality leather, belts are Italian leather, reversible in one length – fits all sizes. Men's briefs made of quality polycotton and men's socks of mercerised cotton. All products are gift boxed.



SPORT

THE NEW THREE-LEGGED RACE

A new sport is about to boom in Australia. It's already big in the US, and the second Australian Championship was held in March of this year. Chances are you're already proficient in the three elements that comprise this new sporting phenomenon. It is, of course, the triathlon.

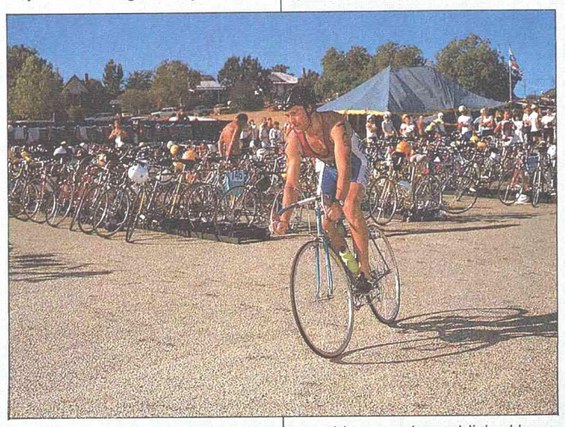
The first triathlon was the result of a macho bet between two Americans who settled their dispute in Hawaii not long ago. The sport requires two characteristics: endurance and versatility. To complete a triathlon you must be able to swim, cycle and run the specified distances back-to-back.

In Australia, the triathlon has largely attracted the hulk mentality; it's the Iron Man event taken out of the surf. However, the winners of most triathlons have been the smaller, more wiry competitors. That's because the power-to-weight ratio of the athlete is all-important. It comes down to heart-lung capacity, stamina build-up through training, the ability to adapt to different types of prolonged exercise, and the discipline to keep on keeping on.

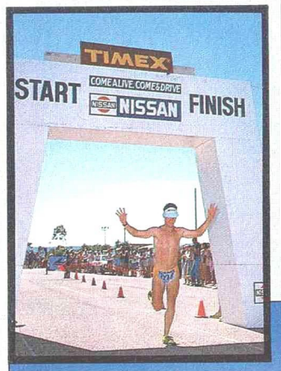
But don't get the impression that triathlons are only for Olympians. The beauty of the sport is that *you* can participate; you can challenge yourself and gain from the experience. In both competitive and fun run triathlons, participants compete against themselves rather than the opposition. That's why triathletes generally share a tremendous camaraderie.

The fun run variety of the triathlon — a one-kilometre swim, a 30-kilometre cycle and a ten-kilometre run — attracts all kinds of people from all age-groups. It takes an average of two hours to compete. The summer of '86 will see regular, perhaps weekly, fun run triathlons. (If you want to invest in a surefire business, buy a bicycle shop.)

An indication of the sport's growth is that there is now a monthly magazine published here. Called *Australian Triathlon Sports*, it's available at newsagents and cycle shops. The magazine contains features, information and tips, and a calendar of events.



Triathlon sports . . . set for an Australian boom



In NSW the Triathlon Association is located at the Bondi surgery of Dr Bill Roney. He won the over-45 division at last year's Hawaiian Iron Man Triathlon — considered by many to be the sport's world championship. An Iron Man triathlon involves swimming 3.8 kilometres, cycling 180 kilometres and then running a marathon. The event takes more than ten hours to complete. It's tough stuff.

January '85 saw Australia's first major Iron Man Triathlon. Held in Sydney, the event was won by Scott Tinley, an American ranked number two in the world. Second home was an Aussie, Mark Dragan, a 23-year-old tennis coach from Manly. Dragan is perhaps our leading triathlete. He's not a big man but he's got real body power and endurance. His goal is to get a sponsor and turn professional. Tinley and Dave Scott, the top American triathletes, are already pro triathletes. A world circuit is currently being organised.

Dragan offers some sound advice for budding fun run triathletes:

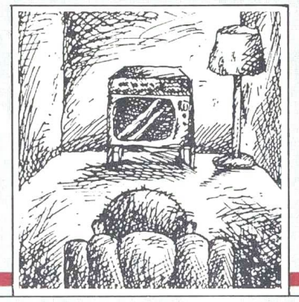
- Gradually build up fitness, and two weeks prior to an event, complete 80 percent of the event: swim .75 of a kilometre, cycle 20 kms and run eight kms back-to-back. Repeat one week prior to the event.
- When purchasing a bicycle, the most important thing is that your body must fit the bike.
- Work out a sensible diet, one that doesn't run you down or clog your system, and stick to it.
- Focus on adapting to the activity changes in the event. During the first two activities your body weight is being supported; suddenly your body has to support itself when you begin the run. All activity changes result in some physical stress and require adaptation. Treat the event as a whole and pace yourself throughout.

Develop a training schedule appropriate to your ability, and respond to body feedback such as pain and tiredness. Cycle and swim more than you run.

Dragan says he's never known anyone to give up participating in triathlons after their first event. He believes many people hold back from the sport because of inaccurate perceptions of the required levels of fitness and skill. You may never want to inflict on yourself an Iron Man triathlon, but one exposure to the less demanding version of the event could change your attitude to the pursuit of physical fitness. You may find that fun runs really are fun. — *John Bay*

Pick some up on the way home from work.

Fully imported Heineken.



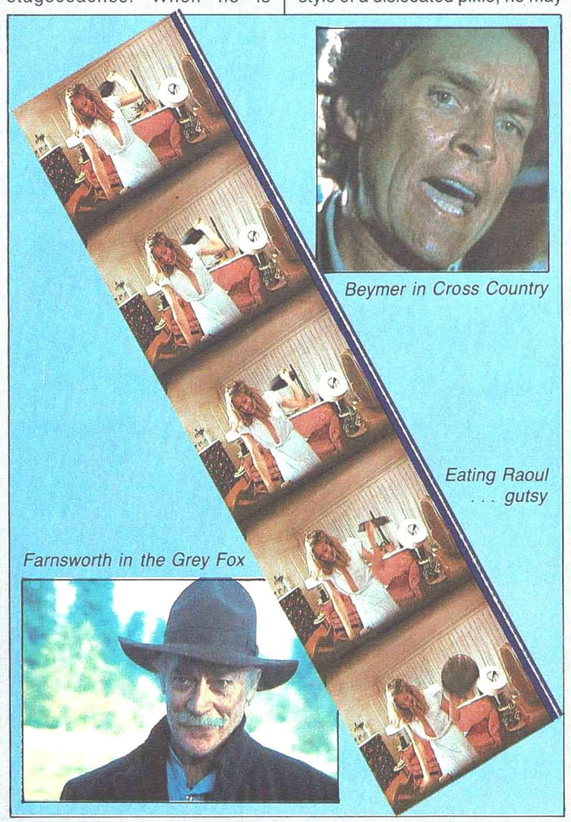
VIDEO

RARE GEMS

A gem is usually prized for its beauty or worth, but there is another important facet to the word when considering gems in the world of video: the film that is difficult to classify amongst the dross that is released and is so often overlooked by rental outlets and customers alike. They are few and far between, but worth some astute "fossicking" amongst the myriad of monthly releases.

It would be easy to dismiss **The Grey Fox** (Video Classics) as another low key western — an end of the line "how-it-really was" ode to a bygone era. It is not. A Canadian production, directed by Phillip Boros, it is a small tale of a man who has been jailed for 33 years in San Quentin prison for pursuing his greatest love: robbing stagecoaches. When he is released into the 20th Century he discovers to his great disappointment that stagecoaches no longer exist. Enthused by the silent film *The Great Train Robbery*, seen at a nickelodeon, he ventures into a new career trying to rob trains . . . "trying" being the operative word. In the sunset of his life he is a man doing his darndest to reject everything that tells him it's time to pack it in and sit around in a rocking chair, chewing over the past.

Robert Farnsworth (Oscar nominee for *Comes A Horseman*) plays Bill Miner, the great stagecoach robber, with all the style of a dislocated pixie; he may be of retiring age but the eyes and the lopsided smile glint of a 16-year-old who believes the whole world is waiting for him. He is a man who doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit." In a simple approach (it won the Canadian Oscar equivalent for Best Director, Best Screenplay, Best Foreign Actor — Farnsworth), Boros and screenwriter John Hunter, using the grandeur of the Pacific Northwest as a backdrop, etch a tale that verges on myth — the way we like to believe it really was.



Beymer in Cross Country

Eating Raoul . . . gutsy

Farnsworth in the Grey Fox

The delightful value of **Eating Raoul** (Palace Video) is that the film-makers have had the guts to make what could have been a moral tale completely immoral — black comedy in the true sense. Paul and Mary Bland are an average American couple with much in common with each other: they like good food and fine wine, and dream of opening their own restaurant. Much stands in their way of opening "Chez Bland", the nominated name for their eatery in the country: Paul has lost his job in a liquor store for refusing to sell customers rotgut wine and Mary's refusal to "give out" to a bank manager for the loan needed to get the business started brings a refusal to "give in" to a loan.

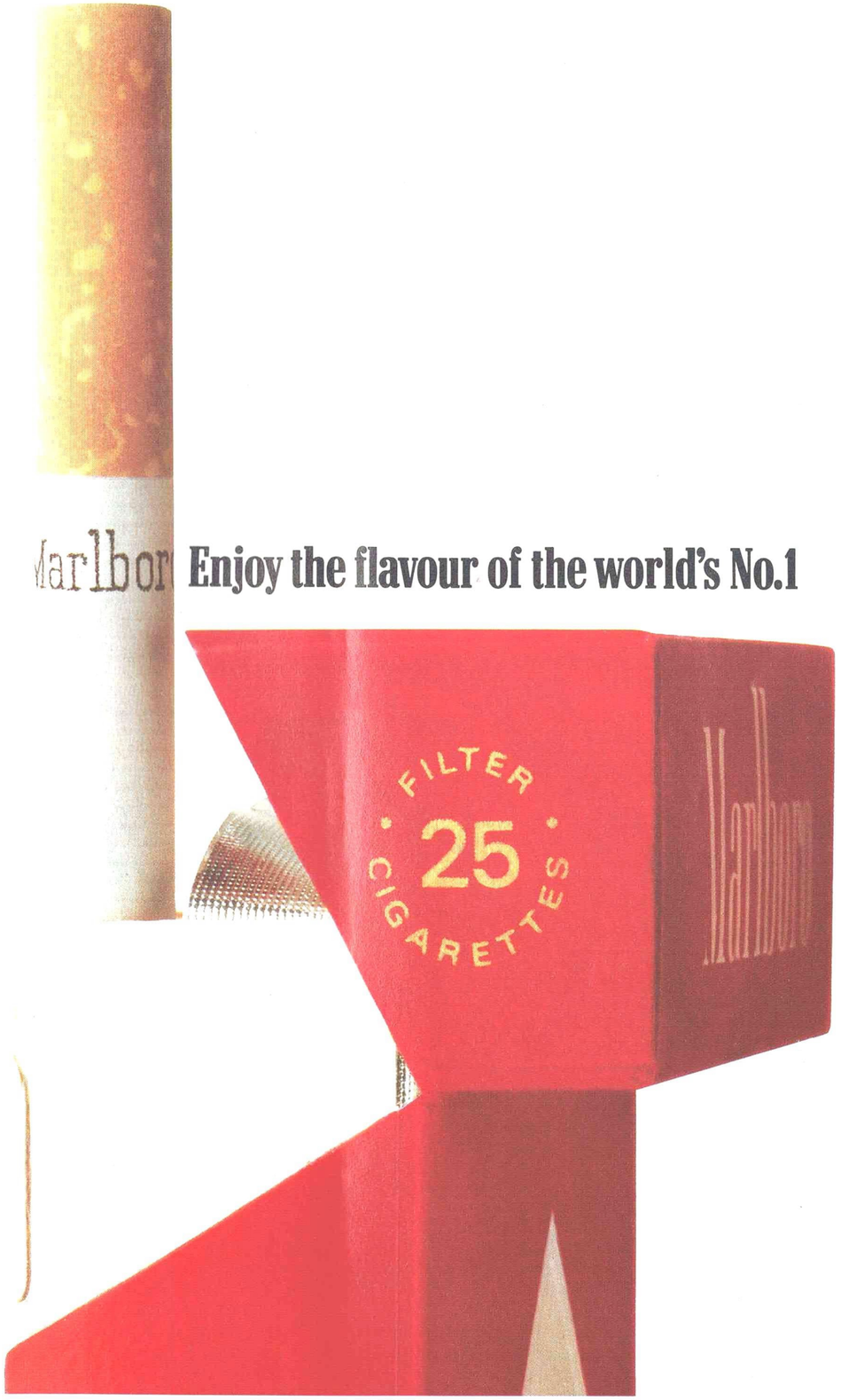
Fed up with all the swinging going on in their apartment block, the Blands accidentally kill one of the swingers when he tries to rape Mary. The bundle of money in the dead man's wallet sparks an idea for a scheme to finance the restaurant. Paul and Mary decide to take advantage of the sexual degradation in Los Angeles by preying on the degraded (as they see them) through the swinger newspapers, relieving them of their life first and their wallet second. When trouble raises its ugly head it is in the form of a burglar, the *Raoul* of the title, who stumbles across one of the victims, then across their scheme. He becomes a partner in the racket; rather than dispose of the victims in the apartment block incinerator, he plots to sell them off to a dog food company.

To label *Eating Raoul* as "outrageous" is only partly doing it justice. Produced on a shoestring budget, it harks back to the Forties when American comedy was often based on a one-line concept with all else played as a wild card.

Cross Country (Roadshow Video) is a rarity, a thriller in which the "obvious" leads the viewer to a "dead end", where everything one has come to believe about a murderer has to be re-evaluated. Evan Bley, played by Richard Beymer — a star back in the early Sixties who re-emerges as almost a new face, albeit one lined with success and failure — leaves Philadelphia after the mutilation murder of his former lover. For companionship he takes along a bar pick-up, Lois, a beautiful young blonde of the Californian type and, reluctantly, her male companion. Tensions arise as the three travel west, giving Bley reason to believe he has been set up by these two freeloaders; on his trail is a cop who has reason to believe, as does the viewer, that the two freeloaders may merely be innocent travellers with a maniacal murderer.

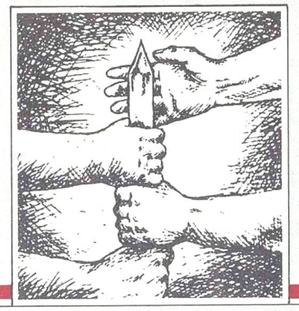
Just *who* is *what* in *Cross Country* owes much to the "old master" Alfred Hitchcock; most of the camera angles and tricks from his films, employed as the makers attempt to salute their mentor, do not have the same ring. However, Paul Lynch, directing from a screen adaptation of Herbert Kastle's novel, knows how to tug at the emotions and touch the nerve ends when least expected. *Cross Country* far outweighs (on its low budget) most of the trumped up, multi-million dollar "scaries" that simply fail to deliver. — *Denis Whitburn*

Marlboro Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1



WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

LEO BURNETT 2.3100 CC1876/84



WINNING

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

Western cultures have always shown a certain amount of contempt for the whole idea of bargaining, as if the very word conjured up a picture of some swarthy, sweaty Oriental, his eyes rolling and his hands flailing as he tries to get you to pay the equivalent of four cents more for a souvenir of the bazaar.

The Anglo-Saxon mind has always regarded bargaining as something distasteful and foreign, one of the ways in which Arabs, Chinese and Jews proved their inferiority. In short, it was something Englishmen and WASPS never did. A man who bargained was "a dirty foreigner"; an Australian who got the price he wanted was merely "shrewd."

The truth is that Westerners have *always* been hard bargainers, and proud of it, while affecting to despise the whole process.

It is only in the past 50 years that bargaining in daily life has ceased to be part of our culture. We have the whole process of modern merchandising to thank for that; it's more efficient to stamp the price on an object in a supermarket than to have the customers bargaining with the checkout girl over every can of peas or frozen chicken. The result is that at least two, and possibly three, generations of Australians have come of age with no real experience of the bargaining process. And they generally get none until they buy a used car or a home.

In other cultures there is no such thing as a fixed price, or even a *marked* price. Go to the bazaar in any Asian country and ask what a tube of toothpaste costs, and the merchant will say: "How much do you want to pay?" Bargaining, in these cultures, is second nature, whereas we reserve it for big, important financial matters: buying a house, getting a divorce, merging a company. Our horse-trading instincts have been blunted by decades of marked prices, so we're not prepared for the moment when somebody fixes us with a beady eye and starts to bargain.

Not knowing how to bargain guarantees that you are probably paying too much for a lot of things — and will eventually pay too much for something significant. What's more, it's an instinct that needs to be developed and kept honed.

Obviously, it's hard to bargain at a supermarket but there are plenty of places left where bargaining is possible, many of them in the service areas of life. Ask a man how much he wants to clean and repair the incinerator, then ask him how much he *really* wants; and if that doesn't work, ask him how much he'll take if it's in cash. There are plenty of opportunities to bargain, if you look for them. The object is not so much to save a dollar here or a dollar there, as to get into the habit of regarding price as a flexible quantity, not a fixed one. The truth is, if you don't know how to strike a good bargain for small things, you aren't going to know how to deal with the larger ones.

Illustration by Jim Mitchell

Certain principles are necessary to know if you're going to learn how to bargain:

1. There is no such thing in the world as a "real" price. Somebody who really wants to sell something will always take less than he's asking. Your object is to find out *how much less*.

2. The person who quotes a price first, be he seller or buyer, has already lost the game. Let the other person name the price.

3. Always be prepared to walk away — and make it clear by your attitude that you really mean it. Half the art of bargaining is implanting in the other person's mind the fact that you are ready to forget about the whole thing if the price does not go in the direction you want it to. A "poker face" is helpful, but not necessary.

Never, ever, say anything like, "I've been looking for one of these for years", or words to that effect. Always make it clear that if you don't buy whatever it is today, it won't be the end of the world, and that you have other alternatives. To take an extreme example: A man who says to a used car dealer, "I've got to have a car today and it *has* to be a red '83 Audi with a five-on-the-floor," is going to end up paying top dollar.

4. Try to find out what the other person *really* wants. Mostly it will be money, of course, but not always. People selling items of personal significance to them — houses, antiques, sometimes even cars — often want whatever it is to go "to the right person", and will sometimes take a lower price if they feel you'll love and care for the object as much as they did. Or cash may be more tempting than a higher amount by cheque.

5. Related to all of the above: Never be in a hurry! You can't bargain if you're pressed for time, which is exactly why so many things in our time-conscious society can't be bargained for. If you're in a hurry to buy a car or a washing machine, resign yourself to paying list price. Patience is the key to bargaining.

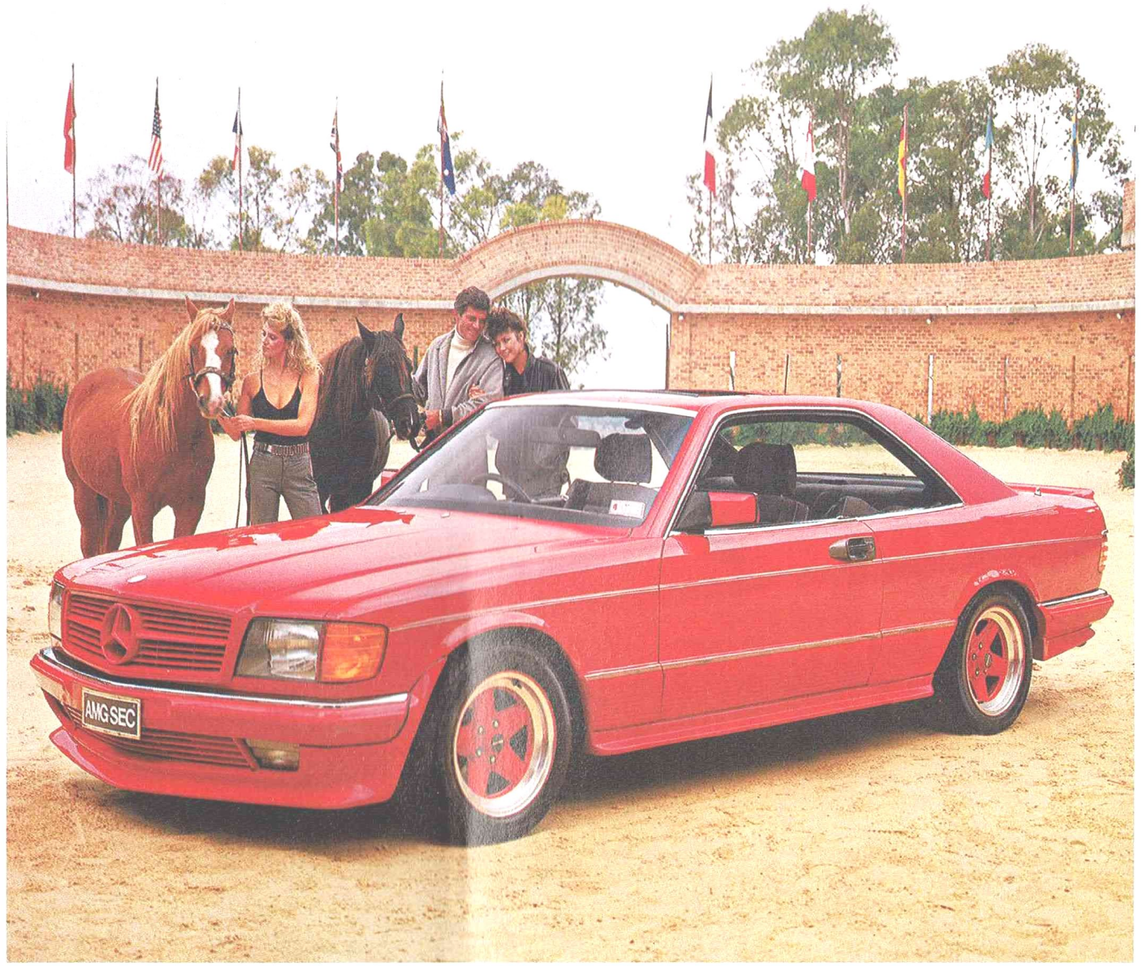
Don't let the other person impress you by naming a figure. Many people are awed when somebody says, "I'm looking for $200,000 for this property," and feel they can't decently offer less than $150,000. But this defies every rule of bargaining. If somebody quotes an opening price of $200,000, look surprised and say. "Oh dear, I was thinking of $75,000", then see what happens. Maybe you'll go up to $100,000, maybe you'll get thrown out the door — but there are plenty of cases where the buyer asks for $200,000 and ends up taking $75,000, so don't be ashamed of coming in low. Book publishing and the movie business are full of "million-dollar" deals that end up being $100,000 deals, if that. The fact that someone *asks* for $1 million does not mean he or she expects to *get* it.

Years ago I remember a certain Hollywood agent asking me for $1 million for one of his client's books. "A million!" I said. "You're crazy! I wouldn't pay you $50,000!"

There was a pause. "Sold!" he said. "How much of the 50 thou can we get up front?"

Finally, remember that in a good bargain *both* parties walk away happy! — *Michael Korda*

There are some conservative owners who reckon that dressing up Mercedes with fruit like this is for the birds...



This vehicle was a normal production Mercedes and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

...they're not wrong!

Over the years, a lot of great things have been said about Mercedes . . . except "horny". That's changed since Bob Jane became the distributor for world famous AMG modifications and wheels and the BBS and Centra range of wheels from West Germany.

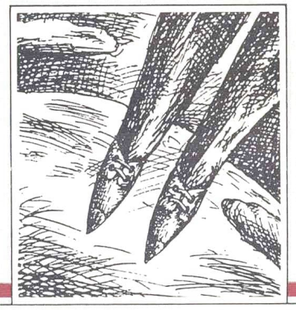
Benz owners in Australia can now get all the good gear:

BOB JANE T-MARTS SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Superb front and rear spoilers, aerodynamic skirts and sills, suspension kits, magnificent alloy wheels and exactly the right tyres to go with them. They transform a Mercedes-Benz into something quite extraordinary . . . better handling and better riding. Vastly improved aerodynamics also mean they go faster and use less fuel. And they really do look horny!

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (ACT) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

BJ 206



TRAVEL

CUTTING THE ICE

There's a great big bit of Australia's territory that few Australians have ever seen. It's not the dead, red Centre, the remote and luxuriant jungle of Kakadu, or the spectacular tidal cliffs of the Kimberleys.

It's Antarctica. Australia claims control of an area roughly equivalent to 80 percent of its main landmass on this huge and hostile continent.

Antarctica is the place everyone likes to romanticise about — the Forbidden Continent, the White Wasteland, the Home of the Blizzard, and so on. It's always fascinated people . . . they'll sit through hours of documentaries boggling at icebergs and penguins. The success of the overflights pioneered by Dick Smith — until the tragic Mount Erebus crash — was ample proof of the power of this fascination.

Until recently, however, it wasn't possible for anyone but scientific research types to go there. Transport is so difficult and hazardous that visitors tend to stay for years rather than days (which is all very well only if you're into interfering with penguins or groping around glaciers).

Lately, though — and with very little publicity — tourists have begun to reach even this most inaccessible end of the world. And in contrast to the privations most of Antarctica's scientific population endure, they're doing it in some style. There's no Antarctic Hilton, so Lindblad Travel uses a most unusual ship, a combination of icebreaker, survey vessel and luxury liner.

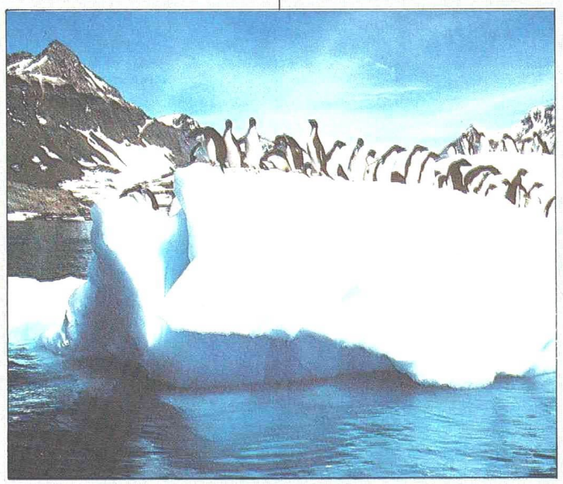
The 10,000-tonne *Yao Hua* takes 145 passengers in five-star comfort — with 200 crew to look after them. Built by the French in 1967, and then Chinese-registered and rebuilt in 1982, she carries the Veritas III ice classification and the very latest in navigation and radar equipment.

A feature of Lindblad cruises is the ease of access to remote places. Instead of just sailing past for a quick boggle, you can actually set foot on them. The ship has a fleet of 14-passenger Zodiac outboard inflatables which can zoom travellers ashore in minutes. Accompanying each cruise are world-renowned experts on the area — biologists, oceanographers and such — to explain what's going on, while the ship also has its own laboratory and lecture theatre.

Naturally, it's not cheap, partly because smaller ships cost more per passenger to operate, and the standards of service, rated five-star by the independent Fielding's Guide to Cruises, add to the cost. For the experience, however, it's not expensive, even if the figures make you gasp a bit. *Yao Hua* sails from Ushuaia, a remote port on the tip of South America's Tierra del Fuego, on her Antarctic itineraries, and getting there is expensive — a bit more than $2000 economy, according to Coulter Tours, Lindblad's Australian representative.

The cheapest cabin on the shortest cruise — 10 nights taking in Hope Bay, the Fildes Peninsula, Deception Island, Paradise Bay, the Lemaire Channel, Port Rockroy and Melchior Island, finally amazing your friends (weather permitting) by setting foot on Cape Horn — costs $US2490; it's possible to pay as much as $US15,235 on a 19-night cruise which includes a visit to the Falkland Islands. Note that because of the constant variations in the value of the Australian dollar the prices are costed in US dollars. With incidental expenses en route — which would have to include miles of film — you probably won't have any change from $A6500.

The five-cruise program doesn't start until December, so there's still time to save, borrow or flog the car. What you get for all that money is an experience of a lifetime and enough photographs to allow you to make history by having the first slide night that leaves the neighbors screaming for more.



The Antarctic experience. . . trip of a lifetime

Although Antarctica is essentially a dreadful place — a high, cold desert fringed with tempestuous, ice-choked seas — its coastal areas teem with unique wildlife. And it's an uncanny experience to sail slowly through seas flattened by floating ice masses, with only the sound of the ship's engines breaking the silence — a silence occasionally punctuated by colossal detonations as icebergs calve or giant floes collide.

Coulter Tours has a brochure which tells the full story. You can get one by writing to them at 17 Albert Street, Harbord, NSW 2096. Phone them on (02) 939 2399 or toll-free on 008 22 6467 for other states.

There have been persistent reports about people selling airline tickets in pubs and clubs at cut rates. The majority of these tickets are stolen; a small percentage may be the results of contra deals. In either case, they're illegal — so leave them alone.

The risk just isn't worth it, especially as international airlines, led by British Airways, are tightening up on ticket fraud with the introduction of special anti-fiddle computer systems.

By buying and using a shonky ticket, you are committing an offence, and if the ticket is detected while you're travelling, it is at once invalidated and the airline will, quite rightly, dump you.

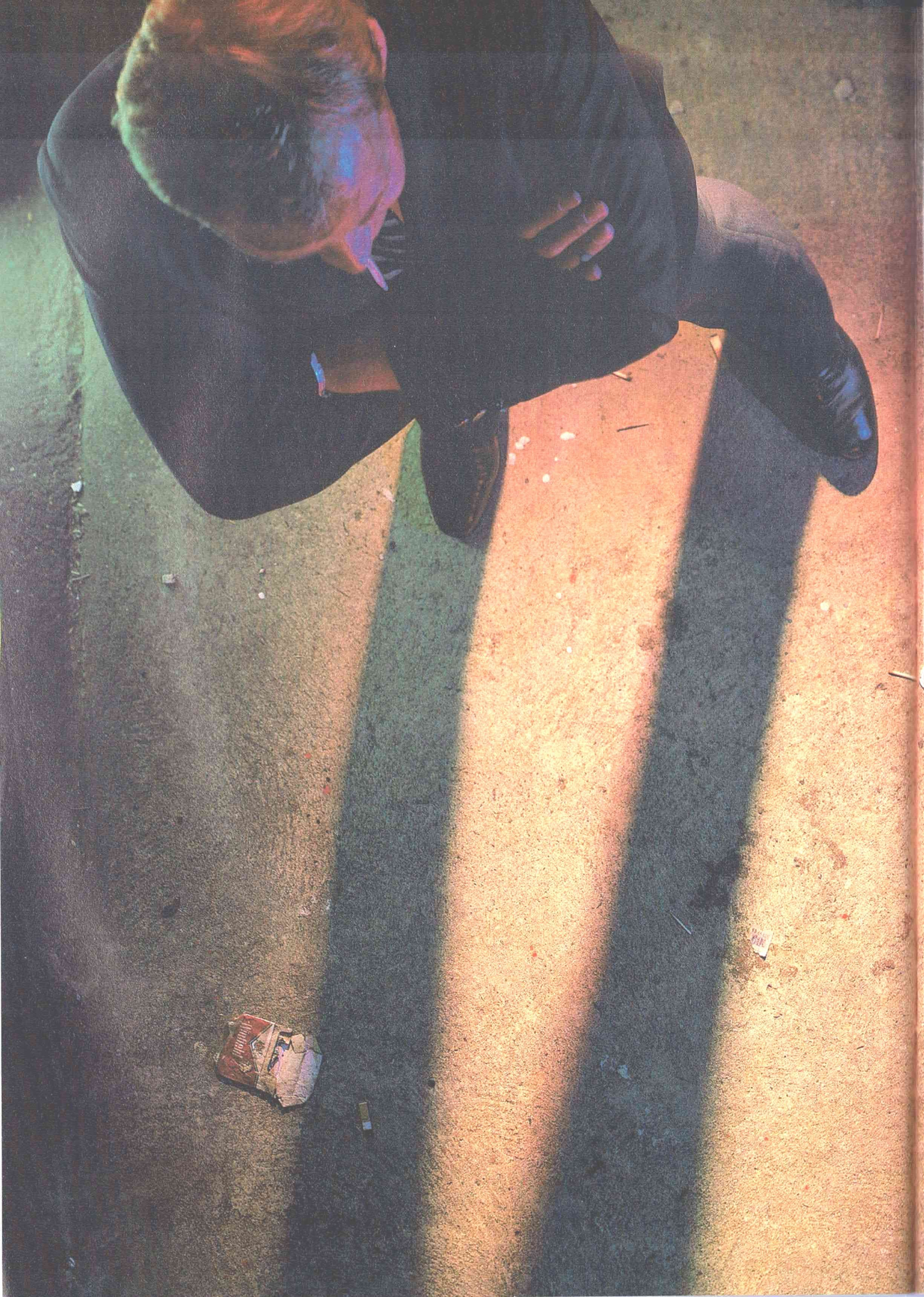
This could happen if, as some idiots sometimes do, you attempt to travel on a ticket issued to someone else who bought it under advance purchase conditions, forgot to take out cancellation insurance, was unable to travel — and saw you coming. You might think you're helping someone who's had a bit of hard luck. But if it's spotted, he's still laughing and you're marooned. — *Fred Baker*

Keppel Jump.

All you need are a few willing bodies and all sorts of games spring to mind.
The gang on Great Keppel Island have one thing on their minds...to pack as much fun into a holiday as humanly possible.
Happily, your holiday won't end with a huge bill to jump over. Almost everything is included in the one holiday price. If you think your body can take it, see your travel agent or TAA.

Great Keppel Island. It's a great place to get wrecked.

TGK 1275



BY GREG HUNTER

THE ENFORCERS

Today the bouncer's biggest problem is with the law

"You better not mess with me," says the staggering drunk to the bouncer. "I been inside for five years and I know how to handle meself."

It's three o'clock in the morning. The venue, a celebrated rock and roll hangout in Sydney's Kings Cross, is closing up and the bouncer has no choice but to politely refuse entry to the misguided patron. But that's not good enough for the drunk, who lurches forward and tries to shoulder his way past the man on the door. The bouncer restrains him as gently as possible and begins to walk him out. The drunk breaks loose and takes a roundhouse swing, forcing his adversary into a decision that *every* bouncer has to make a thousand times over during his career: will I hit the guy or not?

In this particular case, the man on the door is already facing an assault charge resulting from a previous incident. But he has a job to do, and there's little option. "I punched him once, not very hard, and he reeled backwards, fell over and landed heavily on his skull. He didn't move. His head was bleeding buckets and his eyes were rolled up into the sockets. I thought he was dead. And then the fear came over me . . . what if I'd killed him? I was already in trouble over the other business. If this bloke had died I'd really be in the shit — and I was only doing my job . . ."

A perfectly typical case. As it turned out, the drunk did not die and no assault charges were laid. It could easily have gone the other way. Bouncing is one of those jobs where if things go wrong, they tend to go *very* wrong. One mistake and bouncers can find themselves buried under the weight of the law — a fact of which they're vitally aware.

However, it wasn't always that way. Not so long ago, Neanderthal bouncers stood guard over licensed premises with their chests expanded and their sleeves rolled up, ready for action. Their image was akin to that of an Alsation dog on a leash; they dispensed summary justice with bone-shattering force, often with relish and usually with impunity. But Australian street society has grown up, and so has the old-fashioned bouncer. Now euphemistically referred to as "doormen" or "floorwalkers", the most respected security workers in the Eighties are well-dressed smooth talkers, deadly with their fists if the need arises but loath to use them. Now that the average Australian is fully aware of his legal rights in cases of assault, most boun-

PHOTO BY TANDY ROWLEY

ENFORCERS

cers will practically crawl over broken glass to avoid a blue. As the street-level barometers of social change their behavior in 1985 reflects a sophisticated society.

The story of how bouncers got to where they're at now is the story of our efforts to come to grips with senseless violence, police corruption, alcohol and good ol' rock and roll.

THE SIXTIES

In the early Sixties, two momentous events ushered in the era of the bouncer. The first was the flowering of rock and roll in this country. Something about that beat sent normally placid individuals into paroxysms of bloodlust; music became synonymous with violence. There were very few rock venues and the existing ones were assaulted by ever-increasing hordes of devotees. Gang warfare between sharpies and skinheads added fuel to the fire. The population explosion had resulted in a hopelessly inadequate police ratio. Dance halls in the major capitals were out of control.

Then came the repeal of the antiquated drink laws that had given rise to the "six o'clock swill." Having been trained to drink at prodigious speed, the average bloke now found he could keep knocking back 15 middies an hour until 10 o'clock. When closing time came around, wild horses couldn't drag him from the bar.

Into this increasingly violent and lawless scenario came a man who took upon himself the task of making the country safe for rock and roll. In those days, prior to his subsequent "spiritual enlightenment", Bob Jones was a notorious streetfighter who liked nothing better than a blue. He teamed up with two others in 1962 to form a security outfit called The Troubleshooters. Jones' work was so much in demand that within three months he was employing 100 bouncers in teams of three.

The man's exploits as a bouncer reached their peak at Melbourne's Catcher Disco. Often he and his team had to turn away 1000 people from the jam-packed venue. "We averaged about 13 fights a night at the Catcher," says Jones. "In the end you'd get sick of talking; it was more fun to start knocking them down."

The boys at the Catcher had an ingenious method of coping with attacks by gangs. "The technique was to bolt the door when the gang was almost inside; then they'd be crowded around the entrance. On the second floor of the building above the door there was a room with louvre windows, with a five-gallon urn of hot water for coffee. We'd rigged it so you could remove the louvres in seconds and have the urn tipped out the window. Then on the roof there were a stack of brickbats." On one occasion the six bouncers managed to repel a gang of 100. One let go with the boiling water while another two started hurling brickbats from above. The others waited just inside the bolted door. While the confused gang members were recovering from their injuries, the boys burst through the doors armed with pick handles and dealt with them. They dispersed quickly.

Police involvement in these epic encounters was minimal. Their task was simply to organise the ambulance and help to mop up the leftovers. There was no rivalry between the authorities and the dispensers of summary justice, and in practice there were no legal restraints on bouncers.

"From 1963 until the early Seventies, I was virtually allowed to do as I pleased," Jones recalls. "The police knew they were hopelessly understaffed, so they were happy to let us do the heavy work. If a bouncer rang the cops to say there were a bunch of guys outside waiting to kill him, they'd say 'Good luck' and come down two hours later. That was how it was in the Sixties."

THE SEVENTIES

With the increase in police manpower came a greater level of official involvement in the affairs of the street. Bouncers were no longer a law unto themselves, unencumbered masters of their savage domain, as they had been a decade earlier. For Bob Jones the honeymoon with the Victorian Police came to an abrupt halt. "I'd been doing the same things as a bouncer for 10 years without any trouble at all, and then in 1973 I was charged with assault. I had to go to court three times in that year, but there were no convictions."

Bouncers were generally able to avoid any legal sanctions by covering themselves in the event of trouble and taking advantage of police corruption. Although the average victim of a bouncer was less likely to take his punishment lying down, the odds were stacked heavily against him if he wanted to bring charges.

Barry (a pseudonym) worked on the door at the Bondi Lifesaver in Sydney during the mid-Seventies. The Lifesaver was a raunchy rock venue which attracted its share of toey patrons, and like most of his counterparts Barry was given to disposing of them with a minimum of fuss. "You always had blokes who would mouth off about how they were gonna do this and that, and as soon as you belted 'em they'd run to the coppers," according to Barry. "But in most cases the local cops would be regular drinkers at the place and the management would have an understanding with them. Generally they'd be getting some sort of kickback out of the venue — either free grog or money — in exchange for leaving the place alone, and that would include the bouncers. I used to put the cases of free champagne into the boot of the Licensing Police car every week. It was like that everywhere in the Seventies."

As a result of this cosy arrangement, normally when a complaint was made at the local station about an assault involving a bouncer, "the cops would just ring up the bloke concerned and say: 'Piss off — don't be around when we come down to investigate.' "

Prudent bouncers often took a further precaution, according to Barry: "If you gave some bloke a belting, the idea was to go down to the copshop straight away and tell them: 'I was working on the door and this idiot put on a blue. He whacked me in the eye — see — so I had to belt him.' The trick was to reverse the assault charges so if the case went to court it'd be your word against the other bloke's — and you'd have all your mates to back you up as witnesses. If necessary the boss would sling the cops a little extra to keep them on side. The victim didn't have a prayer."

And so, while bouncers in the Seventies might have had some trouble getting away with murder, anything short of that would present few difficulties. "You weren't supposed to touch a bloke outside the premises," says Barry, "but you could do just about anything to someone who was playing up inside. You could practically cripple a man and get away with it." A lot of bouncers took ill-concealed pleasure in doing just that. Weapons were considered to be essential tools of the trade: knuckledusters, heavy rings, iron bars rolled up in newspaper, baseball bats, and in some cases guns would be concealed within easy reach if the need arose.

Christopher Murphy, a Sydney solicitor who represented most of the Bandidos in the recent "Milperra Massacre" trial, has probably been involved in more assault cases concerning bouncers than anyone else in Australia. He agrees entirely with Barry's characterisation of the security scene in the Seventies. "The old-style bouncer," says Murphy, "was a legendary figure renowned for his fighting ability. These guys often became minor celebrities; they'd be surrounded by groupies. The hidings they dished out were worse than at present, and the court cases fewer. They usually had weapons available because they fully expected to have to use them to protect the venue. Managers of licensed premises would normally try to defuse any trouble with the law. You had very close ties between clubs or licensed premises and the police. Summary justice was administered in the streets, with police being reluctant to investigate. Assault cases involving bouncers tended to peter out. It was largely a case of lack of enthusiasm by the police or the prosecution."

A bouncer's licence to wreak havoc might have been revoked if it became clear that the man was indiscriminately and sadistically violent. Often enough, though, the "comeback" on a bouncer would be of a less formal nature. Sometimes it would have all the elegant simplicity of a bullet to the brain; but normally, a comeback involved a disgruntled victim, a few of his mates, and a smattering of baseball bats or similar.

Barry remembers a particularly well-planned comeback which took place just down the road from the Lifesaver at a seaside hotel. "The bouncer there was a real big nasty bastard who used to belt old blokes, women, anyone who got in his way. One time he gave a young guy a hiding and the victim came back two weeks later with heaps of mates, all of them carrying iron bars wrapped in newspaper. Anyway, this bouncer used to control the lights for the floorshow; when he switched them off he had his back turned to the mob. They sprang on him suddenly and gave him a real hammering. They nearly killed the bastard."

Barry's bouncing career ended abruptly after an incident which illustrates exactly how the bouncing business was conducted in the Seventies. One evening he and his partner were involved in a nasty punch-up with two young patrons. Barry was belted over the head with a hammer, and so was not inclined to go easy on his assailant when he finally got his hands on him. "I battered the bloke — probably broke a few of his ribs. But instead of heading straight down to the copshop, I went to hospital — I'd been bounced up and down the pavement as well as copping the hammer, and my head was bloody sore. In the mean time the other guys had made a complaint, so the police came around to 'make a few inquiries.' They were only half interested; this sort of thing used to happen all the time. But the woman who managed the place started abusing the officers instead of inviting them in for a drink and smoothing it over, which they would have copped. One of the officers later said to me: 'Bad luck, mate — we'll have to take it to court.' In the end the cops were slung $500 each so they'd drop the charges. After that I was so angry I chucked it in."

THE EIGHTIES

Christopher Murphy is currently representing a young man who claims to have been rendered a paraplegic by an over-zealous bouncer. According to Murphy his client was attending a birthday party at a gay pub in Sydney. He was flicking petals from a flower at a friend who was sitting at the same table. When asked by the management to eject the patron, a bouncer allegedly picked him up by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants, then rammed his head into the ground outside. His life is now ruined. Unable to work,

THE WRECKING CREW

Without any doubt the toughest of all bouncing jobs is the one-off assignment where the management, *knowing* there's going to be big trouble on a particular night, has opted to hire a team of high-calibre fighting machines in the hope of avoiding outright carnage. It was in this maim-or-be-maimed situation that Wal Missingham and his martial arts team, aptly known as The Wrecking Crew, excelled during the heyday of the one-off contract.

One such assignment was an annual dance held in a NSW provincial city in the late Seventies. "Ah yes," Missingham recalls fondly, "that was one of our best nights. My hands were in agony from hitting people even though I wore gloves to avoid skinning my knuckles. What a fun evening that was! It was madness."

Figuring they'd be in for a fairly easy night's work,The Wrecking Crew had rolled into town at 7.30 pm, an hour before the show was due to begin. Already the signs were ominous: three paddy wagons were parked at the front of the dance hall. Wishing he'd brought a more substantial force for the job at hand, Missingham concealed the batons carefully ("They give you a better extension than your opponent with his knife or bottle"), stationed his team and expressed the view that the action would start when the local pub shut at 10 o'clock.

He was wrong. "I guarantee you," he now recalls, "it would have been the third bloke through the door who started the ball rolling. He walked in, pushed me out of the way and told me to piss off. When I told him he'd have to buy a ticket or be escorted out, he laughed and said: 'What are *you* gonna do about it?' Then he took this almighty John Wayne swing at me. It came from six weeks away. I kicked him in the head and opened up the side of his face with three punches. . . "

That sort of treatment from Australia's top exponent of street-fighting would probably dent the confidence of a charging rhino. But our boy was so pissed he was completely anaesthetised — a big problem for any bouncer. "The bloke just stood there and looked at me. What do you do — hit him harder and risk inflicting a serious injury, or cop what he throws at you?" Missingham took the first option, landing a few more shots to the head and body. Still no retreat by the drunk, who was now bleeding profusely from a cut down the side of his head, a broken nose and a complete set of cracked ribs. "For God's sake get him out of here," Missingham shouted to his partners. "He's bleeding all over my suit."

However, no sooner had the local boy been escorted outside than an almighty crash echoed through the dance hall. "The bastard *came back*. He came hurtling clean through the huge plate glass door like a human torpedo. I turned around and there was this wall of shattered glass coming straight at me. I dived to one side; he ran into the ticket office, sent the women screaming out, grabbed some money and locked the door. Someone called the police in — they were standing just outside — so he then took another flying leap through a closed window and bolted. The sergeant ambled over and asked for a description of the man. When I supplied it, he said: 'Oh, that bloke does this sort of thing all the time. He'll be wandering down the main drag in half an hour; we'll pick him up.' "

The cops may have had their end under control, but the fun was just beginning for The Wrecking Crew. The human torpedo turned out to be the local football hero . . . and his team-mates weren't too impressed with the line of treatment he'd received. Although there were 15 of them inside the place by now, they didn't risk a frontal assault on the bouncers from the big smoke. Instead they went for a set-up: two of them staged a mock fight, and when a couple of Missingham's boys went over to talk them down, they were silently surrounded by 15 angry footballers each brandishing a broken beer bottle.

A good bouncer is constantly on the lookout for a set-up. Noticing what was developing, Missingham motioned to his partner. Each grabbed a concealed baton, bolted down to the scene of the conflict and threw the weapons to the two cornered bouncers. "I told my boys to get back-to-back, and to trust each other. They were trained in the use of these weapons. But one of the country boys said: 'You're not gonna use *them*, are ya?' He was indignant and hurt. The odds were 15 to four and they folded, which was fine by us because it avoided a nasty situation."

From then on it was a case of clean hand-to-hand combat. "It was outrageous. They were coming through the windows, through the toilets — they'd do anything to avoid paying their money. The four of us must have bounced at least 40 blokes that night, including the entire football team. Again, we got out without a single injury despite the heavy odds."

The Wrecking Crew had created a legend around those parts, but it was to be their last bouncing job. Missingham figured that being the star performer in a team of professional unarmed hitmen was not quite the right image for a martial arts instructor. He now trains bouncers at his two Sydney schools to do the job he's too smart to do himself.

ENFORCERS

he's living on skid row premises and awaiting the court's decision regarding the assault charges.

People still get hammered by bouncers in situations where they clearly didn't deserve it. Everyone knows somebody who has a beef against a bouncer. However, it's also a fact that bouncers who go in for indiscriminate violence in 1985 are unlikely to have a long future in the business. A number of factors have combined to force bouncers everywhere to clean up their act or face the consequences.

The most important of those factors is the recent crackdown on police corruption, particularly in NSW. It's meant that the close relationship between bouncers and police is breaking down. Officers who accept bribes from owners of licensed premises and who treat allegations against bouncers frivolously are more likely than ever to be discovered and dealt with.

At the same time, people are not only more aware of their legal rights in cases of assault, they're also more willing than ever to take on the symbols of authority — in the shape of both bouncers and police — and more aware of the means available to them to *force* reluctant police to do their duty. "People now realise," says Christopher Murphy, "that they can utilise the Police Internal Affairs Branch and the Ombudsman to ensure that justice is done. And in NSW they can be awarded up to $20,000 as compensation for injuries received from assaults (other states have similar legislation), and they don't have to go to a civil court — the money is paid by the government. On top of that, licensed premises have no interest in a violent bouncer. It's very difficult for a licensed restaurant or club to survive in the Eighties, and the quickest route to the bankruptcy court is persistent violence on the premises. The result of all this is that there is now an unwritten rule in the bouncing business: if a bouncer is violent *he must go,* and he'll receive no protection from the police."

The law itself has not changed since the knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out madness of the Sixties. The Common Law heritage of all Australian states decrees that a bouncer is entitled to use "reasonable force under the circumstances" to remove trespassers from the premises. In the case of an attack on the bouncer by a patron, the bouncer's response must be *commensurate* with the severity of the attack. In other words, if you try to shoulder your way past a doorman and he responds by splitting your head open with a baseball bat, he's in big trouble. A bouncer is not allowed to *strike* anybody unless in self-defence. He may argue that he was provoked, and that *may* be mitigating evidence in a court, but it is not in itself a defence.

The public's inclination to take bouncers on in court in the Eighties is not always motivated by a concern for justice or even financial gain. "The bouncer is so often a magnet for the nasty and vindictive side of human nature," says Christopher Murphy. He cites the case of a Sydney bouncer whom he's currently defending against assault charges brought by three professionals. These men allegedly took offence when they were refused entry to an exclusive Sydney nightclub. According to Murphy, "First they attacked the doorman's appearance, then his personality, then his intellect, pointing out that they were superior. He resisted all of that. Then they tried to force their way inside, approaching the bouncer in a threatening manner, and he took each of them out with a single punch to the jaw. Soon afterwards he was at the police station being fingerprinted, and subsequently had to face the court."

On top of the legal complications resulting from violence, bouncers are now no more immune from the "comeback" than they were ten years ago. In a job that offers more occupational hazards than any other, the comeback remains the nemesis of bouncers. According to Wal Missingham, a martial arts instructor who trains bouncers at his two Sydney schools, "Comebacks are a very good reason for not doing the job. In fact, that's why I gave it away. It doesn't matter how good you are — any idiot can pull a trigger and you're gone. There have been numerous recent incidents where doormen have been shot or set upon on their way home. Obviously there are a large number of people in our society who are quite crazy enough to end your life."

> "My boys do all bodywork if they have to do anything, and never use a clenched fist to the head."

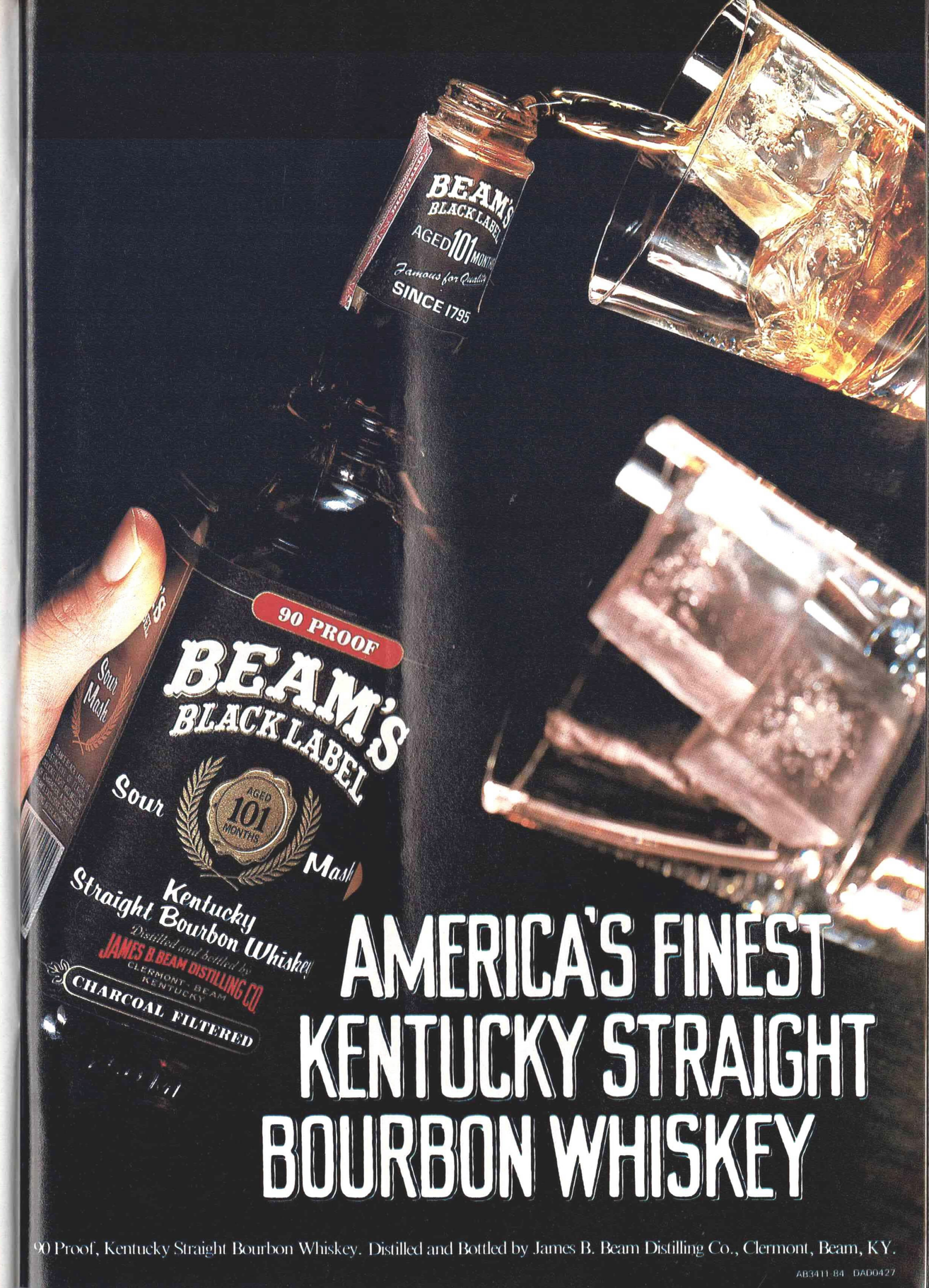
Every experienced bouncer can recall episodes of sheer terror arising from encounters with the lunatic fringe. Sam (a pseudonym) is a Kings Cross bouncer whose moment of reckoning came when he was ordered to eject a party of three businessmen from the premises. "There was a fourth member of the party who wasn't involved in the scuffle. He lured me outside on a pretext, then pulled a gun and held it to my temple. 'Is there any reason why I shouldn't pull the trigger?' he said. I was absolutely shit-scared. Then the guy burst into laughter, put the gun away and pissed off."

Bob Jones, whose Samurai Security company now supplies bouncing teams on a contract basis to 80 percent of discos and nightclubs in every major city in the country, has evolved a policy of determined non-violence to cope with the pressures acting on doormen today. The Samurai Security boys are blackbelt graduates of Jones' Zen Do Kai karate schools, capable of inflicting tremendous damage but instructed never to hit anybody unless there's absolutely no alternative. "They are drilled to understand that if they get into fights, the legal costs and criminal convictions that they *will* get as a result are just not worth it," says Jones. "They're employed simply to explain the law to troublemakers on behalf of the management."

Obviously there are times when a "talk-down" is not an adequate response. When it comes down to the wire, the Samurai blackbelts are entitled to defend themselves. "Every time I hear of that happening I break into a cold sweat," says Jones, "because these days we almost always have to answer an assault charge." Hence the need to impose certain restrictions on the Samurai: "My blokes are drilled to understand that if they cut up somebody's face they're looking at thousands of extra dollars in lawsuits and a much bigger chance of a jail sentence than if they smash a guy's ribs in. You can beat a man's body to pieces and as long as the face isn't roughed up, it doesn't seem to matter so much. The same applies in rape cases where the woman's face isn't damaged. My boys do all bodywork if they have to do anything, and never use a clenched fist to the head. They get around the problem that way."

Although the current restrictions on bouncers make their job immensely more difficult than was the case in the Sixties, Jones does not decry the changes. He likens the old-style bouncer to the bounty hunter of the American west — and like the bounty hunter, the dinosaur on the door had to be eliminated in favor of more sophisticated methods.

However, in the bouncing business summary justice remains a fact of life — and that's the crux of the problem confronting all bouncers. No matter how sophisticated the enforcement of the law becomes, nothing can alter the fact that in a crunch situation all legal considerations take a back seat in favor of the struggle for survival. "In such a situation," says Wal Missingham, "there are no courts, no police, no law. There's just you — and if you don't do something you're going to get your head kicked in." Recently Missingham was himself confronted with that scenario when he was attacked by three men simultaneously. "I had to use a higher level of technique



ENFORCERS

than I would normally, because I couldn't afford not to. As a result I broke the first attacker's leg. It was dangling loose and the guy was screaming so loudly it frightened the other two off. It's not nice, but it's reality."

Every experienced bouncer understands that reality. Richard (a pseudonym), who's survived six years as a bouncer at various Kings Cross venues, puts it simply: "If someone's about to hammer you, you don't give a shit about the law right at that moment. The blokes I work with don't have a strong martial arts background, but they know how to swing a baseball bat. When it comes to the crunch you don't take chances. For instance, not long ago we had a drunken Chinaman going ape out the front. There was no possibility of reasoning with him. The doormen were a bit wary because he had plenty of room out there to launch a kick, so they just brought out the baseball bats. They're not paid enough to take silly risks."

According to Christopher Murphy, "Possibly four or five times in an evening a bouncer has to make an instantaneous shrewd legal decision — and if it's the wrong one he may end up in jail." The stakes are a great deal higher than a lot of people would suspect. Murphy cites the case of a man who became involved in a brawl at a club and took a single swing at his opponent, who turned out to have an egg-shell skull. The result was that his assailant was charged with murder. According to a recent study by the Bureau of Crime Statistics, 21 percent of *all* murders result from blows administered by a foot or a fist.

All things considered, it's little wonder that the business of bouncing is characterised by extreme nervousness and a general reluctance to discuss the subject. The old nomenclature has been replaced by a variety of euphemisms including "doorman", "floorwalker" and even "waiter." Calling a bouncer a bouncer in court is roughly equivalent to calling a police officer a pig.

"Don't even *mention* that word" was the response from the nervous official manning the door of Cronulla Workingmen's Club, a regular rock and roll venue on the southern fringe of Sydney. The security system at Cronulla Workers has been revolutionised as a result of an incident which took place there on the evening of February 10, 1984. Three bouncers were charged with murder after Bradley John Stone, aged 19, was found bleeding to death on the premises. Police alleged that Steven James Rigby, Gary Keith Buchanan and Paul Henry Dean stopped the victim on a back stairway. "He was twice rammed into a closed exit door and the second time a schooner glass he had in his hand was driven upwards into his neck, severing his jugular vein," the prosecutor told the court. Stone had allegedly been trespassing at the time of the incident. Margaret Sleeman SM found the evidence would support neither a murder nor a manslaughter charge, and the case was dismissed.

"The incident", as it's now universally referred to at Cronulla Workers, has resulted in a managerial policy expressly forbidding any physical contact between security workers and patrons. The club no longer employs "bouncers." If there's trouble, the "floorwalkers" simply ask the offender to leave. If that doesn't cut the mustard they refer the problem to a supervisor, who tries the same method before handing over to the manager. If there's still no movement, the police are called in. The Registered Clubs Association of NSW has been encouraging all clubs to adopt this sort of policy, and a spokesman for the association said he believed the majority of clubs in Sydney were now running their security systems on strictly non-violent lines.

> Experienced doormen tend to regard the hustlers who front the stripjoints in Sydney's Kings Cross as cannon fodder

Clubland is where the average bouncer would like to be. Pubs with live rock acts represent a big step up in degree of difficulty, while the typical red light district, which hosts a disproportionately high percentage of drunks, heavies and outright loons, has traditionally produced the most wear and tear on bouncers. Experienced doormen tend to regard the hustlers who front the stripjoints in Sydney's King Cross as cannon fodder; at some places the turnover is said to be as high as one per week. But in recent years the boys employed by the more respectable establishments in the Cross have banded together to form an unofficial union to cope with their unique problems. The result is that in some respects the Cross is a safer environment for bouncers than the isolated suburban pub or club, where a small team of doormen can find themselves massively outnumbered and having to rely on police reinforcements to save their skins.

Richard, who now works at a rock venue in the Cross, explains how the unofficial union operates: "All the doormen get to know each other quickly here. You can't have guys working along this strip who aren't friends. I only need to make a call to a couple of nearby clubs and the doormen will come straight down here if there's trouble. Apart from that, the patrons will back us up in a blue, and so will the roadies from the band. You don't seem to get that in the suburbs."

Richard recalls a recent incident where two footballers had been hassling a couple of drag queens inside the premises. When they were ejected by a doorman one raced off to grab some reinforcements. "Next thing we knew there were these 20-odd footballers all coming from nowhere and spilling into the foyer. We had eight doormen on that night and it was like the Wild West — furniture flying everywhere. But the Islanders who drank there came straight down and into it, so by the time we had the footballers outside they were outnumbered two to one. You'd need a bloody big crowd to actually take over one of the clubs in the Cross."

The doormen's union doesn't concern itself only with mutual protection. They recognise that what's good for the Cross is good for them, so they keep an eye on every take-away food outlet and store along the strip. Recently they've extended their activities to a sort of vigilante operation aimed at curbing the excesses of a mob of about 40 12-year-old pinball parlor punks. During the past six months the punks have specialised in rolling defenceless women for the sake of a $10 profit. "It's got to the stage," according to Richard, "where your girlfriend can't walk up to the main drag to get a cab without risking a flogging. These kids are just taking over. That's bad for business, and as far as we're concerned our job is to take care of business." The doormen's union held a meeting in one of the clubs and resolved to warn the pubescent heavies that if they didn't put an end to the muggings they would be dealt with severely.

Although the bouncing business no longer supports imbeciles, there is increasingly a place in the Eighties for a special kind of doorman traditionally known as a "hard man." That's especially so in red-light districts, where the distinction between legal and illegal activities tends to be somewhat blurred. Sam, now working as a doorman at a Kings Cross nightclub, is the sort of guy who might be regarded as a hard man. He's a bodybuilder during daylight hours and has earned the money to feed his obsession with working out by acting as a bouncer at gambling clubs, brothels, massage parlors and nightclubs in the Cross. A lot of men with Sam's vast experience in the knockabout world gravitate toward bodyguard work, which is where the big money is. "I wouldn't be in that," he says. "As far as I'm concerned, if a

Continued on page 152

See your Momo Dealer for the full range and colour brochures.

NSW
CARISMA – DRUMMOYNE 81 4394
YOUNG ST RUBBERWORKS – GOSFORD (043) 24 5533
SCOTTS DYNO – NEWCASTLE (049) 67 4686

VICTORIA
AUTOSPORT VIC. – BOX HILL (03) 890 3991

QUEENSLAND
G.P. CARS – KELVIN GROVE (07) 356 9544

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
AUTOSPORT SA – BEULAH PARK (08) 332 8238

A.C.T.
RAY GULSON MOTORS – FYSHWICK (062) 80 6755

TASMANIA
PITTSTOP – HOBART (002) 34 1161

W.A.
TERRAIN TRADERS – PERTH (09) 272 2355

momo
CARISMA – Australian Importer

CLIVE KANE 010

CATCH THE MOMENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESLIE TURTLE

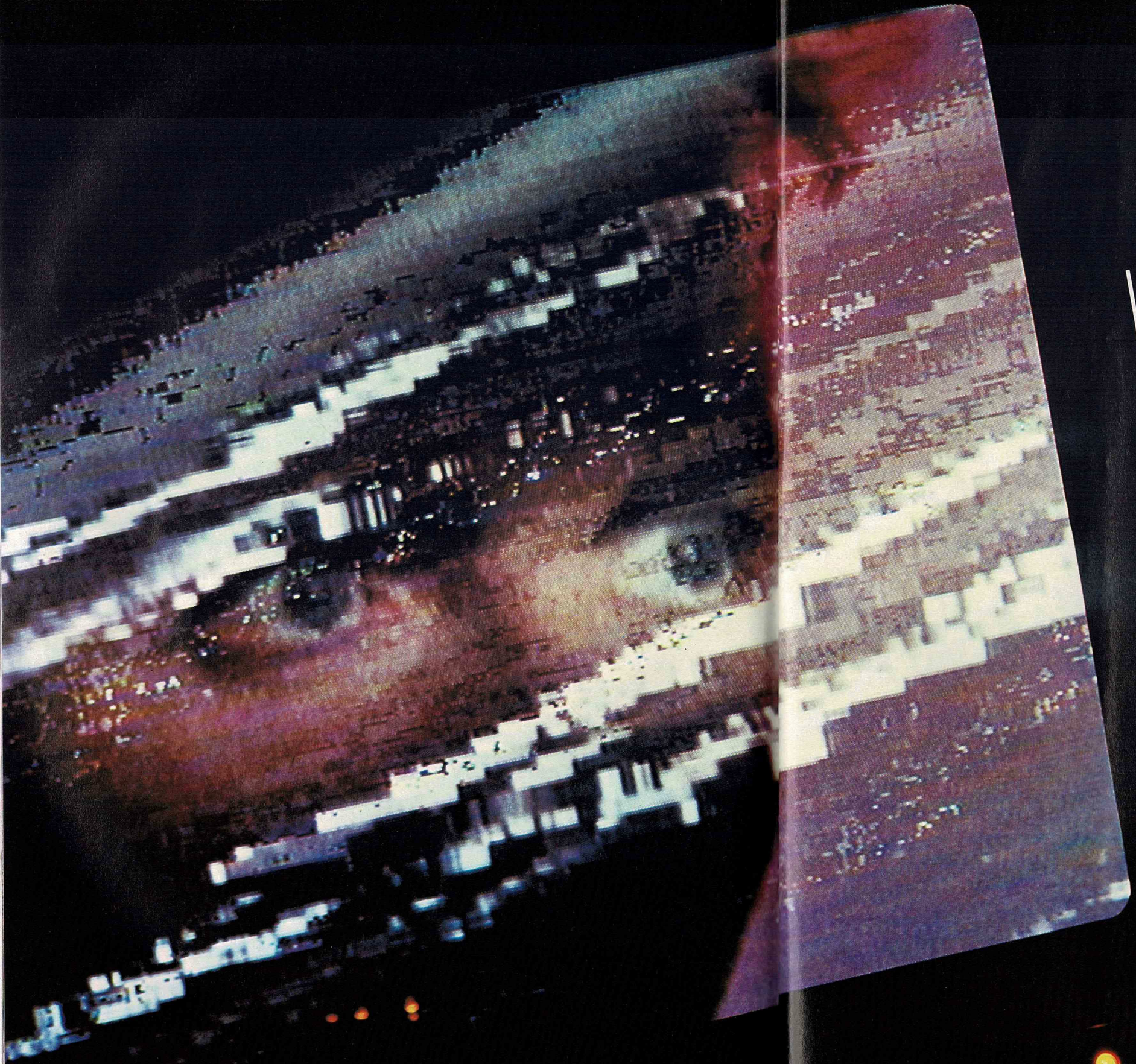
Roget's Thesaurus, that handy guide for those lost for words, could do with an update under its listing of the word "perfect." At present it lists words like "immaculate", "impeccable", "ideal", "flawless", etc, but it omits what has to be the most apt synonym for the word that has happened along in years. For your reference, that word is Angela — learn it first hand and you'll never forget it. These pictures of the beautiful 19-year-old can serve as a memory aid.

Suggesting that she's perfect brings a shrug of embarrassment from this blonde student. She does wish, though, that some of the men she meets were in the habit of carrying a *Thesaurus* or something that would help them overcome their loss for words when they're introduced to her.

"It's funny how people assume that all attractive women must be mobbed by men trying to chat them up," says Angela. "In my experience, men either clam up or avoid me, figuring maybe that I'm out of their league. Sometimes I get very lonely."

Angela does know that men find her gorgeous: "Any pretty girl who says she doesn't know she's pretty is a fibber," she says. "Being attractive has helped me pay for my education, doing commercials and photographic work like this. I'm fully aware that youthful beauty is transient and I'm out to improve my mind."

To that end she's just embarked on an engineering degree, something that will build her a bridge to the future, so to speak. "Too many beautiful women fall into a trap of being mere ornaments that fear the cracks and chips of time. Not me; you may snatch the moment of my beauty now, but remember, I may be your boss one day."



The Australian outlaws who sparked the rock video explosion are still firing on all cylinders

THREE MINUTE MOVIE

BY ANTHONY O'GRADY

The bright young Aussie executive has got it all figured out. "Of course," he says, "if we decide to release the track internationally, we'll go ahead and make an international-quality clip. MTV-quality, that is."

He enunciates the words "MTV-quality" with due reverence, and most of the others in the room — assorted Artists & Repertoire personnel and product managers — nod wisely. Steam hisses from the ears of the Australian film-maker who is about to make the low-budget, non-MTV-quality, local clip.

MTV (Music TeleVision) is America's 24-hour rock cable TV network. It is the current genie's lamp of rock and roll riches. High rotation on MTV

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

Tony Stevens and John Whiteron (left), at the forefront of the rock video scene

MOVIE

almost always means Top 10 on the singles charts. Making it on to MTV has just about replaced the expense and drudgery of a concert tour for new acts. Established acts use MTV to promote their latest tour/album/T-shirt package. A week of MTV equals over a year of *Countdowns*.

The Australian film-maker makes the local budget clip. It turns out so well he is asked to do a rescue job on another clip — one made *with* an MTV-quality budget. The original director had been accustomed to working with lavish budgets; he'd filmed a lot of frozen food packages for TV commercials. But he lacked a certain empathy when it came to live subjects — particularly live subjects who abhorred being confused with frozen food. By the end of the shoot, the band had been gleefully, vengefully, riotiously drunk. The film-maker had never before been involved in such a disaster. "Well, what do you expect?" said the unrepentant band members. "He was trying to tell us how to *perform*!"

That story is typical of the music video industry in Australia. "A lot of the time," says one local film-maker, "a record company will use local rock film-makers while a band is building inside Australia. Then they get an overseas release and everything changes. They say: 'Wowee, we've got a big budget for this one and we're aiming for MTV, so let's bring on the big budget people. There was this great advertisement on TV last night — let's see if we can get *that* guy.' And *that* guy, who might have copied the commercial frame for frame from some American campaign, always wants to do a rock clip — he thinks it will look good on his show reel."

The Three-Minute Film — otherwise known as the rock videoclip — is essentially nothing new. There were visual jukeboxes back in the Roaring Forties, when Cab Calloway was king of the Jumpin' Jive.

Elvis Presley is reputed have pioneered the rock *film*clip quite by accident. The story goes that filming on his third feature had nearly been completed when Presley hitched on to the song "Jailhouse Rock." Prison sequences for the film had already been shot, so the producers reassembled the jail set, shot a production number around the song, and spliced it in. Back then, movie stardom was firmly believed to be *the* next step after success on the charts, and Presley stultified his career to prove it could be done.

Basically, though, rock and roll cinema was a low-rent genre with performances to match. Maybe Presley could persuade his fans to put up with repeated doses of pure dross, but most rock films were strictly B-grade earners, thrown into the cinemas as fillers to be screened before the *real* attraction.

There have been some great rock and roll films, of course. The Beatles with *A Hard Day's Night* set a standard for rock cinema chic that lasted about a decade. There is also a treasury of weird, wonderful, arcane rock films that occasionally resurface on late night TV. (*Wild In The Streets* and *Privilege* are two classic examples.) But no-one can really claim that Hollywood, or cinema anywhere for that matter, fully realised the artistic *or* financial mating potential of the world's two most powerful and provocative entertainment media. The artistic possibilities were only sketchily explored because the process was essentially exploitive: grab a popular song or a group and throw them into the celluloid melting pot. No unknown group ever shot to superstardom by appearing in a movie.

But then along came a character named Don Kirshner, who proved the small screen could do what cinema couldn't (if not in terms of artistry then at least financially). Kirshner spun off mammoth record sales for The Monkees after hiring four young, unknown actors to play members of a zany pop band in the TV show of the same name. The Monkees were scripted as junior-league Beatles, and after that ploy worked so well, Kirshner set up a TV sitcom series that sold a million records for a group of cartoon characters — The Archies. Later, young unknown actor David

The mild one
with the miracle filter...

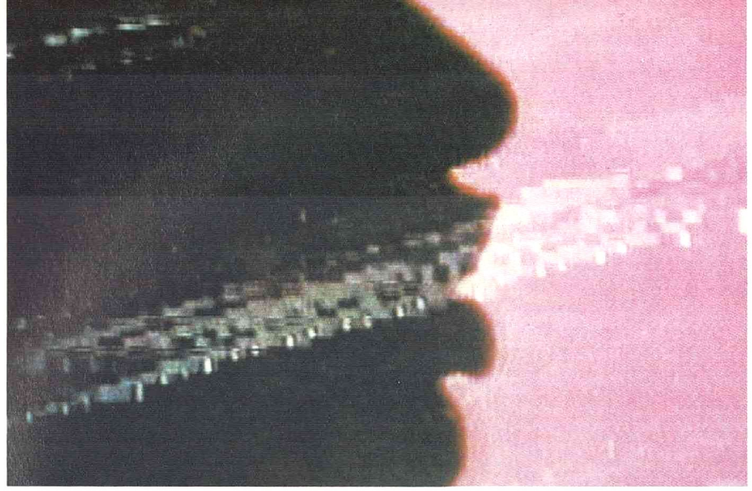
PETER STUYVESANT
EXTRA MILD

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING EXTRA MILD

CC 998/82
PSEM2 Q2

AMERICAN CIGARETTE COMPANY



Stills from several acclaimed videos created by Australian Russell Mulcahy.

MOVIE

Cassidy was scripted as a junior-league Elvis Presley in the *Partridge Family* TV series, and that worked too.

Meanwhile, weekly TV pop shows such as *American Bandstand, Ready Steady Go*, and *Top Of The Pops* in Britain and Australian *Bandstand* and *Countdown* operated on the principle that people would also tune in to see the hot hits and top tips mimed "live" in the studio. But it wasn't until MTV started hitting its straps in 1982 that music video came to be more than a mere supplement to radioplay in the business of music marketing. Correspondingly, the appearance of the artist and the visualisation of the song came to mean as much to the buying public as the song itself.

But do you want to know where the music video bandwaggon really started rolling? *In Australia*, that's where. Believe it or not, the Bee Gees were the first group in Australia to get a "concept" clip on national TV. It happened in 1967, when *Bandstand* sent a cameraman to Bankstown Airport to film the brothers Gibb prancing, dancing and mugging around, then edited the footage to the beat of their current hit, *Spics And Specs*.

As concepts go it was hardly Fellini, but it was a change from sticking a band behind a microphone and asking them to mime for the cameras.

Split Enz entered the scene in the mid-Seventies as one of the first bands in the world to recognise the possibilities of designing visual content to enhance the impact of their music. "There were three artists in the band at the time," remembers drummer Noel Crombie, "and that was a fairly good start, I suppose. Being visually orientated, we naturally wanted to make the best of the medium and we had the freedom to experiment because, back then, clips were the exception rather than the rule."

Split Enz intuitively knew the Golden Rule of music video. "We could see the potential for using the medium to create an image that goes with the song," says Crombie. "But I think the song is still the first thing; it dictates the way a clip will go."

"Music video," says cinema photographer John Whiteron, "is entirely about embellishing music with images — not overtaking it, but adding to it."

Whiteron and director/editor Tony Stevens are the frontline task force of Kali Productions. With another partner, production co-ordinator Sue Davis, they've produced the seven Men At Work clips made so far. Plus countless kilometres of rock footage for just about everyone else in Australia — from The Models to Dragon, from GANGgajang to D.D. Smash. Plus Cold Chisel's in-concert full-length feature, *The Last Stand*. But it's their work for the Men that has made them film-makers of international stature.

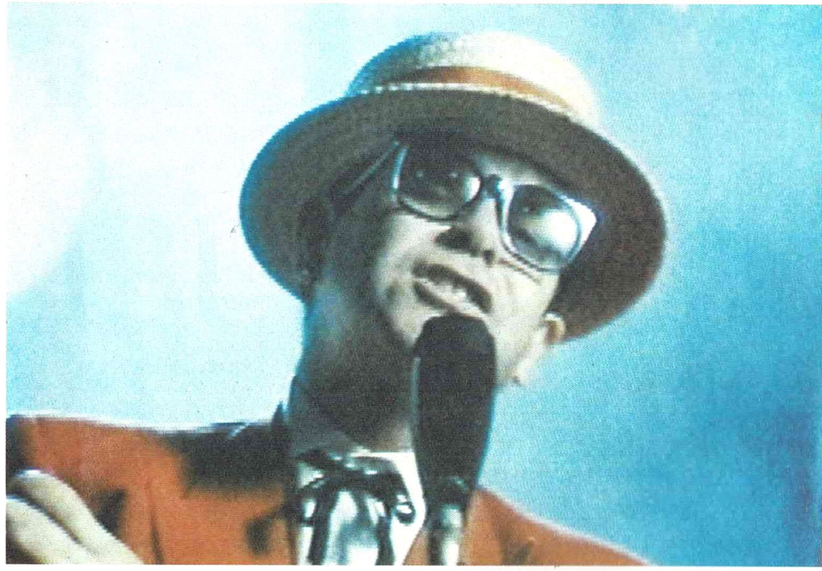
"It took us some time to realise," says Whiteron, "that 'Down Under' has been seen by more people around the world than any other piece of Australian-made film *ever*. There is not the slightest doubt about that. It hit us like a sledgehammer when we realised it, and it keeps coming back to us in nightmares; we dream of 'Down Under' being projected on a giant screen hanging over a Tokyo shopping centre with 50,000 Japanese looking up at it . . . and then we wake up and remember it actually happened. We were there filming it from a helicopter!"

A surrealistic scenario to be sure, but the Japanese aren't the only nationality to gaze in wonderment at the visualisation of a song about a land "where women glow and men chunder." The clip appeared on TV (and in cinemas) in Italy, Iceland, Israel, Norway, Sweden, France, England, Belgium, Africa — and on MTV throughout America. Men At Work were not only one of the first groups to be championed by MTV, they were one of the first to force their way in to the charts through music video.

"When the first album finally came out in America," says its producer, American Peter Mclan, "MTV was just starting to break through — and you could actually trace the direct correlation between Men At Work's record sales and areas where MTV had just opened up. It was only a few years ago, but you have to remember that back then, Americans really weren't accustomed to rock video formats beyond concert footage or studio miming, and the visual imagination of the Men's videos had a tremendous impact in the US."

"The thing about the Men," says Tony Stevens, "is that their videos feature them playing character parts, not just their instruments. According to MTV, 'Who Can It Be Now' really broke the idea of concept clips in America."

"We were shooting 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive' in Los Angeles," remembers John Whiteron, "and people were coming up, in that friendly open way Americans have, and asking: 'Hey buddy, what's happening here?' We'd tell them we were shooting a video for a band and they'd say, 'Oh great, where's the band?' And we'd tell them: 'Well, that nutty professor type over there, he's the sax player; the hunchback is the drummer and the scout master is the singer.' And they'd take that in. Then they'd ask, 'Well sure, but where are their instruments?' That's when it really came home to us that Americans were only used to 'live' look clips — and not very good live look at that."



While the Men and Whiteron/Stevens were making an impact on American TV, another Australian film-maker, Russell Mulcahy, was breaking Duran Duran with ultra-expensive, ultra-glossy visuals. Mulcahy had relocated to London in the late Seventies and was ideally placed to scoop work for some of the biggest names in rock, including Elton John, Rod Stewart and Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac.

After their success with the Men, naturally Whiteron and Stevens were beseiged with work offers from American record corporations. They eventually decided not to relocate because it would have meant they'd have to incorporate. "We were in on the bottom floor of the video boom in America," says Stevens, "and everyone was just amazed at how little we were producing clips for. 'Who Can It Be Now' cost $5400 and there were screams about that because it was $200 over budget. 'Down Under' came in at just under $7000. 'Heckle/Jive' was the most expensive of the lot — it cost nearly $30,000 because we shot it in the States. It was originally budgeted for $12,000 in Australia."

These days, the average cost of a made-for-MTV video is $90,000, and MTV itself carries some $20 million of paid advertising annually into more than 18 million homes via 2000 cable affiliates. Its programming is no longer supplied free of charge by the record companies — MTV is willing to pay for exclusive rights to certain videos. It paid $250,000 for the privilege of premiering Michael Jackson's 14-minute, million-dollar "Thriller" video in 1983.

"When big money like that starts to get involved," says Tony Stevens, "you're talking about big organisations dealing with each other. Most of the time, you're also talking about big budget garbage — big on bucks, low on ideas. If we'd relocated to America and linked up with some multi-million buck TV production house we couldn't see it having a beneficial effect on the standard of our work."

"In Australia," says Whiteron, "music videos are still low-budget and experimental to a large degree. It can even get down to an argument with the record company about whether you can budget for two extension leads or just the one."

"There are no set rules," agrees Tony. "Film-makers from structured backgrounds like advertising are appalled at the outlaw quality of Australian music video makers."

It's that element of risk and excitement that keeps Stevens and Whiteron making videos in Australia but, in saner moments, they can't help but reflect on the inherent disadvantages. "You're expected to put in a week's work tendering for a job," says Whiteron. "Get the quote together, attend endless meetings, put together a storyboard. And you're expected to do this because you love the music, man. Overseas, and in advertising, you get paid for presenting your ideas."

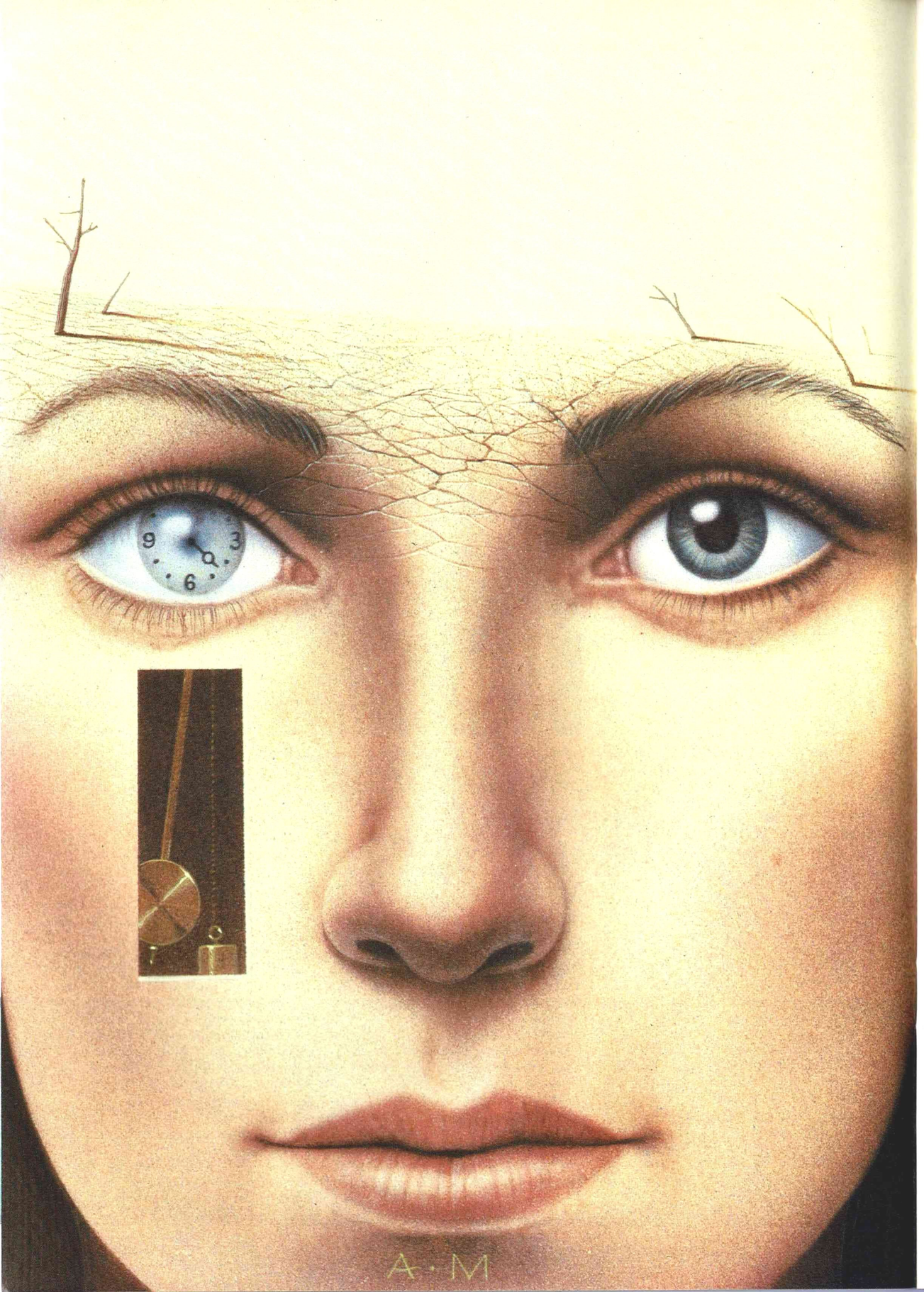
And according to Stevens, "A lot of the time, particularly for a band's first decent budget video, the film-maker and the record company will search for the most spectacular concept and not even ask themselves whether it's the *right* idea for the band. There have been a lot of mistakes made by forcing images on to artists. Colin Hay and Greg Ham, for instance, had acting backgrounds before Men At Work and they've always been very aware of what images fit with their music and what's a nice idea — for someone else."

Whiteron adds: "Whenever video makers get together, you immediately have this ongoing discussion about whether videos are three-minute films, works of art or commercials. We think they're all three, and that no one aspect should outweigh the others."

The ultimate irony of music is that video-makers don't share in the profits accrued by even their most spectacularly successful work. The band, the record producer, the record company and the music publisher collect royalties from the ongoing sales of the music. But, so far, no formula has been established for video-makers to be similarly rewarded for their contribution to the marketing exercise.

"Sometimes," says Whiteron, "it's actually quite difficult to make a living from this business."

"Even for us," adds Tony. "And these days we're well respected old codgers in the business — we've been doing it for nearly five years now." O



Scientists are diving headlong into research to discover the legendary "fountain of youth"

DEATHBUSTERS

BY GARY HANAUER

Five years from now, all going to plan, we might well be able to live to an average age of 85 just by popping a pill or two every day. By then Dr Chadd A. Everone, of Berkeley, California, will be ready to announce the discovery that eluded Ponce de Leon some 500 years ago: the existence of a fountain of youth.

At the moment the fountain exists in a test tube and is unromantically called a "proteolytic enzyme inhibitor." The compound has been used as a treatment for arthritis for 20 years and has been found to retard cataracts, sore muscles and perhaps senility. It has also been found to boost the life spans of laboratory mice by 15 percent. And what is even more exciting is that Everone's enzyme inhibitor represents just a small fraction of an explosion of research that could substantially extend the human life span.

"Even if there are no startling develop-

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN McGEE

DEATHBUSTERS

ments, we'll extend the average life span by 30 years by the turn of the century," says Everone, who in 1972 established the Foundation for Infinite Survival, Inc. But John Mann, president of the MegaHealth Society, also in California, insists: "We want immortality now!"

Infinite Survival and MegaHealth are just two organisations within a growing network of people from all walks of life in the US who contend that an average life span of more than 100 years is possible. Some of these people are notable scientists and doctors who may or may not subscribe to radical theories of how human life expectancy can be significantly increased. The backgrounds and reputations of others in the field are less certain.

"The life extensionists include some good scientists who speculate about various hypotheses that are then tested," says Edward L. Schneider, deputy director of the US National Institute on Ageing (NIA). "There are also people like me," he continues, "who want to know why we age, so that the quality of life can be improved. Then there are a lot of people in this field who claim to be scientists but don't have scientific credentials."

Dr Marott Sinex, former associate director of the Gerontological Society of America and the co-founder of the Gerontology Centre of Boston University, thinks that many people involved in the life-extension movement have acquired a following because "they are telling the public what it wants to believe. Their message is that if you read their book, you'll live longer."

Although more people today than ever before are interested in extending their natural life span, research into life extension is nothing new. One of the earliest theories of life extension — that the endocrine system, which controls our glands, is an important part of the puzzle — was tested in 1889 by Harvard University professor Charles Edouard Brown-Sequard. He claimed to have regained his youthful strength after injecting himself with crushed dog testicles. However, nobody else could duplicate Brown-Sequard's results, and he fell into disgrace.

A short time later, Russian physician Serge Voronoff built up a flourishing practice grafting the testicles of young monkeys on to his clients. He made more than $1 million from these treatments, but lost credibility when many of his patients contracted syphilis. Then there was Paul Niehans, a Swiss surgeon, who in the 1930s began injecting sheep-embryo cells into such notables as Winston Churchill, Christian Dior, and Pope Pius XII. His theories are still being argued about today.

At the turn of the century, scientists also began wondering why the citizens of Bulgaria, who ate a lot of yoghurt, lived so long. In 1904 French biologist Elie Metchnikoff suggested that ageing may be related to toxins in the colon, and that eating yoghurt would clean out "bad" bacteria. The colonic-irrigation theory has attracted a following. Mae West, who lived to 88, credited her excellent health to daily enemas, and musician Louis Armstrong, who died at 71, downed strong laxatives every night. But just as colonics have passed in and out of favor, so has more serious gerontological research.

Currently, such research is booming. How ultimately productive much of it will be remains to be seen, but its seriousness cannot be doubted. Enter, for example, the quarters of the Foundation for Infinite Survival and you will find 100 healthy mice staring out of glass cages in a quiet and immaculate laboratory. Chadd Everone is using these mice to test one of gerontology's current theories: that preservation of non-renewable proteins can help keep the body young. Certain enzymes break down proteins within us, thereby promoting ageing, since these proteins don't renew themselves.

Remarkably, an enzyme blocker, as yet unnamed, has not only been testing well in mice since 1980 but also in four humans since 1983. "They're all clients in their sixties who will take it indefinitely," says Everone.

Although its use as a treatment for arthritis and cataracts has been well documented, this is the first time that researchers have tried to test the drug as an age-retardant. "It'll take five to 10 years of testing in humans before we can be sure it will meet our expectations," says Everone. "No side-effects have been reported so far."

The Foundation for Infinite Survival has no plans to go into the pill-pushing business. "Life extension is more than just selling products, most of which are garbage anyway," says Everone, a man with serious eyes and a neatly clipped moustache, who feels most comfortable in jeans, a white shirt, and tennis shoes.

After studying philosophy at the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Madrid in Spain, Everone began to seriously explore the meaning of life. He decided that "survival is the ultimate purpose of life" and set up the foundation. Since his ultimate goal is to live forever he changed his name to Everone.

Spending 10 years offering "control of ageing programs" at a cost to the client of $300 to $500 a year has paid off. Everone's clinic, which employs a general physician and cardiologist, serves 400 clients, most of whom were probably drawn to it by an ad in the Yellow Pages for a "health testing centre", which listed such services as "weight counselling." Once enrolled, they are told about the foundation.

For their money Infinite Survival clients, mostly 50 to 60-year-old professionals, get a thorough health exam, a 30-page computer analysis of the results, and an individualised program outlining what they should be doing to increase their longevity. "For most people, the program will take less than an hour a day," says Everone. Recommendations may include nutritional supplements, exercise, yoga, massage or experimental drug therapies.

Two of the most popular theories of life extension revolve around limiting two things everybody has: body weight and "free radicals."

Free radicals are molecules with an extra or "free" electron. Millions of free radicals sail through our bodies and float in the air we breathe. Most of these are oxidants, that is, oxygen atoms with a loose electron. When loose electrons spin off to pair with other atoms, they start chain reactions that can damage cells. The damage becomes more extensive when there are too many free radicals present to begin with. Free radicals are present in rancid food, air pollution, cigarette smoke, radiation, and in white blood cells as they attack disease. Free "rads" have been linked to diseases of the skin, heart, blood and eyes.

Normally, various enzymes protect the body from free radicals. Also antioxidants, which may be amino acids or other substances, guard against free radicals by breaking down or, in chemists' language, "scavenging" the reactions promoted by free radicals.

Dr Denham Harman, who stumbled on the free-rad idea in 1954, is convinced that inhibiting free radicals will promote a longer, happier life span. "All major diseases," he asserts, "involve free radicals. The point is that we can do something now." That "now", adds Harman, would require 10 to 20 years of work screening various chemicals and testing their side-effects.

In one sense Harman has already succeeded. He is one of the founders of the highly respected American Ageing Association (AGE). Most of AGE's 600 members, who pay $20 a year in dues, are personally involved in trying to retard ageing. The association acts as a clearing house for information, publishes a quarterly journal, and is the only organisation that sponsors an annual meeting of gerontologists.

Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, authors of the 1982 best-seller *Life Extension: A Practical Scientific Approach,* point out that since vitamins A, C, E, B-1, and B-6 and the minerals zinc and selenium are antioxidants, downing huge doses of these vitamins could extend the average life span. They also contend that if butylated hydroxytoluene (BHT), one of the most common chemical food preservatives, can keep cooking oil from getting old, then why can't it do the same for humans? They each take two grams a day.

> "He claimed to have regained his youthful strength after injecting himself with crushed dog testicles"

Meanwhile, in a Los Angeles lab, Dr Roy Walford is busy feeding his mice. Walford, a professor of pathology at the UCLA School of Medicine and the author of *Maximum Life Span*, is studying rates of ageing and the relationship between genetics and nutrition in ageing. He thinks how much we eat may be more important than what we eat.

Over the past 25 years, he and other scientists have noticed that mice on restricted diets live 20 to 50 percent longer than those left to eat all they want. Walford is the first to admit that he doesn't know why weight reduction works. "But maybe it's tied into our immunity system of endocrines. The important thing is that with normal eating, 35 percent of the energy you produce is used by your body. In a restricted program, the rate goes up to 50 percent. And the greater your metabolic efficiency, the fewer free radicals you probably generate."

According to Walford, anybody wanting to live longer should go on a gradual diet to drop 10 to 15 percent below their average weight. "If you weigh 70 kilograms you should get down to 60," he says. In the past four years, Walford has taken five kilos from his already lean frame and would like to drop five more.

Not everyone agrees that slow dieting will help you live longer. Some experts say that longevity is improved by actually being a little overweight, so that you'll have some calories set aside to use when the going gets tough.

In considering dietary influences on ageing, many life-extension researchers are quick to criticise Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, the glittering stars of the life-extension movement, who say they subsist on "gourmet food and dairy products" and spend "23 of every 24 hours on a water bed."

But they must be doing something right. Their 1982 best-seller has sold 1.4 million copies, their just-out *Life Extension Companion* has sold 200,000 copies, they run a $100,000-a-year consulting business, and they earn $5000 per lecture. The couple own three houses at Manhattan Beach, California.

Nobody is sure why they've succeeded so resoundingly. Maybe it's because of their frequent appearances on American TV's *The Merv Griffin Show*, or the feeling you get from them that you don't have to work hard to live long, or the fact that nobody has read the book that made them famous. *Life Extension* is 858 pages long, enough to make most readers skim rather than carefully read its humorously titled chapters. Reason Four in Chapter 10 ("Why Some People Prefer to Die") is "they aren't having any fun"; Reason 12 is "all their friends want to."

According to Pearson, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduate with a degree in physics, the antioxidants they take counteract their sedentary lifestyle. "Besides, we'd rather give up a few years than give up the food we eat." While life-exercising is crucial, Pearson contends that 10 minutes of peak exercise every other day is all you need to keep your heart in shape. "But you could," he adds, "get by with less than a minute of exercise a day. Neither sex nor jogging are vigorous enough but dancing to heavy metal music is perfect." As for the couple's critics, Shaw says: "Jealousy is a powerful force."

The NIA's Edward L. Schneider says of Pearson and Shaw: "They're fun, but I wish they weren't in ageing." Dr Walford labels them "sensationalists who serve a shallow hodgepodge of half-truths."

You won't find Dr Marott Sinex, Ellen Orbach, or Dr Robert J. Morin dancing to heavy metal music to stop ageing. They

represent the mainstream of modern gerontology, and would like to see governments and the private sector pour millions of dollars into efforts that would come up with completely new ways to battle ageing.

What the US government contributes to ageing research — $82 million in 1984 — is deemed minuscule by Ellen Orbach, executive director of the Ageing Research Council, a privately run fund-raising organisation. "Reagan wants to encourage the private sector to supplement the money," she says. "It's out there, but it isn't enough." She and another fund-raiser, Dr Robert Morin, a gerontologist and president of the 750-member American Longevity Association, grumble that their private contributions, totalling less than $1 million a year, are paltry compared to donations to the American Heart Association, which totalled $129 million in 1983.

Several scientists have charged that if the government or private sector wanted to do something about ageing, they could. "Determination of biological causes of ageing could be achieved this decade," Dr Bernard Strehler, of the National Institute of Health, said in 1966. "The enormous power of modern science might uncover the secrets of ageing within a decade if sufficient energy were devoted to the task," added Dr Alex Comfort (of *Joy Of Sex* fame), director of London's University College Medical Research Council and author of *A Good Age*.

But the National Institute on Ageing has little use for theorists who contend that life expectancy can be lengthened through any one procedure. Research programs funded by the NIA concentrate on illnesses of the elderly and how manipulation of bodily systems (such as the immune system) can prevent disease. As an NIA spokesman says, "We're working to extend the productive years, to keep people healthier longer."

The drug industry's role in pursuing life-extending drugs has been almost nonexistent in recent years. Since ageing may revolve around set processes such as genetics, and since antioxidants are already widely available, drug companies feel there is little left to patent.

"Huge vested interests hold their power by servicing rather than eliminating [those] problems," says Dr Everone. According to Everone, the medical director of the pharmaceutical firm Sandoz Corporation told him in 1977 that the company is "not interested in controlling ageing but in compensating for deficiencies associated with senility."

However, Merck Sharp & Dohme and Hoffman-LaRoche Inc, two of the world's largest pharmaceutical companies, are quietly studying possible drugs to treat Alzheimer's disease, a cause of senility. Hoffmann-LaRoche "is in the very early clinical stage" of testing Aniracetam, a drug that may help patients think more clearly, according to a company spokesperson. "But we're worried about overpromising anything, so we haven't issued any press releases." Merck says it could be 10 years before anything conclusive comes out of its labs, where work on Alzheimer's began in 1983. Sandoz already makes Hydergine, which according to Pearson and Shaw, "slows ageing." Others in the field alternately see it as helping senile people think somewhat clearer, or as having no effect at all. In parts of Europe, notably France and West Germany, doses of up to 12 milligrams a day are used. (The US Food and Drug Administration recommends dosages of only 3 milligrams per day while the Australian Federal Department of Health's Drug Evaluation Committee recommends daily dosages of less than 1 milligram.) Hydergine is in fact the fifth most prescribed drug in the world.

> Taoism teaches that men should meditate rather than ejaculate during sex so their life forces will not become depleted

The experience of Dr Donner Denckla, a Harvard-trained research scientist, illustrates the half-hearted commitment of drug companies to life extension. In the Seventies he was working for Hoffmann-LaRoche, researching what has been called a "death hormone" he uncovered. Denckla found that if the brain's pituitary gland was removed from a lab animal and several hormones were then injected into the creature, ageing was retarded in 20 of the bodily systems tested. Denckla contended that as we get old the brain tells the pituitary to make an unknown "death" hormone; without the pituitary, the hormone can't be secreted. Hoffmann-LaRoche, however, was not interested in pursuing further research.

Denckla confides: "I just want to mind my own business now." He talks of being turned down by other leading pharmaceutical houses and fending off an offer by some wealthy Saudi Arabians.

Probably the strangest notion to come out of the life-extension movement is that you can just think death away. "Most people want something to pop in their mouth, but the power's been with us all the time," preaches A. Stuart Otto, who runs the Affiliated Christian Emortalists (ACE) out of a post office box near San Diego, California.

In 1968, Otto hit upon the idea that if Jesus Christ came to teach man how to overcome physical death, then ordinary people could learn it too. "A fundamental principle of this," explains Otto, "is the Principle of Centre Outflow. Christ's spirit is within us. You can get his energy by drawing that presence outward."

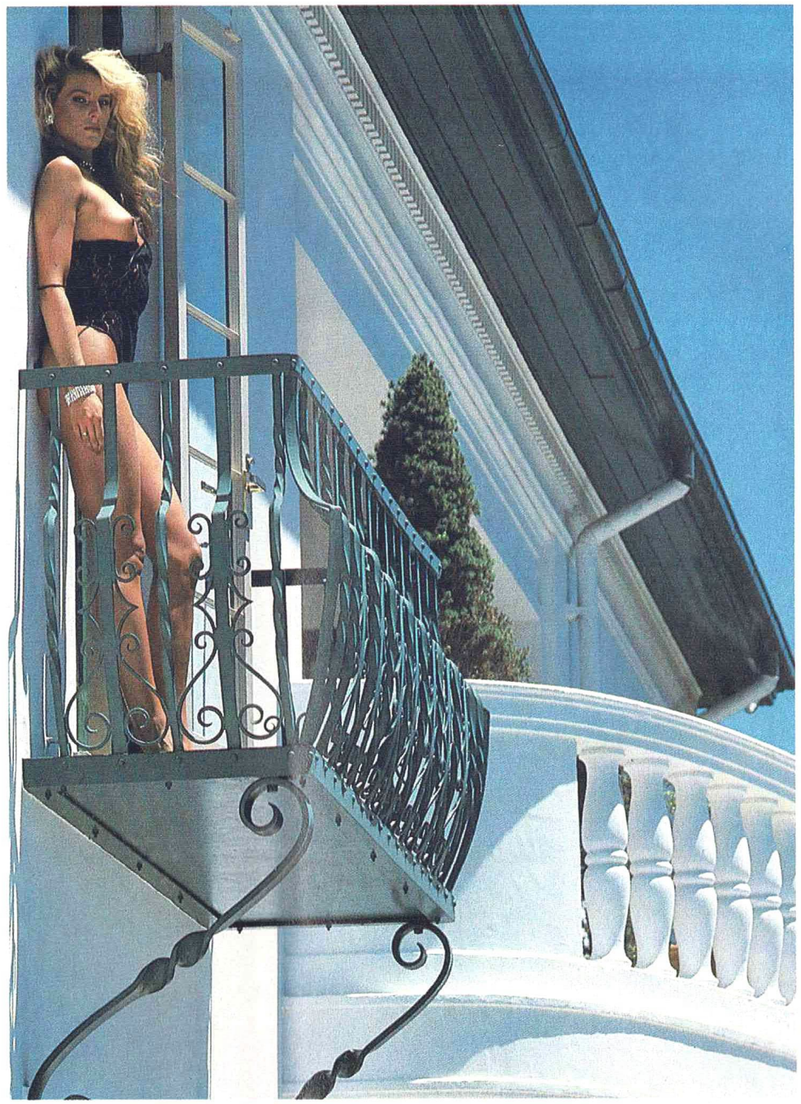
The key to Centre Outflow is meditation. If you want to wish death away, says Otto, you've got to meditate an hour a day. But that's not all members of ACE have to do to attain perpetual youth. The church's *Master Thought* binder lists various phrases that are to be memorised every week. "The Voice Of Life" phone number (a recorded message) is to be dialled weekly. There are monthly "prayer requests", an annual dinner, seminars, progress reports, and the "continuous recitation of affirmations." To live longer, "Speaking the affirmation aloud has greater effect, and of course the more feeling one puts into it, the better."

If that sounds like an ordeal, consider the problems Otto himself has faced. Other churches want their flocks to *prepare* for the hereafter instead of trying to *avoid* it — so he had to become an independent pastor. By 1978 he had 500 subscribers to his *Immortality Newsletter*, enough for him to form the Committee for the Elimination of Death. But the name turned off so many people that he soon changed it to the Committee for Extended Lifespan.

Along the way the committee, which is now known as ACE, lost most of its following. "More than 10 but less than 100" members pay "nominal" unspecified dues. "Nine out of 10 people aren't willing to put this first in their lives," shrugs Otto. "If your uncle comes to visit from Chicago and you can't do your disciplines for two days, it isn't enough. To make sure you're committed, you have to write to me three or four times before I'll even send anything encouraging about joining."

Attacking death by thinking the right thoughts? When it comes right down to it, the 2000 centenarians alive in Australia today who never had a drop of Hydergine, a shot of an enzyme inhibitor, or a capsule of BHT would probably say, "Why not?" The Chinese religion of Taoism teaches that men should meditate rather than ejaculate during sex so their life forces will not become depleted.

It all depends on whether you want to live as you choose or live to live longer. There are those who believe you can do both, and those who say it doesn't matter. "We'll know 10 times more about ageing in the year 2000," says Sandy Shaw. Marott Sinex is even more modest. "Ageing research," he says, "hasn't started yet. Everything in this article will be obsolete in 10 years."



KATIE

Pictorial styled by Fiona Joseph; Hair and Make-up styled by Petrina Devlin and Suzin Ardley of Vivien's Model Agency; Lingerie and shoes supplied courtesy of Raymond Castles of Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland; Additional shoes courtesy of Phillip Graves of Sydney; Sheets and robes from Derek Scott of Paddington, Sydney; Garments available at Agenda of Double Bay, Sydney.

THE LAP OF LUXURY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

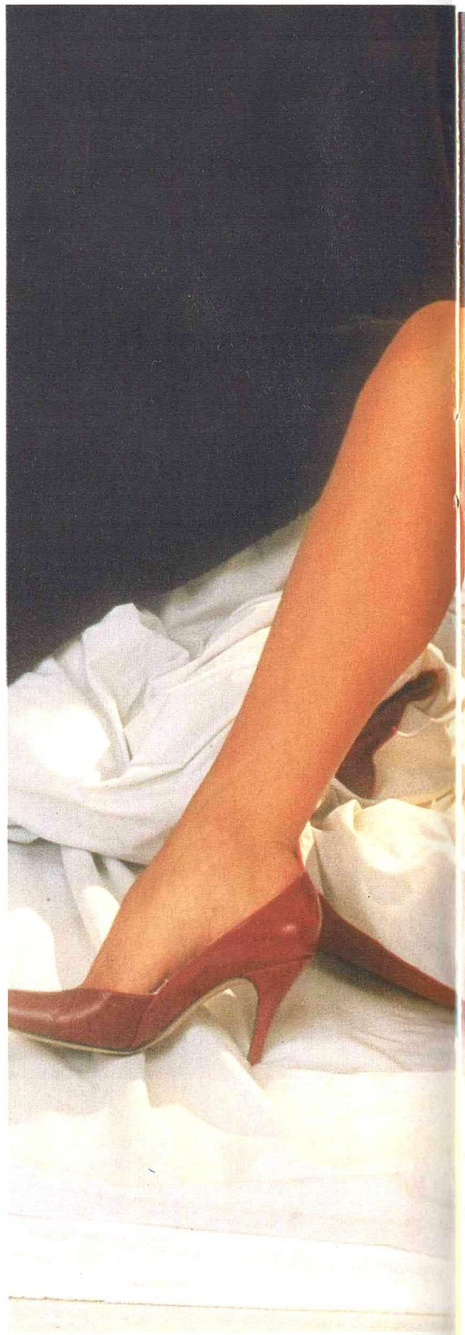
Being chosen and photographed as a *Penthouse* Pet was one ambition realised and another one glimpsed for 20-year-old Sydney honey-of-a-blonde Katie Ryan. She says her photographic session was one of the most exciting thrills to have ever dropped into her pretty lap, while it gave her a taste of her desired fairy-tale future: a dream home filled with fine art and exotic treasures. If there's one thing that Katie laps up it's living in the lap of luxury.

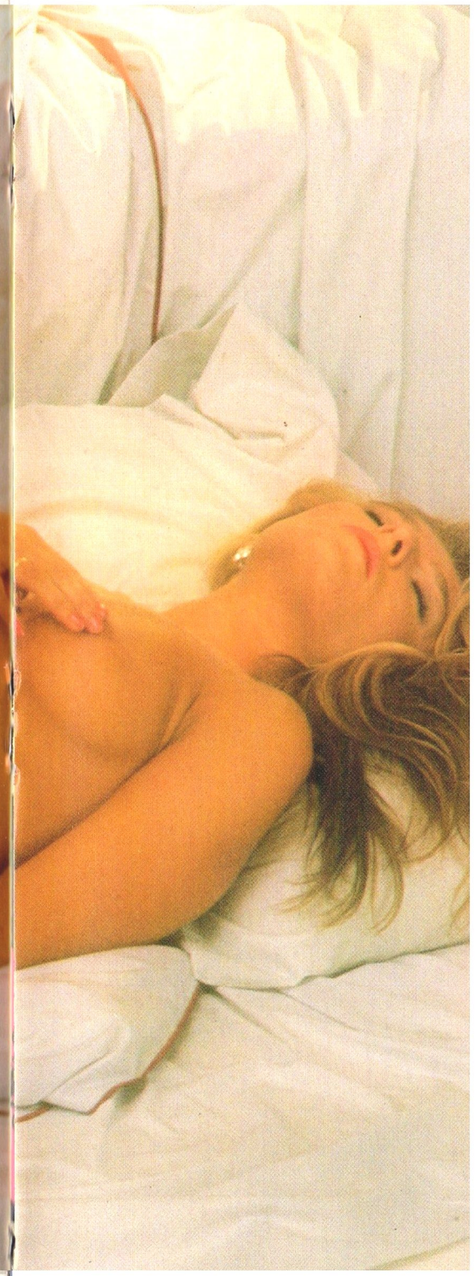
Though Katie says she can make herself comfortable anywhere, conditions are most agreeable to her when she can stretch out under a blazing sun with water lapping at her finger-tips. She likes to idle her days away, discarding her bathing suit, in just this fashion — a fashion which suits the most expensive of tastes.

Katie has suggested particular steps for the realisation of her favorite sexual fantasy, enough to make even the characters in a Norman Lindsay painting blush and almost break their stares. "Being seduced at the right time and right place by the right person is my dream. Magic!" But where and when? "That's for me to know and someone else to find out."

Katie has a rigorous exercise program to ensure that her lithe figure stays at its peak. Her routine usually consists of athletic gyrations to hard rock and roll. She says this builds up a hearty appetite, but while others may prefer to diet she looks to satisfying her ravenous hunger. "Um... We're not exactly talking food here," Katie adds.

"My ideal man is honest, open-minded, an impulsive and compulsive lover, with a sharp sense of humor. He is fit and athletic, proud of his health, his dashing good looks and, of course, me."





"If there's one thing that turns me off, it's men who are personally unhygienic," says the vivacious Katie, which is perhaps the reason she aspires to becoming a soapie star. "Yes, you could say I'm partial to a bit of fame and fortune. Ambition figures strongly in my life."

MISS KATIE RYAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Trivial Sex

Penthouse presents a new bent on the trivia boom

HUMOR BY HUGH BATTERS

As most of you will have realised by now, an infectious disease is spreading like wildfire through the loungerooms of Middle Australia. It's called *trivia dementia*.

Ninety percent of everything we see, hear or do is meaningless. As far as I'm concerned, any further pursuit of trivia is only for douche-bags. Being enlightened as to the lifespan of the South African speckled ferret or knowing the name of the latest album by Trivia Newton-John may be exciting for some, but when it comes to the crunch, does it get you laid?

No.

So let's leave trivia to the wimps. The following questions are geared to turn boring games into scoring games by impressing pussy with your knowledge of pudenda. The new name of the game is Trivial Sex, and it can be played on existing trivia apparatus with any number of variations. My favorite is a Strip Jack Naked version where each time a player gets a question wrong he, or preferably she, has to remove an item of clothing. If they get it right, accuse them of cheating.

Penthouse presents Trivial Sex — your very own sex test. The answers are on the reverse of each card.

Trivial Sex CODE

BLUE GEOGRAPHY

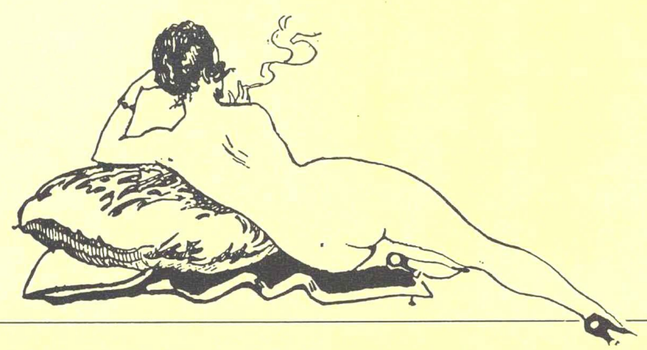
PINK ENTERTAINMENT

YELLOW HISTORY

BROWN ART & LITERATURE

GREEN SCIENCE & NATURE

ORANGE SPORTS & LEISURE



G • Between which two sets of ribs are the female breasts usually located?

E • A Hollywood star ruined his career after being acquitted of the murder of a starlet. She haemorrhaged after he allegedly inserted a Coke bottle into her vagina. Who was he?

H • Sir Isaac Newton and Immanuel Kant had something other than their genius in common. What?

AL • What writer, made famous for his classic story about the adventures of a young girl, had a hobby of photographing naked pubescent girls?

SN • What is the average number of sperm ejaculated by a human in a single orgasm? (a) one million (b) 10 million (c) 500 million (d) one billion

SL • Approximately how many condoms were sold in the USA in 1980? (a) ten million (b) 100 million (c) nearly 500 million (d) more than one billion

G • Which country has the largest recorded shortage of males?

E • Who said of a starlet: "She was the original good time that was had by all"? (a) Rodney Rude (b) Errol Flynn (c) Bette Davis (d) John Belushi

H • Which young Roman leader was nicknamed the "Queen of Bithnia" because of his affair with King Nicomedes II?

AL • Mike Hunt, Ben Dover and I.M. Licken are pseudonyms for authors of pornography. True or false?

SN • In Melbourne in 1966, a Miss Marlene Travers claimed she was held captive, raped and made pregnant. By what?

SL • What is "honeymoon cystitis"?

G • In what Australian state would you find the towns Burrumbuttock and Balls Platform?

E • Which male concert pianist was raped at the age of 13 by a nightclub blues singer?

H • Anaestheologist Dr William Miofsky became famous in 1979 in the USA for sticking something down the throats of six unconscious patients. What was it?

AL • Which writer said: "If a woman hasn't got a tiny streak of harlot in her, she's a dry stick as a rule"? (a) Harold Robbins (b) Henry Miller (c) D.H. Lawrence (d) William Shakespeare

SN • What common bodily phenomenon most closely resembles an orgasm?

SL • An English model shocked Australian society by appearing at a 1965 social event wearing a mini-skirt. Who was she and what was the event?

G • In what US state are the towns Hookers, Honeyhole and Intercourse?

E • Name the movie in which an orgy on a boat lasted three days and included more than 300 people.

H • What was Attila The Hun doing when he suffered an aneurism and died?

AL • Which actor's posthumous autobiography was titled *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*?

SN • What are the six main sexual positions outlined by Kinsey?

SL • Fellatio has entered the English language from Latin as a word for oral sex. The Romans had a second word, "irrumatio", to describe it. What is the difference between the two?

G • Which independent state has the lowest recorded birth rate in the world?

E • How long is the penis of porn star John Holmes reported to be?

H • Which Emperor of Rome was murdered by his passive partner in buggery, a palace guard named Chaera?

AL • The fairytale *Sleeping Beauty* actually dates back to two earlier romances, *Percforest* and *Pentamerone*. What does the prince do in these versions?

SN • What is coital aninsertia?

SL • Which American female wit said of the Yale Prom: "If all the girls attending it were laid end to end, I wouldn't be a bit surprised?" (a) Xaviera Hollander (b) Bette Midler (c) Dorothy Parker (d) Mae West

G • In females, where is the erotic zone known as the perineum located?

E • Who starred in *Debbie Does Dallas*?

H • Which US President asked David Frost if he had done any fornicating that weekend to lighten the conversation before a TV interview?

AL • Who wrote *Lolita*?

SN • Which common insect pest has more than 35,000 different mating techniques?

SL • The Ayatollah Khomeini published three works of the Shi'ite Moslem creed in which he said sexual relations between humans and animals are allowed. True or false?

G • An Australian movie made in 1969 called *Age Of Consent* starred James Mason and Helen Mirren. On what Australian island was it filmed?

E • Who wrote and sang the song about contraception "Glory Be To God For The Golden Pill"?

H • Which 20th century Pope, murdered by one of the men he cuckolded, was accused by his critics of turning the Lateran Palace into a brothel?

AL • What was the name of the satirical magazine in Australia that landed its three editors in court on pornography charges in 1964?

SN • The longest unrefuted human pregnancy ever recorded was: (a) 285 days (b) 352 days (c) 398 days (d) 1441 days.

SL • What method of birth control is also called "fertility awareness"?

G • Where is the Grafenberg or G-Spot in a woman? (a) upper end of the labia minora (b) directly under the pubic bone about 6cm inside the front wall of the vagina (c) inside the innermost extremity of the vagina (d) no such thing

E • Which Australian underwater ballet star shocked the world in 1914 with a nude scene in the Hollywood epic *Neptune's Daughter*?

H • According to his wife, one famous English duke "returned from the wars today and pleasured me twice in his top boots." Who was he?

AL • What famous female nude by Lefevre hangs in Young & Jacksons Hotel in Melbourne?

SN • Who have the more sensitive skin, males or females?

SL • What was the name of the Buckingham Palace intruder who sat on the Queen's bed?

G • A homosexual hotspot called the "Meat Rack" is located where in the USA? (a) Fire Island (b) San Francisco (c) Chicago (d) Newport, Rhode Island.

E • Which writer of humorous songs cracked the line: "He was good at animal husbandry — until they caught him at it"?

H • Which famous diarist left a special mark on the page every time he masturbated?

AL • In what year did Australian censors remove *Lolita* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the banned list?

SN • What is the average penis size?

SL • What is frotteurism?

G • In what state of Australia would you find the towns Iron Knob and Cockburn?

E • Did Howard Hughes ever have sex with Marilyn Monroe?

H • Name one of the girls involved in the great political scandal known as the Profumo Affair?

AL • In Irving Wallace's book *The Seven Minutes*, what did the seven minutes refer to?

SN • In the animal kingdom, a member of which of these groups has the greatest difference in size between male and female?
(a) arthropods (b) fish (c) reptiles (d) porifera

SL • What are women supposed to do with Ben Wa balls?

G • The middle finger jerk is actually an ancient obscene gesture where the raised finger represents the phallus. As far as is known, members of which civilisation were the first to use it over 2000 years ago?

E • Which Soviet leader was shocked at the "perversion" and "decadence" of Shirley MacLaine's can-can dance during a visit to the 20th Century Fox studios?

H • In 1971 a piece of the human anatomy described as "a small dried up object" was put up for bidding by Christies Fine Art Auctioneers. What was the object?

AL • In *The Exorcist* what did Regan stab into her vagina?

SN • In 1981, Dr Trudy Larsen found that the herpes virus could survive on a toilet seat for how long?
(a) one hour (b) four hours (c) 24 hours (d) not at all

SL • Which Roman emperor invented a game where he dressed in wild animal skins and attacked the genitals of men tied to stakes?

G • Joyce McKinney, accused of kidnapping and raping a Mormon missionary in 1977, said she loved him so much she would ski down a certain mountain in the nude with a carnation up her nose. Which mountain?

E • Censors in 1956 ruled that the lower half of Elvis Presley's torso was not to be seen on a certain TV show. Which show?

H • On what date did the Federal Government's Sex Discrimination Act become law?

AL • Which painting bought by the Australian Government in 1973 for $1.3 million has a name that suggests numerous cold male sex organs?

SN • The inner walls of the vagina contain no nerve cells. True or false?

SL • How many times has Elizabeth Taylor been married?

G • Primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis each affect separate parts of the anatomy. What three parts?

E • Which actress often slept in a rosewood coffin lined with letters from her many lovers?

H • A famous Empress frequently woke the whole house with rigorous love sessions with her husband and twice fell out of bed during the act. Who was she?

AL • Which actor wrote in his autobiography of his first sex act at the age of 14 with a prostitute called Nessie?

SN • What is the female equivalent of the male testes?

SL • Wendy Carlos, Jude Patten and Christina Jorgenson have something in common. What?

G • If you were searching for it, where in the male genitals would you find the crusty, cheese-like substance called smegma?

E • Which female impersonator ate dog shit in the film *Pink Flamingoes*?

H • What was the name of John Gorton's pretty secretary, then aged 21, who caused a stir in 1970?

AL • The erotic novel by Henry Miller was called *The Tropic Of. . .*?

SN • What is dyspareunia?

SL • What is the name of the trans-sexual tennis player who won her first tournament at La Jolla, California?

G • Tittybong is a town in NSW. True or false?

E • In the TV series *I Dream Of Jeannie* the censors said that a part of Barbera Eden's anatomy had to be covered. Which part?

H • In 1980, the wife of a prominent member of the Liberal Party was asked if Bob Hawke had sex appeal and she replied "yes." Who was she?

AL • Which Australian Bohemian artist was an arch enemy of wowsers and depicted The Crucified Venus earlier this century?

SN • What are the corpora cavernosa?

SL • What is the difference between sadism and masochism?

G • The clitoris is located at the upper end of the labia majora. True or false?

E • Before he achieved stardom, James Dean was "kept" by a male Hollywood ex-producer. True or false?

H • In 1837, Thomas Saverland took Caroline Newton to court for biting off a part of his anatomy. Which part?

AL • Who wrote *The Joy Of Sex*?

SN • "Priapism" is a word used to describe the condition of a male nymphomaniac. True or false?

SL • What was the name of the ex-beauty queen who was charged with kidnapping and raping a Mormon missionary in 1977?

G • In the Rolling Stones' song "Honky Tonk Woman" where did Jagger find his "gin-soaked bar-room queen"?

E • What was the name of the lady in the James Bond film *Goldfinger* who ran the all-female Flying Circus?

H • Which US President admitted that he had "looked on a lot of women with lust"?

AL • The *Bible* contains a story of a man who had sexual intercourse with both his daughters. Who was he?

SN • Can a circumcised man have his foreskin surgically replaced?

SL • Which American religious zealot said: "If God had meant to have homosexuals, He'd have created Adam and Bruce"?
(a) Anita Bryant (b) Billy Graham (c) Herbert Armstrong (d) Robert Schuller

G • In the *Bible*, which two cities were destroyed by God as retribution for their lack of morals?

E • Name one of the two actors who played the homosexual couple in the film *Sunday Bloody Sunday*?

H • What was the real name of the Boston Strangler?

AL • Spermatozoa is the plural; what is the singular?

SN • Does a vasectomy make a man immediately sterile?

SL • Which Greek philosopher, famous for wandering around in a barrel, disgusted citizens when he masturbated in the street?
(a) Plato (b) Diogenes (c) Archimedes (d) Socrates

Trivial Sex

G NSW
E Liberace
H His penis
AL (c) D.H. Lawrence
SN Sneezing
SL Jean Shrimpton, the Melbourne Cup

Trivial Sex

G Between the anus and vagina
E Bambi Woods
H Richard Nixon
AL Vladimir Nabokov
SN The cockroach
SL True, but only between male humans and female animals

Trivial Sex

G (a) Fire Island
E Tom Lehrer
H Samuel Pepys
AL 1965
SN 15cm (about six inches)
SL The psychological need to rub against a stranger, especially in a tightly-packed crowd

Trivial Sex

G USSR
E (c) Bette Davis
H Julius Caesar
AL True
SN A man from outer space
SL A latent bladder infection in women aggravated by frequent and/or rigorous intercourse

Trivial Sex

G The Vatican
E 136cm (14½ inches)
H *Caligula*
AL Rapes the Sleeping Beauty and then leaves
SN The inability to insert the penis into the vagina
SL (c) Dorothy Parker

Trivial Sex

G (b) Directly under the pubic bone, about 6cm inside the front wall of the vagina
E Annette Kellerman
H The Duke of Marlborough
AL Chloe
SN Females
SL Michael Fagan

Trivial Sex

G Second and seventh (nipples on fifth)
E Fatty Arbuckle
H They both died virgins.
AL Lewis Carroll (*Alice In Wonderland*)
SN (c) 500 million
SL (c) Nearly 500 million

Trivial Sex

G Pennsylvania
E Caligula
H Having sex on his wedding night
AL Errol Flynn
SN Man on top, woman on top, rear entrance, standing, sitting, side by side
SL Fellatio is active oral sex. Irrumatio is where the mouth is a passive oral receptacle.

Trivial Sex

G Dunk Island
E "The Singing Nun" (Jeanine Deckers)
H John XII
AL Oz magazine
SN (c) 398 days, by Mrs J Haddock of the UK, 1975
SL The rhythm method

Trivial Sex

G False. It's at the upper end of the labia minora.

E True

H His nose (when he tried to kiss her)

AL Dr Alex Comfort

SN False. It is the attainment of an unwanted erection with no sexual excitement.

SL Joyce McKinney

Trivial Sex

G Local parts: skin and mucous membrane; bones, muscles and brain

E Sarah Bernhardt

H Josephine, wife of Napoleon

AL David Niven

SN The ovaries

SL They were all born men.

Trivial Sex

G South Australia

E Yes

H Mandy Rice-Davies, Christine Keeler

AL A woman's thoughts during seven minutes of copulation, as described to a court hearing obscenity charges

SN (b) fish (The female angler fish may weigh half a million times as much as the smaller parasitic male)

SL Insert them into the vagina for additional stimulation during sex.

Trivial Sex

G Memphis

E Pussy Galore (played by Honor Blackman)

H Jimmy Carter

AL Lot

SN Yes

SL (a) Anita Bryant

Trivial Sex

G On the underside of uncircumcised foreskins

E Divine

H Ainslie Gotto

AL *Cancer*

SN Difficult or painful intercourse

SL Renee Richards (born Richard Raskind, 1935)

Trivial Sex

G The Romans

E Nikita Khrushchev

H The penis of Napoleon Bonaparte (no pun intended)

AL A crucifix

SN Four hours

SL Nero

Trivial Sex

G Sodom and Gomorrah

E Peter Finch, Murray Head

H Albert De Salvo

AL Spermatozoon

SN No. Fertile sperm can stay for months.

SL (b) Diogenes

Trivial Sex

G False. It's in Victoria.

E Her navel

H Tammy Fraser

AL Norman Lindsay

SN The areas that fill with blood during an erection

SL Sadism is sexual pleasure derived from inflicting pain. Masochism is the pleasure derived from receiving it.

Trivial Sex

G Mt Everest

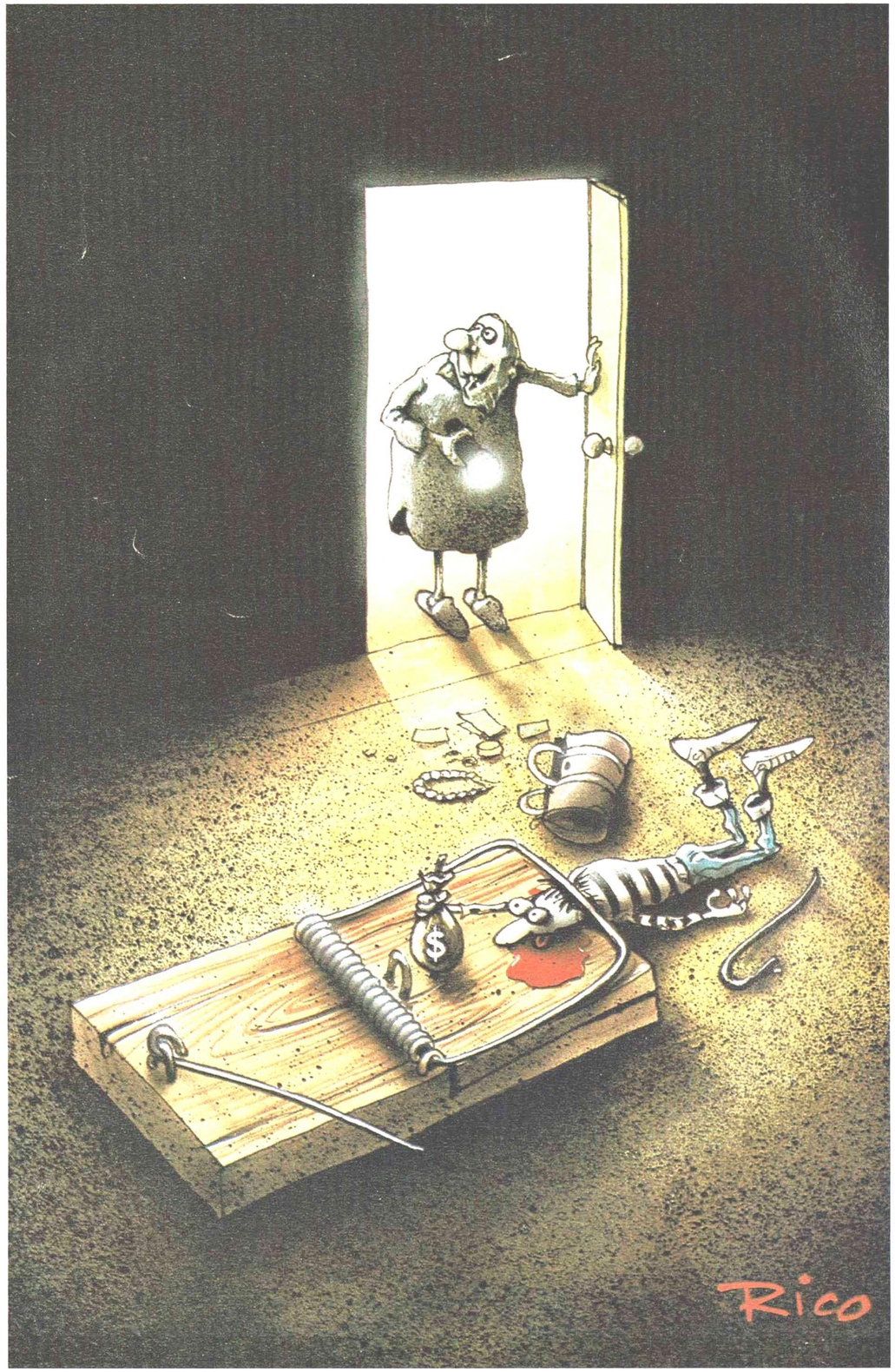
E *The Ed Sullivan Show*

H August 1984

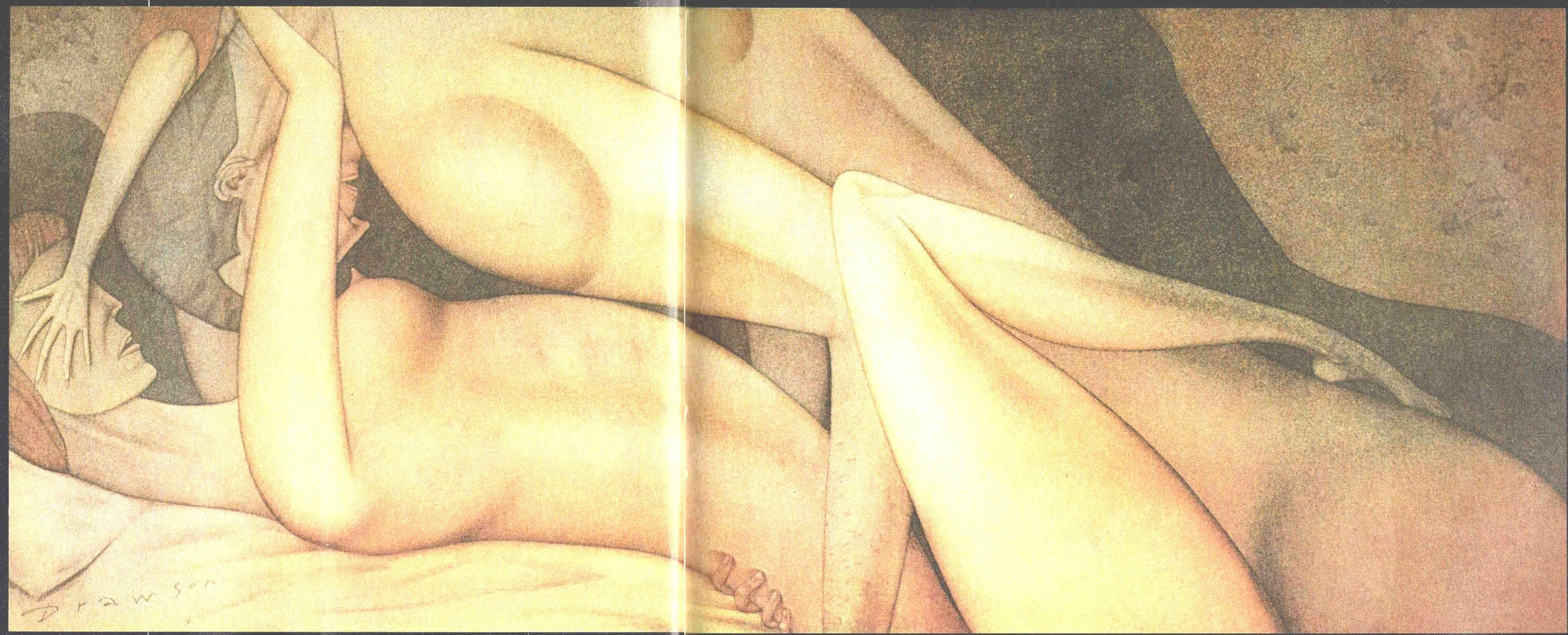
AL Blue Poles

SN True

SL Seven



"Hey, Myrtle, it worked!"

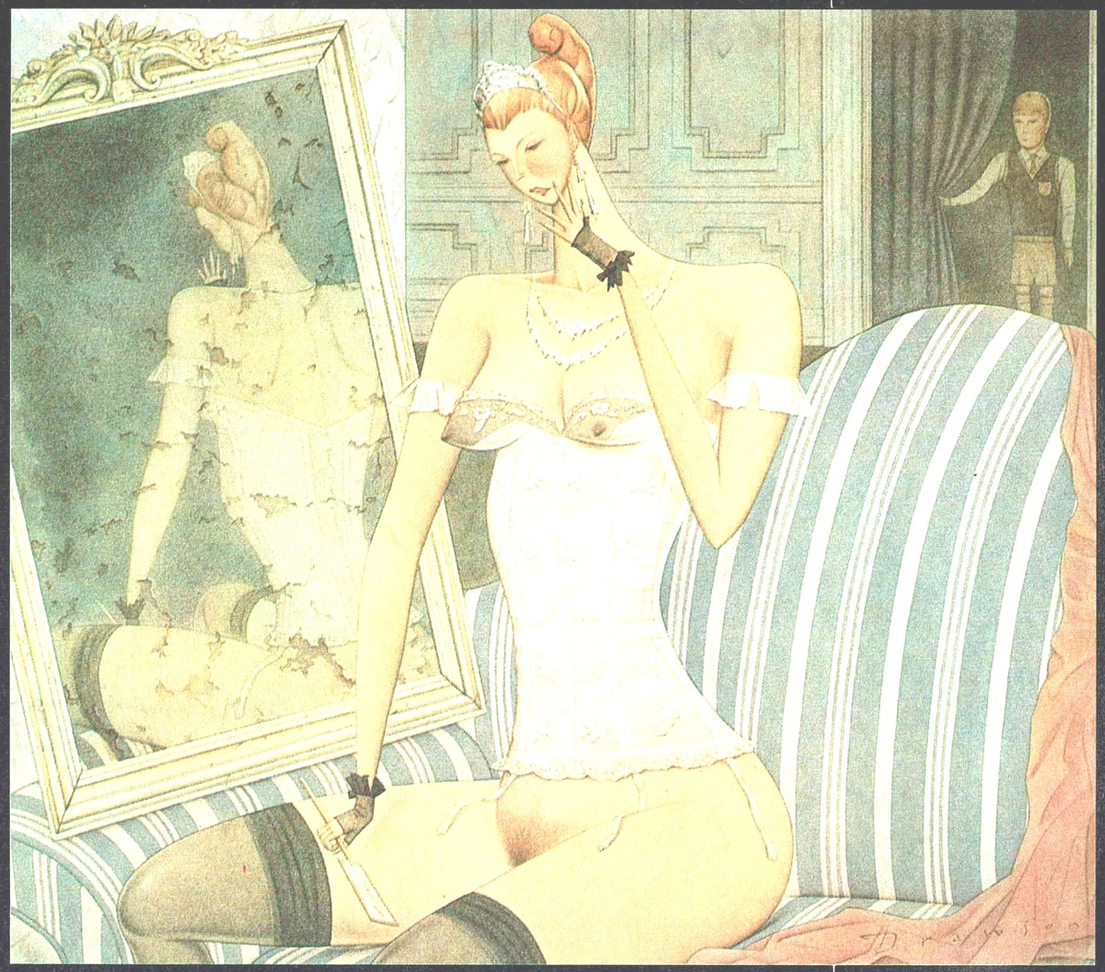


THE CANDY APPLE

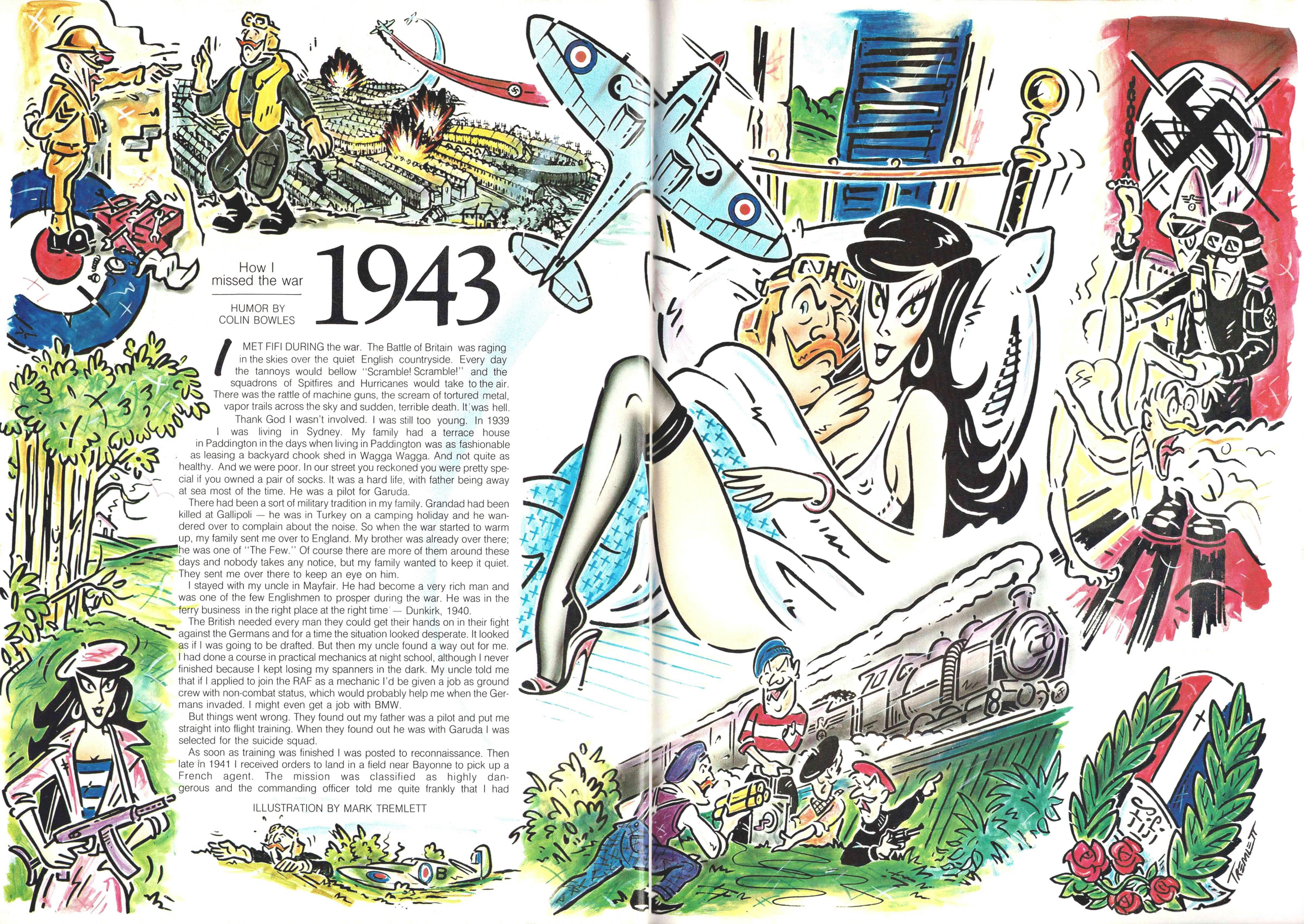
The illustrations on these pages have been selected from "The Candy Apple", a portfolio of erotic prints by the internationally acclaimed Canadian artist Blair Drawson. Described as a "wickedly witty collection of burglars, chambermaids, matrons and chauffeurs", the portfolio focuses the artist's fascination with the paradoxical juxtaposed with the commonplace. Drawson's habit of depicting human foibles has exposed him to a charge of cynicism, but satire of this calibre requires a reverence for the subject which is inspired by love.

"For every step we take forward, there is an accompanying rediscovery of our underlying savagery."

"I try to get people to open their eyes and enjoy what they see. The satire is out of love."



"Passion and paradox, metaphor and myth. For the artist, there is plenty to do."



How I missed the war

1943

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

I MET FIFI DURING the war. The Battle of Britain was raging in the skies over the quiet English countryside. Every day the tannoys would bellow "Scramble! Scramble!" and the squadrons of Spitfires and Hurricanes would take to the air. There was the rattle of machine guns, the scream of tortured metal, vapor trails across the sky and sudden, terrible death. It was hell.

Thank God I wasn't involved. I was still too young. In 1939 I was living in Sydney. My family had a terrace house in Paddington in the days when living in Paddington was as fashionable as leasing a backyard chook shed in Wagga Wagga. And not quite as healthy. And we were poor. In our street you reckoned you were pretty special if you owned a pair of socks. It was a hard life, with father being away at sea most of the time. He was a pilot for Garuda.

There had been a sort of military tradition in my family. Grandad had been killed at Gallipoli — he was in Turkey on a camping holiday and he wandered over to complain about the noise. So when the war started to warm up, my family sent me over to England. My brother was already over there; he was one of "The Few." Of course there are more of them around these days and nobody takes any notice, but my family wanted to keep it quiet. They sent me over there to keep an eye on him.

I stayed with my uncle in Mayfair. He had become a very rich man and was one of the few Englishmen to prosper during the war. He was in the ferry business in the right place at the right time — Dunkirk, 1940.

The British needed every man they could get their hands on in their fight against the Germans and for a time the situation looked desperate. It looked as if I was going to be drafted. But then my uncle found a way out for me. I had done a course in practical mechanics at night school, although I never finished because I kept losing my spanners in the dark. My uncle told me that if I applied to join the RAF as a mechanic I'd be given a job as ground crew with non-combat status, which would probably help me when the Germans invaded. I might even get a job with BMW.

But things went wrong. They found out my father was a pilot and put me straight into flight training. When they found out he was with Garuda I was selected for the suicide squad.

As soon as training was finished I was posted to reconnaissance. Then late in 1941 I received orders to land in a field near Bayonne to pick up a French agent. The mission was classified as highly dangerous and the commanding officer told me quite frankly that I had

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

1943

only one chance in a thousand of making it out alive.

I'll never forget that night — the shouts in the darkness, the sporadic burst of gunfire, the clump of jackboots on the tarmac. But they caught up with me in the end and made me go.

It was a dark, moonless sky when I landed in France, in a little onion field lit with a single flare. That's when I caught my first glimpse of Fifi: thick, horn-rimmed spectacles, a large bulbous nose and a beard. She was a master of disguise.

It was when I was preparing to take off again that I had the first hint of trouble — the propeller fell off. Suddenly I realised I was in occupied territory with a dangerous spy sitting next to me. It would take every drop of my resourcefulness, courage and determination for me to survive.

Instead, I gave up and started to cry.

It was then that Fifi took off her disguise and I realised for the first time that she possessed a great beauty. In fact she possessed two of them. She was one of the most desirable women I had ever seen — long black hair, green eyes and the kind of body that would make a bishop kick holes in a stained glass window. Her eyes met mine and for long moments I gazed into her cleavage.

But there was no time. We could hear the rumble of trucks and armored cars. The Germans were on their way.

We abandoned the plane and made our way through the woods back to the town. Fifi lived with her parents in a tiny farmhouse just outside Bayonne. Her father was a nervous, suspicious man; Fifi told me later that he worked for the French Underground and he trusted no-one. He was a ticket collector.

Fifi told me that she would hide me in her bedroom. The Germans would soon find the plane and start looking for me. She said I would have to adopt a disguise — I was to pretend to be her husband and from that point on I was to behave like a true Frenchman. So I went downstairs and screwed the family dog.

We hid in her room for almost a week, only occasionally sending out for whipped cream and new batteries for the vibrator. It was paradise except for the bed. The mattress was unbelievably hard and lumpy. It was so uncomfortable that I threatened to throw it out. Then Fifi told me her secret: she was hiding another RAF pilot in it.

Fothersgill was a true Englishman. We had been making love on top of him every day and every night for a week and he hadn't uttered a sound. Every time he became turned on he got a stiff upper lip.

It is hard to describe what it was like living in Occupied France at that time. Everyone existed in a perpetual state of terror, loathing and oppression. And this was only the Third Reich. What would the fourth one be like?

Fifi got me a job in a local cafe as a waiter. There I considered it my sacred duty to carry out various acts of sabotage to hinder and frustrate the Nazi war effort. Thinking nothing for my own personal safety, I would regularly wait for German soldiers to come into the cafe and then slip HP sauce into their coffee, or pretend I only had mock cream for the doughnuts, even though there was plenty of fresh stuff out the back. On its own it may not have been enough to break the invaders' will, but as part of a persistent, unrelenting campaign I felt it would start to wear them down by the third millenium.

Meanwhile, I fell hopelessly in love with Fifi. We continued to live upstairs in the little farmhouse as man and wife: arguing, bitching, and trying to find out where the other person had been all day.

Then one night Fifi confided in me that

> Meals consisted of fried bricks washed down with whatever rising damp you could lick off the walls

she belonged to the Resistance. She told me she had once killed a man with her bare hands. It was her husband. It was quick and painless; for a good Catholic it was much simpler than getting a divorce.

Once Fifi took me along to one of the secret Resistance meetings in a small barn in the outskirts of town. The local leader was a tall, swarthy Breton with one arm, a mysterious man everyone called "Le Fou" or "Stupid." He was tough but he wasn't very smart. He earned his nickname when he sent a letter bomb to Goerring, but wrongly addressed the envelope. He lost his right arm when it landed in his mailbox marked: "Return to sender."

They forced me to join their group. Secretly, I would have preferred the SS — their uniforms were nicer and the food was better but in the circumstances there didn't seem to be much choice. I kept quiet and tried to make the best of a bad situation.

One fateful night Le Fou announced we were all going out for a "snatch." Now, I've never said no to a bit of snatch and I was pretty happy about things until I realised that Le Fou was talking about a different type of snatch to the sort I had in mind. It seemed one of the group had been captured by the Germans and Le Fou intended to raid the Gestapo headquarters and get him back. His name was Jean-Pierre Cohen and he was Jewish.

Cohen had given himself away when he had gone into the boulangerie to ask for bagels. The Gestapo were trying to get him to talk, to break him mentally and physically. They made him eat pork, took him to Mass . . . that sort of thing. We knew what would happen to him if he ever confessed to being Jewish. They would get him to make each of them a new suit and take in their trousers.

That night I made my way to the city square, and at the pre-arranged time ran across the square with a handful of rocks and broke all the windows of the Gestapo headquarters. I was supposed to create a diversion, but something had gone terribly wrong. It was the wrong night.

I was taken prisoner and thrown into the dungeons deep below the city sewers. Conditions were terrible. There were rats in all the cells. They were all the size of Dean Lukin and they used to sit there in the corner waiting for you, smoking cigars with their hands behind their heads.

Meals consisted of fried bricks washed down with whatever rising damp you could lick off the walls. We were allowed to change underwear once a week — cell two changed with cell six, cell four with cell seven, and so on.

I was terrified: I knew what they were going to do to me. One night I tried to slash my wrists with my electric razor. Finally I was taken in for interrogation. I was ready for them. At first I tried the old Red Indian trick of playing dumb. That didn't work, so I tried the old Italian ploy of screaming and begging for mercy. When that failed I knew I was in big trouble.

They threatened to torture me. When they found out I was Australian they put me in a cell on my own and played Peter Allen's "I Still Call Australia Home" over and over, and at night they showed old Olivia Newton-John movies.

A man can only take so much. They told me if I didn't reveal the names of all the Resistance members in the town they would kill me. I told them.

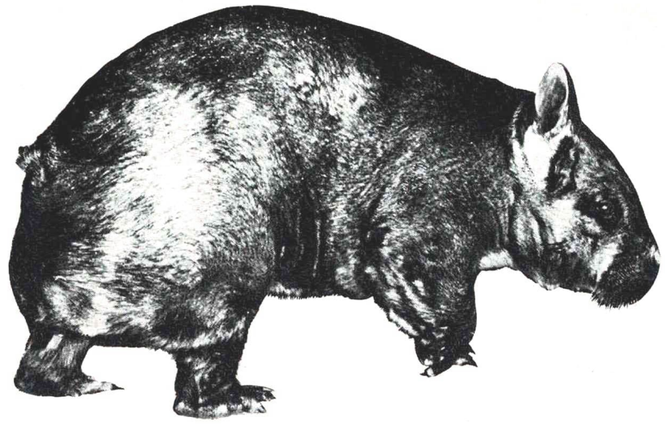
They were going to shoot me at dawn the next day but I foiled them by sleeping in late. I was transferred to Auschwitz, eventually escaping by smuggling myself out in a laundry basket, although I did have a close call in the spin dryer.

In 1943 I changed my name to Von Ribbentrop and joined the fifth Panzer Division. After the war I became an industrialist and set up a million-dollar car plant with American aid. Today I live in a castle just outside Munich.

And Fifi? I think they shot her. It's a shame but one can't afford to be too sentimental about these things. I loved her — in my own way.

But not *that* much.

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.

To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.
Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

Bankcard Expiry Date __ / __ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

51 Ogilvy MWW 0045.

War was hell for Rexie, Rabbit and the Professor

RULE 606

FICTION BY GARY HOLT

"Do you reckon. . .?" Rexie started to ask. He froze his question and looked furtively around from the beer-stained table.

Apart from themselves there was no-one in there but the publican behind the bar, and after four years of soldiers' talk he was no more interested in what they were saying than in the glass he was mechanically wiping.

Rexie went on: "Do you reckon we oughta go through with it? Do you think we're doing the right thing?"

"Have a listen to him, will you! You want to go back over *there?*" Rabbit chipped in. "Tell him, Professor, for Chrissake."

"I think the boy's been mixing with bad company again and listening to the wrong sort of talk," the Professor said.

"People been telling you that trying to save your own neck is cowardly, Junior?" Rabbit asked Rexie, this time with less exasperation in his voice.

"Let me put it this way, Rexie," the Professor explained. "Cowardice is the best form of defence — and defence is the best form of attack. What more could any man's army ask?"

"I was just checking no-one had

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY NOTMAN

RULE 606

changed his mind, that's all," Rexie asserted. "If we're all still in, then I'm in and no mistake. This is a thing we'll have to stick together on all the way through."

"Too right, me boy," Rabbit said. "All for one and one for the road, eh?" he declared, clinking his beer glass against theirs.

"You haven't lost the address?" Rexie asked the Professor.

"Not likely."

"It's syphilis she's got, isn't it?" Rexie queried, as though he were ritually double-checking every item of the scheme.

"Yeah... in for a penny, in for a pound," the Professor replied. "See, if we was to pick up one of these harlots off the street we'd more than likely have to take her word for it that she was diseased — take pot luck. This is supposed to be guaranteed. It better be."

Rexie nodded agreement.

"And," the Professor went on, "there's no need to worry about any fairy stories you might have heard about the treatment you get in pox hospitals. We're in the 20th Century now. It's just a matter of a few needles, that's all. I'd sooner be on my stomach in a hospital bed getting an arse full of 606 than up to my balls in mud getting a face full of mustard gas. They don't shove a red hot wire up your pisshole to burn out the germs these days. Or bash your balls together between two bricks."

"Not unless they want you for the church choir," Rabbit added.

"They tell me the Yanks are bringing in a new policy of making venereal victims stay at the front line — treating them up there," the Professor said. "Just as well we're getting in before our dopey mob decide to copy 'em."

"You'd cop it both ends that way!" Rabbit said indignantly.

They were just starting on a fresh beer when another uniformed serviceman came in the door. "Ah, shit," Rexie said. "Here comes another one of them pesky Canadians."

The Canadian advanced on them. He extracted a chair from an unoccupied table and sat himself down on it at theirs.

"How's it going boys?" he asked cheerfully. "I'm told I might be able to do you a favor."

"Yeah, run yourself on to a rusty bayonet for us, will you?" Rabbit said.

"Hah! You Aussies always got to have your joke. I've got something here might interest you." From his jacket pocket he removed a small glass red-capped pill bottle containing a cloudy liquid. He held it up proudly between thumb and index finger. "Finest gonorrhea goop, gentlemen. And only five English quid."

"The last lot of supposedly sure-fire debilitating bacteria one of you maple leaf medicine men sold our boys," the Professor said, "turned out to be some watered down dog's vomit that wouldn't have brought on a smoker's cough in a bloody stoker."

"Hey, hey, boys — you can't hold me responsible for somebody else's sharp practice. This is nice, fresh 1918 vintage bugs — enough to infect half the AIF with a bit left over for a rainy day. I'd stake my life on it."

"Yeah, well pardon us if we decline to stake ours on it just at the moment," the Professor said.

"We tested this stuff," the Canadian insisted. "We tried it on a couple of our gun horses. They both came down with the clap — ask anyone."

"Yeah, I heard that," Rabbit said with a wink. "Although I should tell you there's another version circulating about how they got it."

"Four quid," the Canadian said.

"Piss off," the Professor said.

"Three guineas and buy us a drink."

"Piss off."

"Stuff him," the Professor said when they were finally rid of the Canuck. "Anyway, if we've got to cop the ailment we might as well cop the enjoyment.

It was twilight by the time they found a taxi. The Professor had convinced them not to put it off any longer, on the grounds that their leave didn't last forever and they had to give the microbes time to bring up a large family. The Professor gave the address to the cab driver and the trio settled back for the ride. After about 20 minutes the driver braked the cab. "This is as far as I go," he announced with the engine still running.

"This isn't the street," the Professor said, looking all around.

"It's as far as I go. I don't go inside this part of bleeding Limehouse at night. In fact I ain't that keen on going in there during the day. Of course if you soldier boys had your rifles with you it might have been a different story."

"Jesus, isn't that just bloody magnificent?" Rabbit complained, climbing out of the taxi.

"You won't get no other cab around here either at this time of night," the driver boasted.

"Well, what the hell are we supposed to do?" the Professor demanded of the driver, who claimed it wasn't far to walk and gave them directions.

They walked for about 10 minutes following the given directions, with one stop along the way at the bank of the river. There the Professor conducted a simple ceremony. "O Lord," he declaimed, "we hereby consign these Imperial issue genital disinfecting kits to Thy watery depths, and good bloody riddance. Amen." On the Professor's signal they threw a packet each into the water; the three sodden packets quickly disappeared from sight.

Their destination was a small square a couple of streets back from the river. It was empty, save for dirt, crumbling masonry and a beggar squatting stoically on the pavement in the middle distance, under the one street lamp still working.

"Stuff me," Rabbit said, "I'm glad the Poms think this country is worth fighting for."

"That must be it over there," the Professor said, pointing to a house across the square. They walked steadily over and stood in front of it.

"Ah well," Rexie said, twisting his cigarette butt out under his boot heel, "here goes. I s'pose it beats putting a bullet through your foot."

"Or your head," Rabbit said.

The Professor lit a match and made a last-minute check on the address, then knocked on the door. He waited and then knocked again. There was no answer from inside the house, although it seemed to them that they could hear something breathing on the other side of the door. Eventually the door opened a tiny crack. A male Cockney voice said, "What do you want?"

"We want to see Lilly," the Professor said.

"Who sent you over here?" the voice rasped.

"Billy bloody Hughes!" Rabbit said.

"I believe he means in a slightly more immediate sense," the Professor said. "A little North Country bloke, 'Titfer' Collins. He's a corporal," he said to the crack. "He told us Lilly has a special service to offer — for money, and we've got money."

The crack opened up a sufficient width to allow a pair of inquisitorial eyes to peer out. After a period of scrutiny the Cockney said, "Ten quid each."

"Ten quid? We only want to screw her; we don't want to buy her off you," Rabbit said.

"Take it or go without," the pimp said.

"All right, all right," the Professor agreed, taking up a collection and handing the 30 pounds through the doorway. Rexie had to lend Rabbit two quid.

"I'll be broke for the rest of my life," Rabbit wailed.

The door then opened just enough to allow them through in single file. The Cockney bolted it behind them.

"How do we know for sure she's got it?" said the Professor.

> "I can guarantee it," the Cockney said. "I caught it off her myself."

"I can absolutely guarantee it," the Cockney said with a cross between a grin and a sneer. "I caught it off her myself."

He let them make their way down the narrow, musty passage unaccompanied. "How come a young, fit bloke like that's not in uniform?" Rexie wondered out loud.

"I think you could say he protects his womenfolk at somewhat closer range than Lord Kitchener or the War Cabinet envisaged in their call to the nation," the Professor replied.

The way had been lit only by the light coming under the door at the end of the passage. They went into the lighted room without any ado. It was a small room containing only an iron-framed bed and its contents — a cigarette-smoking prostitute naked from her corpulent waist down. Rabbit gave her a look over. "Fat, forty and rooted," he announced. "Blimey," he continued with additional disgust, "just because a person's a whore and pox-ridden doesn't mean they can't keep a four by four dive reasonably clean, does it?" He ran his fingers along the stiff, heavily stained bedsheets. "Another couple of days of steady use," he said, "and they'll be able to ship these over to France as armor plating."

"Frightened of catching something, boys?" the whore asked with a smirk.

"Yeah, shot and shell," Rabbit said. "Get your legs open, darling."

"You reckon that pimp was telling the truth about catching it off her?" Rexie asked. "They look like brother and sister to me."

"He still might have got it off her around here," the Professor said. The whore stubbed her cigarette into the side of the mattress without so much as batting a false eyelash at the conversation.

"I've just remembered something," Rabbit said, diving into his pocket and coming out with a Britannia penny. He lowered his voice to a whisper for a moment: "Something an old abo told me out bush when I first went shearing. He reckoned you could always tell if a sheila had the pox by shoving a copper coin up her. If she had it she'd squeal like Christ. They can't stand it, apparently."

"Doesn't sound very scientific to me," the Professor said.

"The bloke swore by it, I'm telling you. He wouldn't ever tackle a twat without trying it."

"If it works you ought to patent it, mate," the Professor told him. "What would you call it? Coin-in-the-slit? Coin-in-the-slut...?"

"It's worth a try anyhow," Rabbit said, dropping his trousers and climbing on to Lilly or whatever her name was. Over his shoulder he announced the news: "She winced, boys, she winced!"

"That was probably cold hands," Rexie explained.

By the natural order of things Rexie had last turn. When he was ready to mount, Rabbit gave him a hefty whack across the buttocks to send him on his way.

"Get your ten quid's worth?" the Professor asked the other two as they trudged back down the passage.

"Ten quid!" Rabbit said. "Lucky she had the goods or she wouldn't have been worth a toffee apple and a pat on the head."

They were recrossing the square outside in the thin mist coming up from the river when they were accosted by the hunched beggar who'd been on the pavement when they'd arrived. "Spare a copper or two, lads?" he begged of them.

"Piss off, will you," Rabbit said, and then a thought lit up his eyes and he smiled. He dived back into his pants pocket and came out with a Britannia penny. "Lick this clean and you can have it, sport."

"I don't quite take your meaning..." the beggar said.

"Lick it and it's yours."

The beggar took the coin and licked it to general roars of laughter. He put the coin inside his ragged coat; his hand then came out with a service revolver in it and he straightened up to his full height of over six feet in the same movement. "Military intelligence," the newly erect figure declared.

"Here's one now—give me a drum roll."

RULE 606

The Professor swallowed his shock and said, "That's a contradiction in terms."

"Ha ha, ho ho, hee hee," the gunman said. "That's the most original thing I've heard since 'Happy New Year.' I am Lieutenant McGhillie, of Dunedin, New Zealand, on special secondment to British Army Intelligence. We've had our eye on this house for weeks and I've had my eye on you three for some time. You may not, for example, have taken much notice of a Sikh NCO crossing your path at various times yesterday."

"Ah, the old betel nut juice on the face," the Professor said. "Or was it Kiwi boot polish?"

"That one-legged doughboy on crutches the other day wasn't you, was it?" Rabbit asked him. "I was only wondering — it's a technical point, see — just, ah, where do you fellas shove the other leg while you're not using it?"

"What were you doing in that house?" McGhillie hissed at them.

"Visiting the sick," the Professor said.

"Don't try to be smart with me," the officer said.

"All right, so it's a knocking shop," the Professor said. "We're just three lads out for a bit of fun before we have to go back to the horrors of the Western Front."

"Is that so?" McGhillie said sceptically. "Where's your disinfecting kits then? You've all been issued with them."

"Aw, you know what it's like," Rabbit drawled. "You don't want to be lugging those things all over town with you. They don't bloody work anyway."

"What did you do with them?" McGhillie said. "Chucked them away, I suppose?"

"Nah. I gave the calomel lotion to some bloke for his piles," Rabbit said. "The rest . . ."

"Don't think we don't know what's been going on," McGhillie informed them. "We're going to smash this abominable criminal conspiracy into little bits and the conspirators into little bits with it. I can't conceive of any type lower than one who would want to shirk on a hospital bed of shame while his mates were out risking their lives for the Empire."

"Yeah, we noticed you in imminent danger of coming down with nappy rash from wearing a concealed holster," Rabbit said.

"On the subject of which," the Professor came in, nudging Rabbit's foot with his own, "is it true one of you military intelligence fellows once pinned a sheet round himself and went to a fancy dress ball as a dirty nappy?"

McGhillie snapped his anger and his line of fire in the direction of the Professor, which gave Rabbit a split-second chance if he were desperate enough. He charged at McGhillie, headbutting him in the stomach; the officer flew back into a brick wall, his neck jerking with an obscene click. The gun dropped to the ground and he dropped on top of it.

"What was that clicking noise?" Rexie asked urgently.

"I doubt if it was his false teeth," the Professor replied, dropping to the side of the limp figure and feeling his neck vertebrae.

"Is he dead?" Rexie asked.

"If he's not, we are," the Professor said.

"I didn't actually mean to kill the bastard," Rabbit said apologetically.

"This is war — kill or be killed," the Professor said. "What would you do if you caught a military intelligence bloke trying to rape your sister? For Christ's sake let's get him out of here before someone comes along."

They dragged the figure out of the relatively well-lit square and back towards the river. "He's still breathing," said Rabbit,

"The officer flew back into a brick wall, his neck jerking with an obscene click. The gun dropped to the ground and he dropped on top of it"

who had hold of the front end of him.

"I know a real good way of stopping that," the Professor said.

They loaded McGhillie's clothes with stones and rubble from a dug up roadway, and tossed him as far out into the murky water as they could. "Any disinfecting kits you find down there, you can keep," Rabbit sang out to the sinking figure.

"I tell you I haven't!" Rexie maintained staunchly. "Nothing — no sign or symptom, not even an itch."

"Well, we both have," Rabbit said. "You must have."

"I don't know, Rexie . . ." the Professor said with puzzlement. "Maybe you're just a late developer. You better come with us on pox parade, anyway."

"No doubt about it, boys," the medical officer told them. "You two have got a lovely textbook case of syph, but the lad hasn't got anything. His whistle is as clean as a whistle."

"But we all screwed the same moll," Rabbit insisted.

"I can't help that," the MO said. "Maybe he was just lucky."

"I can't go back over there — I just can't!" Rexie said when the three of them were alone. There were tears in his eyes and he was shaking uncontrollably.

"Take it easy, Rexie boy," the Professor said, patting him on the back of the neck. "We'll think of something. We're not going to let them bust up the old firm just over a bit of accidental good health, are we?"

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" Rabbit said when they were out of Rexie's earshot. "I didn't realise the poor little bastard had it so bad. He'll crack up if they try to make him go back. We got to do something."

"Yes, that's for sure," the Professor said.

The Professor and Rabbit were lying in adjacent beds in the pox ward. Somewhere out of sight a male voice was tunelessly singing:

Three German officers crossed the line, parlez vous
Three German officers crossed the line, parlez vous
Three German officers crossed the line,

"This is the life . . ." Rabbit said.

Stuffed the women and drank the wine, Inkey dinkey . . .

". . . Except for being as dry as a bone lying here. Is that a normal symptom?"

"It's a normal symptom of alcoholic deprivation," the Professor said. "We'll have to see what we can do about getting a drink around here."

"Come up with any ideas on the Rexie problem yet?"

"Not really. I wonder why we haven't seen him."

It wasn't visiting time, but a uniformed slouch-hatted figure came speeding down the line of beds towards them. They recognised him as Wally Buller from their battalion.

"I can't stop," Wally said breathlessly. "But I thought you'd better know about what happened to Rexie."

"What happened to Rexie?" the Professor said, sitting himself up rapidly.

"Well, it seems he was getting a bit panicky and . . . and, well he bought some of that shit from one of those Canadians . . ."

"And?"

"Well, you know how they tell you not to put it in your eyes . . . To cut a long story short, he's gone blind."

"He's *what*?" Rabbit said.

"It's permanent — they've got him in the gas ward," Wally said with a vague jerk of his thumb. "I have to get out of here now — I just thought you'd like to know."

"Hell, we better get over to him," the Professor said, jumping out of bed. Rabbit was right behind him.

The elderly sister on duty outside the gas ward maintained with all her dignity that there was no-one of Rexie's name in the ward. "He mightn't have been in there very long," the Professor explained.

She was adamant he wasn't there.

"Don't try to bullshit to us, you old moll,"

UNRESTRICTED EDITIONS AVAILABLE

The Australian Penthouse you buy at the newstand is not the same Penthouse you get when you subscribe.

The only way to get the complete picture is to subscribe. Just fill in the coupon below or the subscription card in this magazine. Send it in. And you're a subscriber.

Every month, you get to read the best investigative journalism in Australia.

And see the best women in Australia. All of them.

As a Penthouse subscriber, you're automatically a member of the Penthouse VIP Club.

Because when your first subscription issue arrives, so will your membership card.

It looks like a credit card, only it's going to save you money.

Up to 10% off the standard price on a select group of goods and services, rental cars, hotels, motels and restaurants, not to mention an ever expanding list of Penthouse merchandise available only to VIP members.

Send in the subscription card, and you're a subscriber, and a member of the VIP Club.

And a member of the Australia wide family of Penthouse readers.

Australian PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.

Please send me a year's (12 months) subscription of the unrestricted edition of Australian Penthouse. My cheque/money order is enclosed for $42.00 inc. postage, or debit my Bankcard ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐

Card No: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiry Date _____ Signature _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ POSTCODE _____

Offer applies only in Australia. New Zealand subscriptions $NZ 72.00. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

Jacka 1116 APM 4/85

RULE 606

Rabbit said, pushing past her. "We know he's here."

The two men burst into the ward and sought their missing companion. "You can't just force your way in here," the sister was screeching behind them. "I'm going to get the doctor."

"You do that, darling," Rabbit said.

For some reason both Rabbit and the Professor were drawn to an empty bed (the only such) about halfway down the ward. At its foot they discovered a chart with Rexie's surname and serial number still on it.

"Where is he?" Rabbit asked, looking around helplessly.

"Hey!" a hoarse whisper at their side said. In the bed next to Rexie's lay a still figure with a light bandage over his eyes. "Are you mates of that boy from the next bed?" he asked without moving anything but his lips.

"That's right," the Professor said, edging closer to him. Where is he?"

"When they were feeding him last night he grabbed hold of the table knife and tried to gouge his own eyeballs out. The nurse tried to stop him and he stabbed her a couple of times in the arm. They called in the orderlies. One of them busted his jaw and they carted him away in a straightjacket."

"Where?" the Professor asked.

The patient gave a slight shake of the head, as if to say such knowledge were beyond the sphere of mortals like them. "You won't. . . " the man pleaded, " you won't tell 'em I told you? If they knew I could see a bit, they might. . . "

"Not a chance, Dig," the Professor said. "Thanks a lot."

"The bastards. *The bastards!*" Rabbit said with tears of anger burning down his face. "We've got to get our clothes and find him."

They hurried back to their own ward, where three armed military policemen were sitting on their beds waiting for them.

"You and you — under arrest," the head of the squad barked at them, getting up.

"What — for getting out of bed without dressing gowns on? Knock it off," Rabbit said.

"You know what for, you gutless malingering slime," the military policeman said. "Get your uniforms on and get moving."

Rabbit and the Professor stood at rigid attention while Captain Fraser-Smith peered, with his back to them, out of his tiny office window. After a long time he spoke, without turning around. "Lieutenant McGhillie," he said. There was no reply. After another pause he faced them and added, "The remains of a military intelligence officer of that name were found floating in the river this morning. He had been disguised as a beggar. In fact, if it hadn't been for his service revolver and his silk underwear no-one would have realised who he was. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?" Fraser-Smith said with his hands on his hips.

"No sir, we were in hospital this morning," the Professor said.

"He wasn't put in there this morning, you. . . " the Captain bellowed. "By the Lord God, if I thought for one moment you two had anything to do with it. . . We are pursuing a vigorous line of inquiry amongst a number of disorderly house proprietors right now and the guilty will be tracked down, make no mistake about that. However, we already know with certainty from the Lieutenant's earlier reports and these depositions here" — he tapped some papers on his desk — "that you two deliberately, criminally, allowed yourself to become infected with venereal disease in order to avoid active service."

"Might we respectfully request to examine the depositions, sir?" the Professor asked.

> "When they were feeding him last night he grabbed hold of the table knife and tried to gouge his own eyeballs out."

"Not calling your superior officer a liar are you, Daniels?"

The Professor shook his head slowly.

"Good. That's settled then. I find you both guilty as charged. Anything to say before sentence is passed?"

"No, sir."

"No, sir."

"God, I frankly just don't understand it," Fraser-Smith said, turning from them in disgust. "We used to be proud of being a man's country and turning out a manly soldier. If our chaps ever did get out of line at least they erred on the side of virility. . . The South African War-Rule 303 and all that — prisoners up against the wall — *bang bang bang.* Even the Cairo riots in this show, and one or two other instances of high spirits — that sort of thing one could understand. But nowdays. . . If anyone had told me six months ago that chaps of mine would be getting involved in stuff like this I'd have knocked him down where he stood. You've disgraced me and disgraced your comrades. You've behaved like a couple of snivelling women, although I shouldn't even say that. . . "

Here goes, thought the Professor and Rabbit simultaneously, I suppose he's going to go on now about Nurse Edith Cavell and Belgian nuns.

". . . Because of the tremendous sacrifices shown by our women in this war — like Nurse Edith Cavell and the Belgian nuns."

He turned back to face them. "Daniels, I'm really surprised at you. You're an educated man, I believe. Matriculated and would have completed university studies if you hadn't volunteered. I see from your records that you twice refused promotion to NCO — you could have been an officer by now. Not a bit Bolshie, are you?"

"No, sir. Just irresponsible," the Professor said."

"And you Mulrooney, a respectable working man, a family man with a wife and child. Did you give a moment's thought to the disgrace you'd bring on *them*? I understand from your record you were mentioned in dispatches at Wipers. When you first came over you ran towards Hun bullets — they couldn't hold you back. Now you run away. What's happened?"

"I didn't know quite so much about bullets in those days, sir," Rabbit said.

"You are both sentenced to military detention at the King's pleasure, and since His Majesty is far too involved in important matters to bother with such scum as you, that means at *my* pleasure. As soon as the MO passes you, you'll be taken to the cells. And you'll be under guard until then.

"Personally I don't know how anybody could bring himself to lay hands upon a woman whose body was riddled with corruption, for any purpose whatever, let alone one as despicably cowardly as this. If I had my way, I would leave your malady completely untreated. I wouldn't be wasting any precious medicines, any 606 or whatever they call it, on you. There are chaps over there at this moment fighting in your place who are going to be wounded and who are going to carry their injuries with them for the rest of their lives. I think it only fair that you should be forced to carry the horrible consequences of your actions as well. But," he said throwing up his arms, "I don't make the rules."

"There's just one thing, sir," the Professor pleaded humbly. "Would it be at all possible for us to obtain some information on the whereabouts of one of our mates?"

"Certainly not!" Fraser-Smith said. "You think what you've done entitles you to special privileges, do you?"

"It's really very important, sir. . . "

"Get out — get out of my sight!" Fraser-Smith said. "You're contaminating my office."

Long, dark months of spirit-breaking confinement passed before the two men were again standing at attention, breathing the leather polish fumes of Captain Fraser-Smith's office. Even at attention their shoulders drooped and their eyes held a distant glaze.

"Been looking after you all right?" Fraser-Smith asked them with a sardonic smile.

"Yes, sir," the Professor said. "It's been everything we expected, sir."

"I don't know whether you've heard the news. I suppose you're a bit out of the newsagent's way," Fraser-Smith said. "A fortnight ago an armistice was signed with Germany, which means the war is effectively over. Which in itself throws up new administrative problems, like what to do with the likes of you two.

"Myself, I'd sooner see the Kaiser running around free before you two, but unfortunately that option is not open to me. You are to be taken in custody back to Australia and there given a dishonorable discharge.

"You might care to reflect during the voyage home just what that will mean. While thousands of your former comrades will be pouring home to a well-earned heroes' welcome, you will be slinking home to face contempt and dishonor. I'll be thinking of your plight from time to time and obtaining a good deal of satisfaction from it. And I'd like you to think of me — every time a door is slammed in your face, every time a passing lip curls into a sneer. Think: there at my elbow is Fraser-Smith, dogging me all the days of my life. Anything to say?"

"No, sir."

The Professor moved in as a boarder at Rabbit's house after they were discharged. Things were very tough but Rabbit's wife stuck by him through it all. After she came down with tuberculosis he returned the compliment. When she died her sister took the child and Rabbit and the Professor took to the road as swaggies, just managing to eke out an existence. They never heard a word about Rexie.

When the economic slump hit and the rest of the country was reeling it improved conditions, if anything, for the two swaggies. Now they could pose as innocent victims of the economic conditions and obtain handouts, sympathy and occasional relief work (when they couldn't get out of it). They didn't exactly live happily ever after, but as Rabbit was occasionally heard to remark, if you've lived through Third Ypres, military prison, stinging onslaughts of volunteer officers' bad breath and a few odds and ends like that, you tend to be pretty easily pleased.

That's about all there is to the story, except for the day Rabbit and the Professor were tramping through the dry outback of Victoria and a burly Irish police sergeant drove up alongside them in his old buckboard and asked them what they were up to.

"Looking for work, mate," Rabbit told him good-humoredly.

"Hop on the back then," he said. "We've got a relief program going in town. It's either that or jail."

They hopped on the back. At the police station they were given a sickle each and a shovel between them; then they were taken to the local football oval and told to get busy on the chin-high weeds that were threatening to engulf the Soldiers Memorial Gates. After half a dozen swipes with his sickle the Professor called out to Rabbit and said, "Have a look at what I've just found at my elbow."

When the sergeant drove back half an hour later the two men were still rolling on the ground in uncontrollable laughter. "Eh eh eh!" the sergeant said. "If you think it's so funny, there's plenty of others want the work."

"Sorry sergeant," the Professor said. He got up, dusted off his trousers and tried to get a grip on himself. "It's nothing much — it's just that we've had some news of our old commanding officer." He pointed at the freshly revealed foundation stone of the Memorial Gates. "He's been promoted, decorated and immortalised."

The sergeant read the stone's inscription slowly out loud in an effort to see what was so funny: "This stone was laid on the 12th of February 1920 by Major D.L. Fraser. . . " Before he could finish, the two swaggies were writhing on the ground again. He raised his voice so as not to be thwarted in his purpose by the lunatics in the weeds.

". . . By Major D.L. Fraser-Smith VD." He still couldn't see the joke.

ADULTS ONLY

There's no better way to select your adult video

90 MIN. PREVIEW TAPE
SCENES FROM 24 SIZZLING ADULT MOVIES
ONLY $39

FREE MEMBERSHIP OF THE NO RISK ADULT VIDEO CLUB

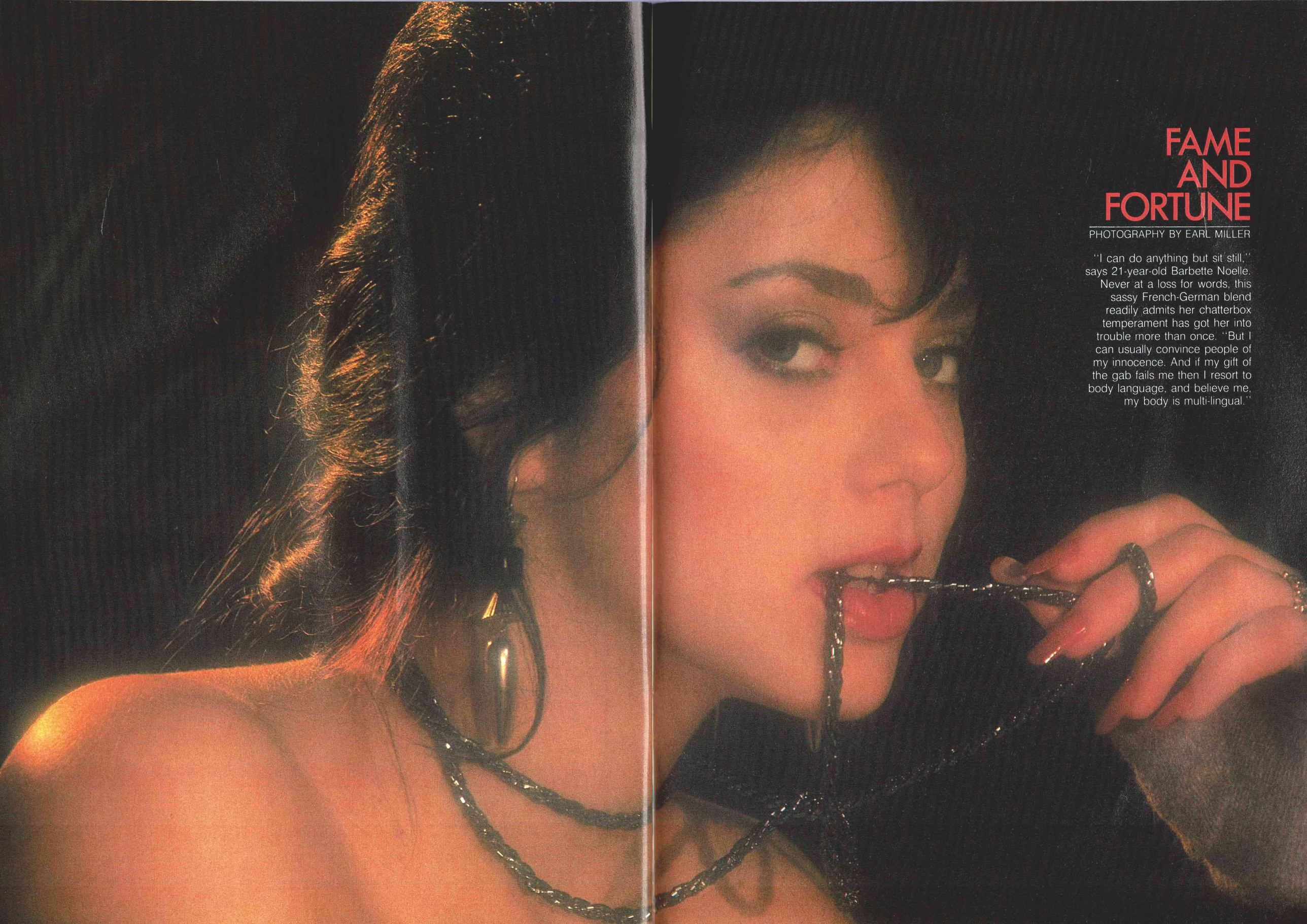
For only $39 this preview tape is yours. So is free membership to the MMG Video Club. As a member you can buy your first full length feature you choose from your preview tape for only $59. Then you can swap the movie as many times as you like for only $12 plus $3 postage and handling.
You keep the preview tape to select more great adult videos to exchange.

- YOU GET YOUR $59 CREDITED AFTER 12 EXCHANGES • Special savings for members
- Direct mail convenience
- Fast Service

Mail to: **M.M. GROUP, Free Post No. 1. PO Box 110, Curtin, ACT 2605. Tel: (062) 80 4643.**
No Postage Stamp Required
Please send me by return mail my MMG preview tape and club membership number.

Name_____
Address_____
_____ Postcode_____
Signature_____
My signature certifies I am over 18 years of age.
PLEASE TICK THE APPROPRIATE BOXES
My video recorder is: VHS ☐ BETA ☐
My preferred method of payment is:
☐ Cash (enclosed). Please send all cash by Registered Mail ☐ Cheque (enclosed) ☐ C.O.D. at my post office (plus $3.00 C.O.D. charge)
☐ Money Order
☐ Bankcard No.
4 9 6 ☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐ I require only a free adult video catalogue and detailed information

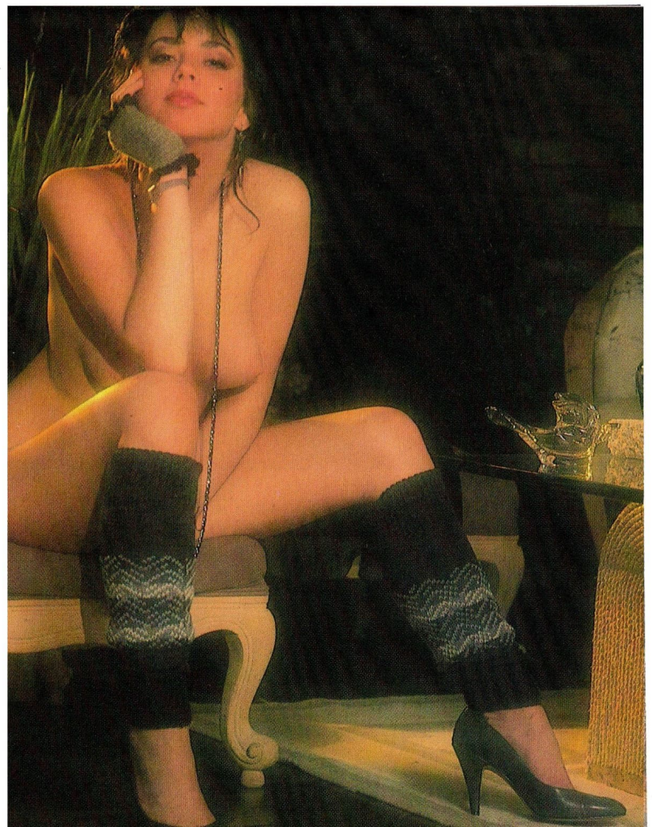
A/PH 6/85



FAME AND FORTUNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

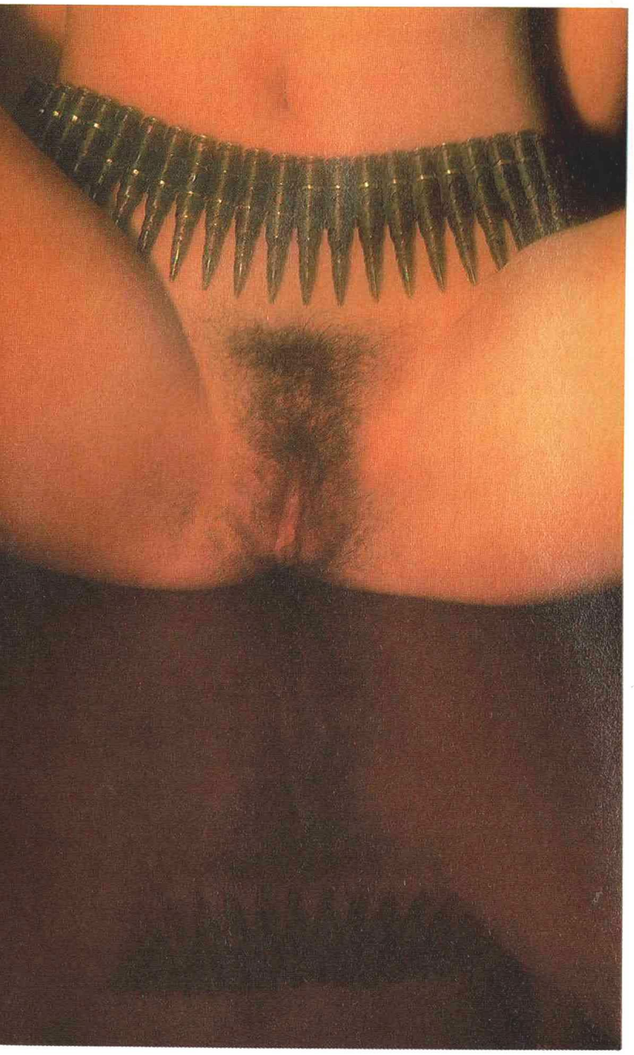
"I can do anything but sit still," says 21-year-old Barbette Noelle. Never at a loss for words, this sassy French-German blend readily admits her chatterbox temperament has got her into trouble more than once. "But I can usually convince people of my innocence. And if my gift of the gab fails me then I resort to body language, and believe me, my body is multi-lingual."



When Barbette refers to her great set of lungs she is not bragging about her faultless figure. She has plans to put her strong voice to professional use at some stage as a rock singer. "I'm a natural-born performer," she says.

"There's something mystical about appearing in film clips and on stage; it gives you the chance to really create something and present yourself at your best. I sometimes think my open manner is just a little too revealing."

"I'd like to keep some parts of myself secret, but I have this problem of telling the truth, particularly when there's something in it for me."



"My scheme is: Why not do it all? I can be a singer, an actress and a sex symbol too — thanks to *Penthouse*. I think I can stand suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and fame."

Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

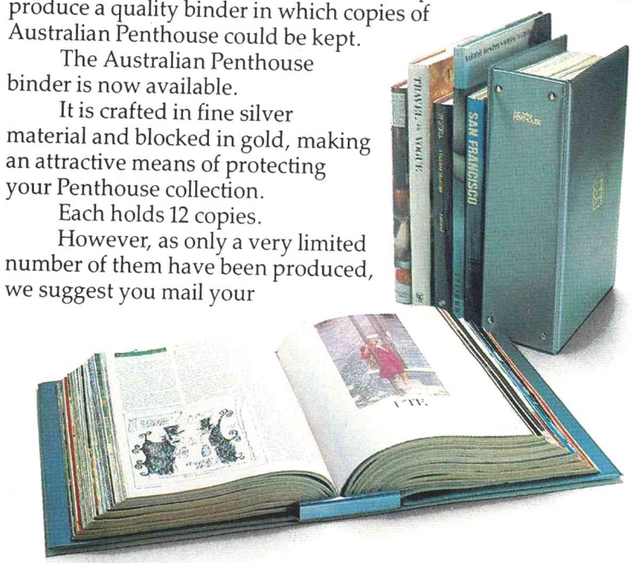
However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your order now to avoid disappointment.

The price is $10.50, but if you are a subscriber the cost will be just $9.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.



Australian
PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Please find attached cheque/money order for

_____Penthouse binders at $10.50 ea. $_____ or

_____Subscriber binders at $ 9.50 ea. $_____

Name _____

Address _____

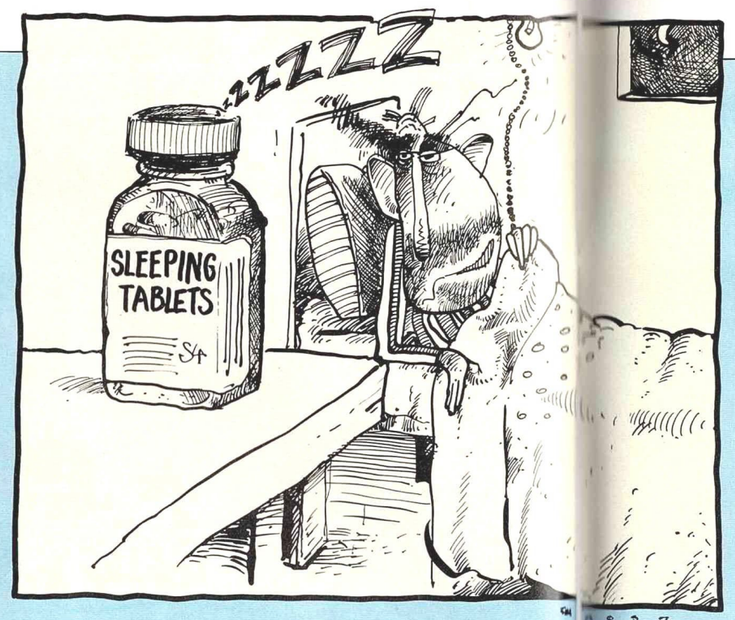
_____ Postcode_____

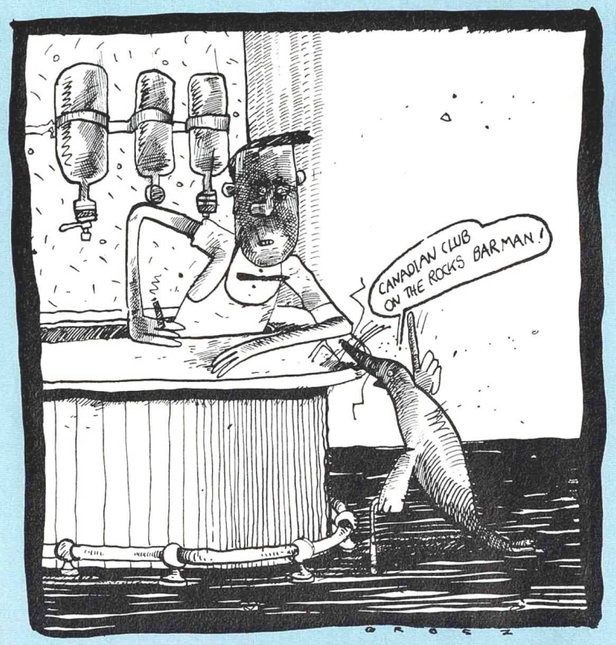
Jacka 943

GROSZ INDECENCY

A CARTOON FEATURE
BY
CHRIS GROSZ

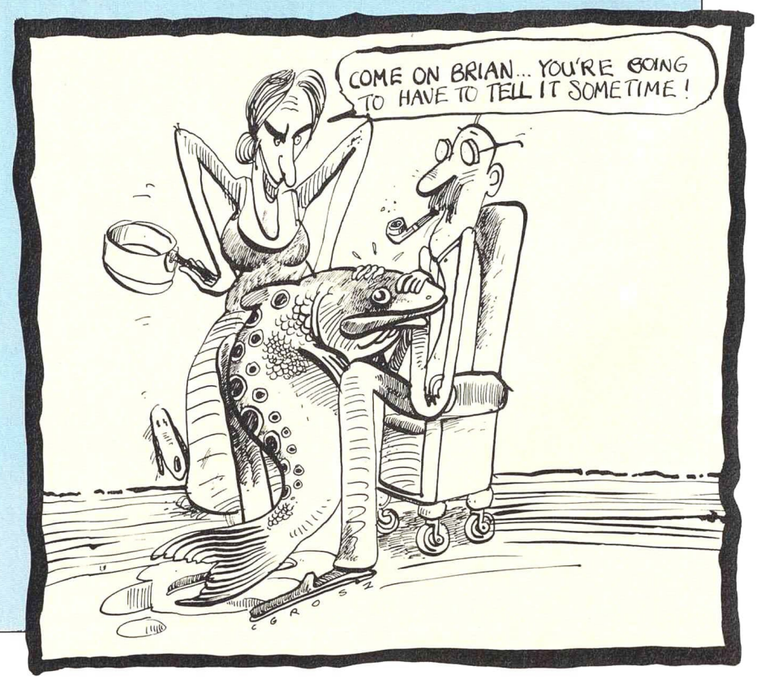
IM NOT A POOFTAH MESELF, BUT I ONCE POKED A BLOKE THAT WAS.


ZZZZZZ
SLEEPING TABLETS


CANADIAN CLUB ON THE ROCKS BARMAN!

...BUT ARE THEY REALLY FRESH?
OH..YES SIR... FRESH PICKED THIS MORNING.

WHAT AM I DOING YOU ASK... ..WELL IM... TRANSCENDING DENTAL MEDICATION!


COME ON BRIAN... YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL IT SOMETIME!

‘Sure, I had ambition. I wanted to play for Australia; I wanted to be the best five-eighth in Australia and I knew I was going to be’

MARK ELLA

Mark Ella is a man at the peak of his chosen sport: rugby union. A vital part of the 1984 Australian team that completed the Grand Slam over the Home Country rugby union nations, he ensured his place in the history books with the remarkable feat of scoring a try in each of the four Tests. Images abound of Ella on that tour — his speed, his handling, his instinctive ability to achieve the impossible.

Ella has been in the international sporting spotlight since he toured the British Isles with his brothers, Garry and Glen, as a member of the Australian Schoolboys' team of 1977/78. At first it was the novelty of the three Aboriginal brothers in the same team that attracted the attention of the media; soon, however, there developed a general awareness that the Ella boys possessed extraordinary talents.

From his schoolboy days at Matraville high to club rugby with Randwick, on to the NSW team and finally with the national side, Ella has always played an attacking game of football. It's the only way he knows how to play. At the age of 25 he is unquestionably the best attacking five-eighth in the world.

BY KEITH J. BUTTERICK

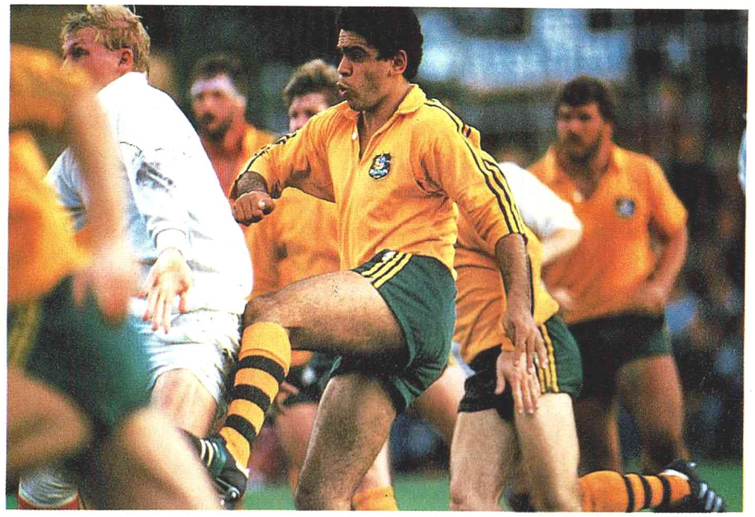


Photo supplied by Roger Gould Photography

INTERVIEW

The five-eighth is the key in a rugby team. He is the tactician who dictates how his team uses the ball; he can either open the game up by linking with the rest of the backline, or restrict mistakes by the careful use of kicking. Simple? The Ella philosophy is just that: simple. As Ella says, the aim of the game is to score tries and to score tries you have to run with the ball.

Achieving everything Ella has in rugby has taken determination and great confidence in his own ability. Rugby union is still a very class-conscious game in Australia, even though the success of the Ella boys may have helped in breaking down some barriers. Being Aboriginal, and poor, presented obstacles to them which they proceeded to overcome. As Ella says: "Racist comments gave me an incentive to win. Every Aborigine has to strive that little bit harder to succeed."

That determination to be his own man is now bringing Ella, at the very height of his powers, to consider retiring from the game. He could have at least another two or three years at the top, but Ella does not want to become dependent on rugby. In the past six years he has achieved everything at every level in the game. Yet he now feels that the motivation to keep going is no longer there. He wants to develop in other areas, and if he proceeds with the retirement plans, the loss to Australian rugby and sport in general will be incalculable.

Penthouse: While the 1984 Australian rugby tour of Great Britain was obviously very successful, what were its highlights for you?
Ella: I think achieving the Grand Slam had to be the highlight for the whole squad. I toured in 1981 with a very good side but we failed: we won one out of four. It was most satisfying going over this time and winning the four Test matches. It was also pretty satisfying for me to score a try in each of the Test matches.
Penthouse: How did the squad of 1984 compare with that of 1981?
Ella: We did have some very, very good players in 1981, but I think the difference between the two sides was that in 1984 we had players with more flexibility who could cover more positions — we were young and willing to have a go at anything and everything. Perhaps the biggest difference, though, was that we had a pack of forwards who were able to compete with the best in the world. It was through their dominance that we were able to achieve the goals we set ourselves.
Penthouse: But at the start of the tour you had problems in the forwards.
Ella: That's only natural. A lot of the guys hadn't played for four to six weeks. We finished our season in September and played our first tour game in the middle of October. In that situation it's obviously going to take a little while to get your act together. You expect to start off slowly when you're on tour, but with training every day and living together your combination just starts to happen.
Penthouse: Conversely, the Home Nations were clearly rusty. Was that much of an advantage?
Ella: Sure. We caught them very early in their season which is a fact that we don't hide behind, but I still think the results would have been the same had we played them later in the season.
Penthouse: What was the mood at the start of the tour? Did you believe that, after all these years of it nearly happening for Australia, it would finally come good?
Ella: Well, it's always very hard to say what's going to happen in the months ahead. Obviously we had a very good side and we had a very good coach who believed in the players. We certainly believed in our ability — and even the weather plays a big part. We were very lucky right throughout the tour that the weather held for our most important matches; we had firm pitches and that enabled us to play our style of football. But I suppose most of us had doubts that we were going to actually win four Test matches and achieve the Grand Slam. You treat every game as it comes and look no further than that — it's the only way you can approach a Test series.
Penthouse: Which players, apart from yourself, really stood out during the tour?
Ella: Roger Gould played the best football he's played in the last couple of years. They talked about him being a tower of strength — you just couldn't get past him. He's one of the best fullbacks in the world, so safe under pressure; he really had a big influence on all the players. I guess another guy who made an impact would be Nick Farr-Jones. He's a young scrumhalf with a lot of potential and ability that shone through; his service was exceptional. I'm not the easiest five-eighth to play with, but Nick worked his heart out just to give me the ball. I believe he's got a great future. Enrique Rodriguez, the prop, made a big difference to the team, particularly to the pack. He was very strong — almost the anchor man in the scrum — and he has so much experience, technique-wise. Tom Morton, only 21 or 22 years old, which is young for an international prop, is very talented and so strong. I think at one stage he was the heaviest person in the team. But it's unfair if I name too many individuals; we worked as a unit and I'd hate to think that individual players won the Grand Slam. I believe it goes beyond individuals.
Penthouse: You'd been captain of Australia for the two seasons before the tour. Were you expecting to be the captain for the tour?
Ella: No. The captaincy situation was solved at the start of last year: Andrew Slack was picked ahead of me. At the time I was very disappointed but there's more to life than that. You can't let that sort of situation affect your play and I just said, "Well, I'm not captain; I've got no more responsibility than to play well, for the team." So like I said, I was disappointed but it didn't affect my play. I felt that it probably enhanced the way I approached the game. I went out with a relaxed attitude.
Penthouse: Are you saying that being captain in the past affected your game?
Ella: I felt it hadn't, but when I say that I also feel that I played the best football of my life on the tour last year. So you can probably draw you own conclusions from that.
Penthouse: Statements made a few years ago by Alan Jones [national team coach] regarding your natural talents as a leader make it surprising that you weren't picked as captain. Were any reasons given?
Ella: No. I've had no explanations as to why I was dropped. At the start of last season there was a great deal of turmoil about the Australian coaching position and I think, indirectly or directly, I was caught up in that. They felt that I wasn't the person to captain Australia and that was that.
Penthouse: Were there outside political influences?
Ella: Well, some people say it was political and I personally believe that politics did play a major part in me being deposed. There's a lot of politics in rugby, and there's nothing I can do about it.
Penthouse: Your voice doesn't seem to betray any bitterness.
Ella: I'm bitter towards a few people, but I'll worry about that later.
Penthouse: Alan Jones didn't really have a strong background in coaching at a national level before he was appointed. Were there any doubts in the players' minds that he had the capacity to build and motivate the team?
Ella: Alan's obviously a very good motivator; his position in politics indicates that. The players did have some doubts because he'd only coached one first-grade rugby side, Manly. They won the Sydney premiership and beat the team that I play for, Randwick. The Manly players had a great deal of confidence in him, but I'd be dishonest if I didn't say that most of the other players had their doubts.
Penthouse: How did he go about overcoming those doubts?
Ella: Alan's very talented in most things he approaches; he's very determined. He had faith in his own coaching ability which he instilled into his players at the first opportunity. He proved to us very early on that he was a coach of some quality and that he knew a lot about the game — a lot more than what the guys had anticipated. Also, we are out there to do a job; he's the coach of the Australian side and we are the players and we are all working together towards the one aim. If he's a little bit rusty, well, it's up to the experienced players to help him as much as possible. At this level I believe the coach is more of an organiser than someone trying to develop skills and technique.
Penthouse: In the past you have had well-publicised disagreements with coaches at various levels who have been less than sympathetic to your style of play. Alan Jones seems to have brought out the best in you. Would you go along with that?
Ella: Jones isn't silly, and you've got to look at the players and play to their strengths. If we didn't have running backs, if we had players of lesser talent, he couldn't tell us to run the ball. But we sat down and said we've got David Campese — he can run — Brendan Moon, Roger Gould, myself, and all the rest of the guys who are really good with their hands, who have a lot of natural ability and skill. That's the way we play best and Alan looked at that and said, "Well, that's the way we'll play."
Penthouse: The Test series revealed a big difference in the techniques of the Australian and British players. How would you define it?
Ella: There is a big difference and we were so successful because we did play a totally different game. British rugby is based on set plays and forward dominance. They'll try and dominate up front and play their game down the side-line. The five-eighth plays the touchline most of the game; that becomes very boring and very stereotyped — you just know what he's going to do. As I see it, the name of the game is to score tries and to do that you've got to keep the ball moving all the time. Ours is a totally different game and once we had a forward pack that could match the British — in fact in a lot of games *we* dominated their forwards — they just ran out of options. They couldn't run the ball because they were not used to doing it.
Penthouse: That showed throughout the whole tour. In which match did it all come right . . . the zenith of the tour, if you like?
Ella: The Test against Wales meant more to the guys than any other game we played on the tour. Wales had a reputation for being very, very strong up front — they were going to tear us apart in the forwards and dominate the backs. I've watched Wales play for most of my rugby career and I've always wanted to play at Cardiff Arms Park against them and win. And to win in the style that we did was fantastic. We scored a pushover try which is something that's never been seen at Cardiff Arms Park. That meant a lot.

> ‘Yeah, sure. I'd be crazy if I said I wouldn't be tempted to go back . . . everybody is’

Penthouse: How do you react to being described as the best five-eighth in the world?
Ella: That's a title I don't want. I don't play the game to be the best; I want Australia to be the best in the world. Personally I've got no ambition to be recognised as "number one", because who do I play against? I play against the Home Nations once every four years. We don't play against South Africa. We play against New Zealand probably more than any other country — and they seem to change their five-eighth all the time. You see, I play a different game from most others playing today. I'd like to be known as the best attacking fly-half in the world — because I'm probably the worst at kicking. I play the game to attack, so if people want to say I'm the best attacking fly-half, fair enough. But "the world's number one" . . . I've got no interest in that.
Penthouse: What about South Africa? In the past you've said you were "quite prepared to tour."
Ella: I might have said that a few years ago, but now I've no interest in touring South Africa; I know the opportunities won't be there. It would be nice to play against them but I've got no chance in the world so I don't even think of South Africa as somewhere that I've missed out on.
Penthouse: Wouldn't you expect to come under a lot of pressure if you were to play South Africa?
Ella: Yes, I would expect a lot of pressure from my family and those around me, and that pressure is not worth it. I don't think a game of rugby in South Africa is worth that much to me.
Penthouse: Which of the five-eighths that you've played against have caused you the most trouble?
Ella: I'd say Hugo Porta from Argentina. He's very, very good. Apart from him, Paul McLean — he played for Queensland — is probably the hardest five-eighth I've played against. But the rest of them, although they're very good in their own ways and may have put the team under pressure, never really put me under pressure. They stand so far away and they invariably kick the ball so I can't do anything anyway. They're so far away from me that they can't put me under pressure.
Penthouse: Before McLean retired it always seemed to be a case of either him or you, so you could never be certain of your place in the Australian side. When he retired did you think you'd then automatically become first choice?
Ella: I did for a couple of years. After Paul announced his retirement I was picked as captain for two seasons, so I guess my place was automatic. But then when I was dropped as captain I had to fight for my position — I don't believe there's an automatic position for anybody. You've got to perform. Michael Lynagh exerted a lot of pressure on me at the start of the season and it was up to me. If I was worth anything at all I had to produce the goods. I'd hate to say that I was an automatic choice.
Penthouse: Do you enjoy touring?
Ella: Yes, I do. It's a good life.
Penthouse: One that you would be loath to give up if the day came to retire?
Ella: Yes, I think I'll always miss touring. But I think I'm also at the stage where I've had enough; I've enjoyed my life and my rugby career, and can't complain anymore. I believe I've had my day and maybe it's time to let somebody else have a go.
Penthouse: It all happened very quickly for you, didn't it? You were part of one of the most successful school teams and a very successful club side, went on to success at state level and, to cap it all off, you played a major part with the country's most successful touring side. Do you now feel that the realms of opportunity are running out? Is it becoming harder to motivate yourself?

INTERVIEW

Ella: The desire and motivation are running out very quickly. I feel I've achieved everything that I possibly could in rugby — 25 caps for Australia, seven Wallaby tours, captain for two seasons, the Grand Slam, and scoring four tries in the Grand Slam. Not that I want to use *that* as a reason for my retirement. It's just that I'm getting very tired of the commitment at the moment and when I look over my career I say, "Well, I've done it, I'm getting tired, and why not?"

Penthouse: Australian teams seem to encourage young players by giving them the opportunity to play at international level. In other countries international chances come much later.

Ella: That's a fact. Most of the players in Britain, especially the forwards, are sort of mid-twenties and thirties whereas we believe if you're good enough you should be in. Tommy Morton is very young while Steve Cutler is only about 23. I can't understand why players are held back. I could name a dozen Australian players who came into international rugby at 20 or 21 — why hold them back? It's probably a little different in the forwards but even so, we've got young guys who are only 21 and 22 playing Test football and they're doing it quite well. Again that might be one of the reasons why we get out so early: we've done it all by 25 or 26 and there's no need to carry on. It's a way of encouraging young players to come through the system. It's pointless having them sit on the sidelines for 15 Test matches and then finally give them a game when they're 25.

Penthouse: After you retire from Test football, do you think you'll continue playing at club level?

Ella: No. I expect that if I'm not available for representative football, I won't be available for club football.

Penthouse: Considering that you're still at your peak, wouldn't you be tempted to go back?

Ella: Yeah, sure. I'd be crazy if I said I wouldn't be tempted to go back . . . everybody is. But the limelight is something I'm prepared to forsake.

Penthouse: Is it simply that you feel that you have done everything?

Ella: I feel that I've just had enough. The commitment is a big thing; you're committed from the end of January when you start training to . . . well, the end of the last tour was December. I've been doing that for six or seven years. I've enjoyed it — I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it — but I feel there's more to life than playing rugby. I don't want to be in a position where my life is dictated by the sport, or by anything for that matter. I've given rugby my best years and I've had a ball — I've achieved everything I could possibly want. Now I've got to start thinking of other things.

Penthouse: What specifically will you miss?

Ella: Well, I'll still be there. I'll be going to training and watching the games. It will probably kill me not to play but I'll just have to wait and see if I can handle it. I'll miss the camaraderie and the good times; that's going to be hard to give up, but you've got to give it up sooner or later. I don't want to be in the position where I'm 27 or 28 and thinking I've had my best years and I'm hanging on because I need rugby more than rugby needs me. I've given it my best years and hopefully a lot of people have enjoyed the way I've played.

Penthouse: It seems paradoxical that rugby union, a game that is primarily played for enjoyment by amateurs, is creating pressures at the top level that are forcing you to quit altogether.

Ella: I'd hate to say that I'm giving up because of the pressure put on me by rugby. I could play for the next two or three years and still be at the top and still enjoy it. It's not the pressures that I'm getting out

> "I'd like to be known as the best attacking fly-half in the world — because I'm probably the worst at kicking"

for — it's just me, as an individual. Nobody is forcing me. Even though I hate training, I think I could put up with that for a little while longer. I'd hate to say it's the pressure; it's the commitment and the sacrifices you make. I think I can handle pressure better than most people; I perform better under pressure, so it's not that at all.

Penthouse: You were involved in discussions with David Lord about the creation of the so-called "Rugby World Cup", which would presumably have been quite lucrative for the players. I've seen Ken Elphick quoted as saying that had you and your brothers been able to draw a living from the game you would have been millionaires by now. Has that ever created any frustration or resentment, in that you've given so much to the game and yet never been able to directly draw financial reward from it?

Ella: There are times, yes. Sydney rugby went through a stage where it employed Ken Elphick as a promotions guy to drum up business and he used my brothers and I as a focal point to attract people to the games. We never complained about it, but sometimes you sit and wonder when you think about how rich some rugby union nations are. In most cases the players are not even receiving compensation for the time that they give to the game.

Penthouse: Whilst the David Lord circus died suddenly elsewhere, it had more impact in Australia. How much were the players conscious of the impact that Packer had in changing the structure of cricket, and was it ever in your mind that you might use this as a means of bringing about changes in rugby?

Ella: Possibly. Most of the guys love to play rugby, and if they could be paid for the game they love . . . well, that would be fantastic. But as time went on it just sort of fizzled out. The guys became very disillusioned with David Lord. Had he been a Packer or McCormack with the financial backing they have we would have grabbed it. Probably it would then have been successful, but a lot of guys were sceptical right from the start that David Lord could actually produce a "World Cup."

Penthouse: Now that the seeds are planted, could it happen again?

Ella: I think it will, maybe in 10 or 15 years from now. I think rugby will go that way eventually, whether it's with the international board or whether it's through a David Lord/Packer type of person.

Penthouse: Will that mean ruptures within the structure of rugby?

Ella: I think it will, because the international board are so petrified of professionalism.

Penthouse: Is the distance between union and league strictly maintained?

Ella: It's very, very strict; there's no two ways about it. Do one thing wrong and you're out.

Penthouse: You've had offers to turn professional: a particularly lucrative one a few years ago followed by another one the year after, and you've even had offers from English league teams. Why have you never been tempted?

Ella: I looked at the opportunity of playing rugby league, but then I sat down and looked at how that related to my future and the enjoyment I get out of rugby. I also considered employers, as I feel I've got a future with Rothmans. Although I would have still been employed by them, there was no need for me to sacrifice the reputation that I'd built up playing rugby union. I don't believe that league players are paid enough for the work they put in and the punishment their bodies take. For what would have been a short-term investment, I just didn't think it would have been worth it.

Penthouse: You're on record as saying that rugby league in Australia is going downhill. Did that influence you at all?

Ella: I don't think it's failing as much as when I said that a few years ago, but there's still trouble there. Rugby league clubs are having trouble paying players and they are constantly looking at changing rules and the structure of the game, and to do that in a professional game must mean that something is wrong. Crowds aren't growing — in fact they're declining. It seems to me to be getting rougher as a game; the emphasis is on winning at all costs and that takes the fun out of it.

Penthouse: Yet your background is in rugby league, with relatives who were professional players.

Ella: Yeah. We played rugby league probably at the age of six or seven and right through until we were 17. It wasn't until we went to secondary school that we started playing rugby union.

Penthouse: Did you have ambitions to become league players?

Ella: Yes. Where I come from it's a very strong rugby league area. We always wanted to play first-grade rugby league, no doubt about that. It wasn't until, as I said, we went to secondary school that we played union. We had the opportunity of touring, we enjoyed it and after the schoolboy tour we never looked back. That was why we stayed with rugby union. If we hadn't been picked for that tour, we probably would have gone back to rugby league and tried our best there.

Penthouse: Did your parents encourage you at any particular sport?

Ella: They encouraged us to do what we wanted — if we enjoyed a sport they encouraged us in that. They didn't push us into playing rugby union, and they didn't say: "Play rugby league because it's worth more." Had we wanted to take up athletics they would have encouraged us in that. As long as we were happy and enjoyed what we were doing, they were right behind us.

Penthouse: You've said it was your parents who helped you most to succeed. What was it that made the Ellas different?

Ella: Well, they encouraged us to stick at it. Rugby is supposedly the old school tie type of game and being Aboriginal in that environment isn't something you normally see. Yet they encouraged us to keep at it despite all the problems. You take a lot of knocks when you're young and they taught us to overcome those obstacles. And of course I had my two brothers and we had a lot of ability, so with that combination we overcame anything that we encountered.

Penthouse: Was there much resentment towards your color and background?

Ella: It was always there but it never worried us because of the way we were brought up; it just didn't affect us at all. If we were on a rugby field we were just playing sport and so we let our ability do the talking. You've got to prove that you can do it. Rugby union is played mainly by the boarding and Catholic schools but if you're better than the opposition they've got to pick you. It's as simple as that. They were not going to refuse to pick us just because we didn't come from a certain school.

Penthouse: Do you think your success has helped change those attitudes and break some barriers down?

Ella: I really don't know, but if so it's been done indirectly. We don't go out there and say, "I've made it, everybody else can."

AS SEEN ON NATIONAL TV

DO YOU ATTRACT WOMEN?

Get to first base every time with Aeolus 7, the undetectable female attractant Pheromone. The scent that attracts women without them being aware of it.

WHAT ARE PHEROMONES?

Pheromones are scents which all of us exude naturally. Although undetectable they affect the way we react to each other both socially and sexually. Recently, scientists have managed to isolate certain of these Pheromones and the one of particular interest to men is Androstenone, because this is the one that attracts women, and the one possessed in abundance by that lucky tiny minority of men we all know who seem to attract women effortlessly.

For the rest of us the mating game has always been hard work — until now. After years of painstaking scientific research ANDROSTENONE PHEROMONE fragrance is finally available to the general public.

EXPERIMENTS PROVE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ANDROSTENONE

There have been numerous experiments demonstrating the effectiveness of Androstenone, and these have been reported widely. The following extracts from the World's Press provide convincing proof that ANDROSTENONE REALLY WORKS.

WHAT THE U.K. PRESS SAYS ABOUT ANDROSTENONE

'Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex-cess' — 'The spray gives men a heady start when it comes to the mating game' — The Sun

'Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair!' — Sunday Times

'A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females' — Time

'Dr Alex Comfort suggests that the musky scents may act directly on the brain's sex centre to heighten sexual arousal — but at a level below the threshold of awareness' — Cosmopolitan

'This stuff makes Petunia want to screw like a bunny' — Oui

'Our push-button world has come up with an instant answer for all men who can't pull the birds . . . Spray-on sex appeal' — Daily Mirror

USERS' REPORTS CONFIRM SUCCESS WITH AEOLUS 7

Reports are now coming in from users who have tried Aeolus 7 with astonishing results. A salesman writes he was unable to get past the secretary of an important businessman he wanted to see. He paid another visit and after one discreet spray on his lapel he suddenly found her previously cold attitude completely altered. Now she was charming and co-operative, and he was able to get to see the boss. Another Aeolus 7 user, middle-aged, reports that while travelling by train he was surprised when a pretty young girl entered the carriage and ignoring the empty seats, sat close to him and started talking in a friendly manner (reported in a letter to Forum Vol. 13 No. 1.)

Another younger man who previously had difficulty in his relationships with women, has recently reported his first sexual experience after using Aeolus 7.

ALL THE PROOF YOU NEED

The press reports from around the world plus the enthusiastic claims from amazed users should convince even the most ardent sceptics. Aeolus 7 is the ultimate male cosmetic that nearly all of us need to improve our relationships with the opposite sex.

Send for yours today and give yourself the opportunity for some exciting new experiences. Aeolus 7 comes in a handy spray container with full instructions. It costs only $29.95 including all postage and packing. One spray of Aeolus 7 will last at least 10 days on cotton wool and there is sufficient for 15 sprays in each container. Enough to last for nearly 5 months.

ORDER FORM *To: OLNER PTY. LTD., P.O. BOX 56, SEAFORTH, 2092.*
171 Seaforth Crescent, (SYDNEY). Telephone (02) 949 4513

Please send me ..... container(s) Aeolus 7 at $29.95 per container. 3 for $78.
I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card Details ☐

Quantity	Article	Price	Total
	Aeolus 7	$29.95	

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

☐ American Express ☐ Visa
☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard
☐ Diners Club

Cardholder's Signature X _____ Exp. Date _____

AP 585

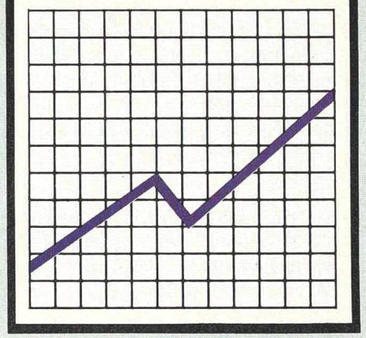
INTERVIEW

I made it because I wanted to make it.
Penthouse: There will be those who will try to use you as some kind of symbol . . .
Ella: That's fine if they're using it to say, "Mark Ella's made it despite the background he comes from." It proves it can be done if you believe in your own ability. If you stick at it and you work hard, then you can achieve anything.
Penthouse: Is outright racism evident in rugby union?
Ella: No, not at all.
Penthouse: Do you see yourself as an ambassador for the Aboriginal community?
Ella: In a way, yes. There's not many Aboriginal sportsmen, so whether I like it or not, I probably am.
Penthouse: Did you have that belief in yourself when you were starting out?
Ella: I wanted to play for Australia, to play at the Sydney Cricket Ground in front of a crowd of 30 to 40 thousand. When you're a little kid you look at awe-inspiring crowds like that and say, "I want to be there one day." Every kid does, it's only natural. You start to play, represent the school and so on but having started you've got to have the determination and desire to go through with it. Sure, I had ambition. I wanted to play for Australia; I wanted to be the number one five-eighth in Australia and I knew I was going to be.
Penthouse: Australian rugby is dominated by two states, Queensland and NSW. That's a very restricted competition. Does it make it easier or harder to become an international?
Ella: It makes it easier because you have fewer opponents for that position. If you make the NSW side, then you're part-way there because they virtually pick the Australian side from one or the other. You've got a 50/50 chance most of the time.
Penthouse: Queensland seems to play a more restricted tactical game compared with NSW's running style.
Ella: That's right. Queensland plays a more percentage type of game, whereas with NSW we try and move the ball as much as possible. When we combine the two teams in the national side it means that we can play all types of games. The Test team could have played it tight had we wanted to.
Penthouse: The Ella brothers made headlines in Britain on the 1981 tour, but neither Glen nor Garry made the trip in 1984. Why was that?
Ella: Well, Garry was unavailable and Glen was touch and go — he was very close to making it. He gave it his best shot, so I don't think he's disappointed that he didn't make it; he looked at it realistically.
Penthouse: Was it an advantage playing with one or two brothers in the same side?
Ella: I would say a big part of my success was due to having two brothers in the side. We played to each other and it was successful most of the time. You have a backline of seven players and when you've got three players who want to move the ball and are in good positions — like Glen's a fullback, I'm five-eighth, Garry's a centre — we can dictate the game. So, yes, it certainly did help. We've always been known as three players, that was part of our reputation, but we always believed that we could play just as well individually.
Penthouse: It attracted a lot of outside publicity as well.
Ella: Over the last six or seven years I've had a great deal of publicity — more than any rugby player in Australia, I think.
Penthouse: How have you reacted to that?
Ella: Most of it's been good, because we play positive rugby and we try to attack. People like running football. Therefore we seem to attract the right type of publicity, although there have been occasions when we've been bagged. But then everybody goes through that at some stage and we don't mind. It doesn't worry us if we're in the papers or not.
Penthouse: Do Glen and Garry still have ambitions?
Ella: They probably feel they can do a lot more given the opportunities. I feel they've been held back on a few occasions by selections and the type of game that we had to play at that particular time at both state and national levels. But I don't believe they are striving to reach an ultimate goal; they've both played for Australia and they're satisfied with their performances.
Penthouse: There have been persistent rumors of all of you turning professional with the same club.
Ella: That was bandied about, but I don't think it was ever a possibility; I don't think one club could afford the money we were asking. To buy three players as a package would require a lot of money, especially since it would be for at least three years.
Penthouse: Your first year with Randwick was a peak in many ways . . .
Ella: Yes, it was actually. We arrived as schoolboys with tremendous reputations, and so much was expected from us. Being able to play football in probably one of the hardest competitions in the world was fantastic; I'll never forget that first year playing amongst men. It really shone out for us that we could still play our own type of football at any level, or at that level anyway, and get away with it. We were successful without having to change our game. The team probably adapted their play around our style more than we changed for them.
Penthouse: Given the position and influence that you have attained within the Aboriginal community, do you have any ambitions of using that in some way in the future?
Ella: No, no. When you talk about my position in society, all I've ever done is played rugby. I've never thought about it like that — using my name and position, as you say, to get me into this and get me into that. I just play the game I love and I can't help it if I'm recognised a lot in the press. Obviously in the future if I decide to think of something like that, the opportunity is there.
Penthouse: Are there people attempting to push you into areas you would rather avoid?
Ella: Yeah, but as long as I know what's going on, I don't care what anybody else thinks. As long as I'm in control of my life, my thoughts, and what I want to do, that's fine.
Penthouse: Finally, Australia at the moment is possibly the world's number one rugby side. Do you feel Australian rugby has finally come of age and, with such a young squad, can you stay on top?
Ella: To be a power in rugby you've got to be consistent — I've always said this. In the past we've won some great individual Test matches against France and New Zealand, for example, and then last year we went over to Britain and won four — the Grand Slam. Yet we might play New Zealand in a one-off and lose, and then we're right back to the same old level we were at before the start of 1984. New Zealand are regarded as probably the best side in the world because they win *consistently;* they don't lose very often. I think I've played matches against most rugby nations and we've beaten them but we don't get recognised because we win one and then lose one. You've got to win all your Test matches over a period of time to be a dominant force. I believe we're a power in rugby now and we'll be on top for the next couple of years, but it's up to us — we're there and we've got to stay there. As Alan Jones said, you're a rooster one day and the next you could be a feather duster. You've really got to perform time after time — *all* the time. So, even though we're on top now, the next couple of years will tell if we're any good at all.

FOR THE VERY BEST
Adult Video Tapes
Books
Aids
Lingerie
At Lowest Prices
Kings Cross Mail Orders
Dept. PH P.O. Box 238,
WAVERLY, N.S.W. 2024.
☐ FREE CATALOGUE
☐ 3 FULL COLOUR MAGAZINES (hard core) ENCL. $15.
Chg ☐ MO ☐ Cash ☐
Bankcard No
Name:
Address:
P/C
I am over 18 years of age.
Signature
517 Botany Rd., Waterloo, N.S.W. 2017.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

CAN YOU HANDLE SUCCESS?



For many people, succeeding turns out to have been the *easy* part. Living with their success is what's really hard. Indeed, coping with success is often much more psychologically difficult than coping with failure.

Recent psychological research indicates that a full 40 percent of all high-achievers feel guilty about succeeding. No matter how hard they've worked, they suspect they haven't earned the rewards that have come to them. They feel like frauds — impostors who've reached the top of the heap by accident.

This psychograph is designed to see whether you can accept success as the legitimate reward for your talent and ambition, or whether any success you achieve will leave you feeling like a fraud.

In its most extreme manifestations this impostor phenomenon can be deadly. Feelings of fraudulence and unworthiness can impel enormously successful people to commit acts of reckless self-destruction. Such guilt feelings drive a John Belushi to dope himself into oblivion. They can exert the constant psychological pressure that causes a stockbroker at the top of his profession to step out the window of his 20th-floor office.

Of course, most people who harbor doubts about their success don't react so extravagantly. Yet even in small doses, the impostor syndrome can lead to a lot of insecurity and unhappiness. People who suffer from it are self-convicted frauds who subconsciously worry that their "fakery" will be unmasked. Continued success may eventually convince some of these people that they are truly talented and deserving. But for others, increased success is like throwing petrol on a fire. The more they achieve the more they have to feel guilty about.

Research in this field is relatively recent and the psychology profession is only beginning to fully understand how these feelings of being an impostor originate and how they can be combatted. Dr Pauline Clance, who with Dr Suzanne Imes wrote the initial scholarly paper on this subject (it appeared in the journal *Psychotherapy: Theory, Research and Practice*), feels the impostor phenomenon often develops in children who don't think they're as smart as their brothers and sisters. Some psychoanalysts suspect these feelings — in men at least — may spring from hidden rivalries with the father.

No matter what the cause, feeling like a fake can really take a lot of the fun out of your life. However, simply knowing you are prone to this impostor syndrome may help you deal with negative feelings when success comes your way. If you answer the following questions honestly and accurately, you should get some idea of how well you'd be able to cope with the psychological baggage that often accompanies achievement.

1. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree:
   (a) I'm a true workaholic. I'll always take on more work, even if it means giving up my nights and weekends.
   (b) I do the work I'm required to do and sometimes a little more, but I'm not compulsive about it. For me, there's more to life than working.
   (c) I do as little work as I can get away with.

2. Do you find that you never seem to have enough time to accomplish all the tasks that need doing?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. Do you think success makes people forget their roots?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

4. Do you feel *you've* lost touch with the background you were brought up in?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
   (a) There's nothing wrong with rising above your background. It's a lot more important to think about the future than about the past.
   (b) No matter how successful you become, it's important never to forget where you came from.

6. Are you better educated than your parents?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. How does your financial status compare with that of your parents?
   (a) I'm much better off than they are.
   (b) I'd say I'm in roughly the same economic bracket as they are.
   (c) They are much better off.
   (d) I'm a student, so I can't make any comparisons.
   (e) I'm still at the beginning of my career, so it's too early to make comparisons.

8. Choose the statement that most closely reflects your beliefs:
   (a) Except in fields like modelling or acting, physical appearance plays little or no part in whether you succeed.
   (b) A good physical appearance helps you succeed, although I don't think that's the way it should be.
   (c) Sure, good looks can help you succeed. You have to use every advantage you can if you want to survive in this world.

9. Do you think luck plays a large part in success?
   (a) Yes, it's the primary ingredient in success.
   (b) Luck can give you opportunities for success, but it's hard work that turns those opportunities into reality.

> The impostor syndrome often develops in children who don't think they're as smart as their brothers and sisters

(c) Luck has very little to do with success.

10. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I have a hard time telling whether I'm doing something correctly or incorrectly. I can't seem to predict whether what I'm working on will turn out well or not."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

11. How would you describe your confidence level:
(a) I'm very confident about my abilities, in virtually all areas of my life.
(b) I'm not particularly confident about my career abilities; yet in other areas, such as social relationships, I feel quite confident.
(c) In general, I don't have much self-confidence at all.

12. Do you feel that your parents considered you an intelligent child?
(a) yes
(b) I think they figured I was about average.
(c) No, I think they considered me below average.

13. Do you have at least one brother or sister who, as a child, was considered brighter than you?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. Have you often had to use flattery and brown-nosing to get things you want?
(a) Yes, and I hate it.
(b) Yes, and it's fine by me. The world is full of dickheads and if it takes flattery to manipulate them, I'll do it.
(c) no

15. Do you think most people in your field of endeavor are more talented than you are?
(a) yes
(b) Some are, some aren't.
(c) no

16. When you're undertaking a new task, do you worry a lot about whether or not you'll be successful?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

17. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I'm not as talented or smart as I appear to be."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

18. Do you usually have to work harder than other people to successfully complete tasks that have been assigned to you?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

19. Do you feel that having a pleasant personality has been a major factor in helping you succeed?
(a) yes, very much
(b) somewhat
(c) I don't think so.

20. Are you afraid that eventually you will screw up badly in public and people will then realise that they've always overrated you?
(a) yes
(b) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points and the lowest is 20.

1. a-8, b-3, c-1
2. a-5, b-1
3. a-4, b-2, c-1
4. a-6, b-1
5. a-1, b-4
6. a-5, b-1
7. a-7, b-3, c-1, d-2, e-2
8. a-1, b-7, c-1
9. a-7, b-2, c-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-1, b-5, c-1
12. a-1, b-3, c-8
13. a-8, b-1
14. a-7, b-1, c-1
15. a-6, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-2, c-1
17. a-5, b-3, c-1
18. a-5, b-3, c-1
19. a-8, b-4, c-1
20. a-7, b-1

If you scored 60 points or more:
Although the highest possible score on this psychograph is 125, any score of 60 or more suggests that you might have substantial trouble accepting success. Whenever you achieve something you are likely to begin feeling immediately that you don't deserve it. It is important you come to understand that your impostor feelings, while real, are hardly logical. Your answers indicate that you are a conscientious, hardworking person. If that's true, then you deserve any success that comes to you; you are not a fraud, no matter what you think.

45 to 59 points:
In a person like you, the initial taste of success may prompt feelings that you are an impostor who hasn't earned the rewards coming your way. That's natural. Most people experience such doubts when they first have to deal with the sense of exposure and unfamiliarity that accompanies success. With continued success, however, these feelings will dwindle as your normal competence and confidence reassert themselves.

31 to 44 points:
You probably have an extremely well-balanced view of success. You recognise that success often comes from a combination of luck (such as being in the right place at the right time, or knowing the right person) and skill. If you should receive credit for an achievement you haven't really earned, you can accept it without feeling like a guilty impostor. You know that, in the long run, it will be your own talent and hard work that sustain your success.

20 to 30 points:
You may have the absolute best attitude for coping with success. You'll accept anything good that comes your way, whether you earned it or not, and be happy to have it. The problem is that many people with this attitude lack the nervous energy and conscientiousness that are often the key ingredients needed to achieve success.

Interestingly, one subgroup that would probably land in this scoring category is made up of people who are truly impostors. Those using guile and fraudulent means to attain their objectives rarely feel guilty about anything they do.

MORE POWER TO THE ROBOTS OF ITALY.

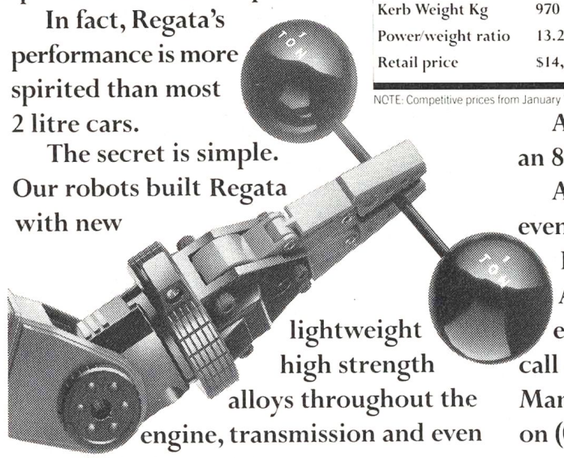
New Fiat Regata may be built by robots. But it was conceived by people who love performance.

So this explains the exhilarating nature of a Regata test drive.

Nobody expects a twin OHC engine to go 0 to 100kph in ten seconds. Nor would you expect a top speed of around 180kph.*

In fact, Regata's performance is more spirited than most 2 litre cars.

The secret is simple. Our robots built Regata with new lightweight high strength alloys throughout the engine, transmission and even the brake calipers.



So Regata goes like a shell. But not, we might add, like a thirsty shell.

Because Regata is packed with fuel saving features like a slippery aerodynamic rating of 0.35, a five speed gearbox and new electronic Digiplex ignition.

And with its light and powerful front wheel drive, low profile Pirelli P8 steel radials and all round independent suspension, Regata's power never gets out of hand.

Naturally, Regata has enough standard features to keep you amused, even on the longest autostrada.

Like an advanced AM/FM stereo cassette system. Power front windows. Central door and boot locking. Luxury cloth seating and trim. Servo controlled heating and ventilation.

SPECIFICATION (Manuals)	REGATA 100S	ALFA 33	VOLVO 360 GLT	ROVER QUINTET	HONDA ACCORD 4-DOOR
Engine cc	1585	1490	1986	1602	1829
Max. Power kW/rpm	73/5900	62/5800	85/5750	59/5000	74/5800
Max. Torque Nm/rpm	133/3800	118/3500	160/3600	126/3500	147/3500
Camshaft	TWIN	TWIN	SINGLE	SINGLE	SINGLE
Kerb Weight Kg	970	890	1179	935	997
Power/weight ratio	13.2kg/kW	14.3kg/kW	13.9kg/kW	15.8kg/kW	13.5kg/kW
Retail price	$14,495†	$15,500	$18,890	$13,800	$15,050

NOTE: Competitive prices from January '85 R.J. Pound.

And full instrumentation including an 8 function electronic check meter.

And at just $14,495† Regata gives you even more power where you need it most. In your dollar.

A Regata test drive is a powerful experience. See your Fiat dealer now or call our National Sales Manager toll free on (008) 22 6643.

FIAT
Europe's No.1

NEW FIAT REGATA.

*Factory Test †Plus statutory and dealer charges. Auswide Pty Ltd., a member of the LNC group. Price correct as at March 3, '85.

New South Wales: Grenville Motors (02) 888 7277. *Victoria:* Grenville Motors (03) 791 5888. *Queensland:* Annand & Thompson (07) 399 0999. *South Australia:* Champions (08) 211 8166. *Western Australia:* LNC Distribution (09) 451 5011.

PKBAUS6224NAT/M

MOTORING

PASTA POWER

Fiat took Japanese lessons and came up with the Regata

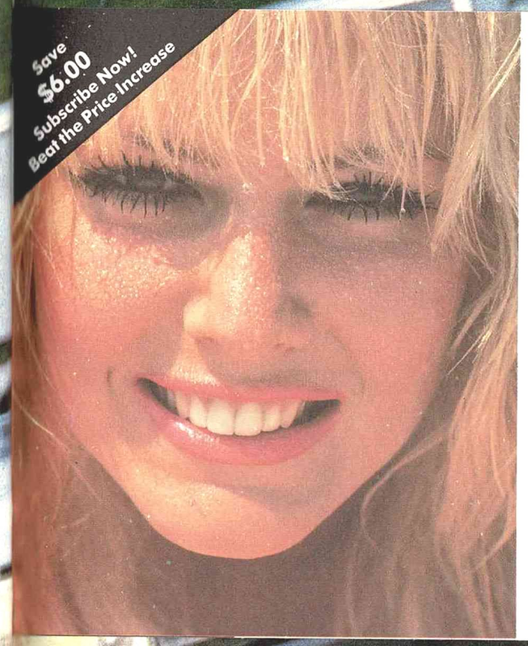
BY PETER McKAY

The Germans invented the motor car, and today they still produce the finest road machines in the world. But it's those wonderfully crazy, hedonistic Italians who best know how to enjoy their driving. Proud Italians never concede that German cars are superior to their own, so it follows that Italians tend not to buy German cars; they buy Italian cars, tailored to appeal to free-wheeling Latin temperaments.

Italian manufacturers haven't always thought enough about export markets. There was a tendency for Italians to design and build cars to appeal to the Italian ways. Not always, but often. This philosophy hasn't always enhanced sales of those vehicles in other markets. For, like cars made across the border in France, those machines sometimes had limited appeal to motorists from more practical, conservative countries like Australia. So the international romance with the Italian motor car has ebbed and flowed over the years, here and elsewhere.

In Europe, Fiat of Italy is currently king of the road. It's the number one car-maker on the continent with a market share of 13.4 percent. Naturally, Fiat is the unchallenged numero uno in Italy. In Australia though, the story is remarkably differ-

PHOTOS BY DEREK GOARD



YES!

Send me the unrestricted issues of AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE. 12 issues please for $42.00

I enclose my cheque/money order for $42.00 or debit my:–

☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account No._____

Expiry Date_____

Signature_____

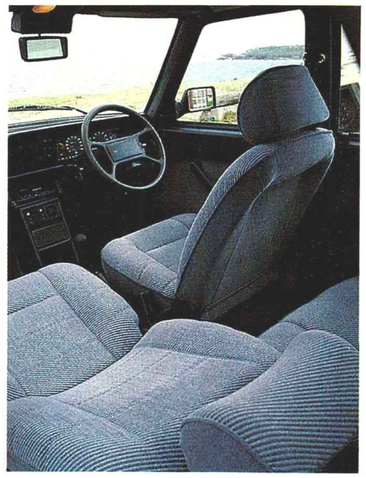
Name_____

Address_____

_____ P/Code_____

Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy.
Offer applicable only in Australia.

Australian PENTHOUSE



Fiat's compact Regata features European styling and luxury interior appointments

POWER

ent. Fiat has struggled in recent times. It sold just 300 cars here during 1984.

Fiat enjoyed quite a high profile in Australia in the immediate pre-war period, and even a decade after The Big One — no doubt helped enormously by the surge of Italian immigrants — Fiat was holding on to its market share fairly well with models such as the 1100. The fondly remembered 1500, with its lusty performance and rorty exhaust note that gave boy racers an immediate hard-on, kept the ball rolling. That car was the bee's knees for the young bloke who had a quid. It was *impressive*.

The boom year for Fiat in Australia was 1970 when nearly 6500 cars were sold here. Hottest property was the 124 model, which amassed more than 6000 sales over a 10-year period. Helping rattle up the numbers were the 128 sedan and the 125. Despite the high level of acceptance, there were disturbing tales . . .

Quality control at Fiat factories was a worry. There were plenty of Monday and Friday cars (Mondays and Fridays are notorious for chronic absenteeism by workers escaping the monotony of the assembly line). The grapevine spread the word: Fiats fall to bits.

Also, it was almost obligatory that a new Fiat would be afflicted by an outbreak of rust as the new owner drove out of the showroom. The Italians were a tardy lot when it came to countering that malignancy, reason enough to swear off a repeat purchase come trade-in time. Some of course backed up. Longtime Fiat fanatics can be blind to faults, smitten by the badge and captivated by the guttural growl from the tailpipe.

Sales dipped both here and in Europe. The decline, a slow one at first, was exacerbated by management turmoil and the Italian disease, union strife. Compounding the company's difficulties, its model lineup was starting to look decidedly tired. These were the lean years at Fiat.

In Australia, Fiat (along with most other imported brands) took another low blow in the Seventies when the Federal Government made sweeping changes to its vehicle import policy. Up went the duty, making foreign vehicles more expensive and just that much less attractive to the consumer. Fiat slipped further into the mire, although in Europe there were encouraging signs that Fiat was valiantly attempting to shake free of its lethargy. Stylists and engineers were set loose to cobble up a host of new vehicles for the Eighties and beyond.

Two years ago, the antiquated lineup was progressively committed to the knackery, replaced since that time by 13 exciting new models. The Europeans lapped up the new machinery — brilliant (mainly small) cars like the Uno, the Ritmo and the Regata. Widespread acclaim followed and the Uno clinched European Car of the Year honors. And Fiat forged ahead of Ford as 1984 closed. Australia's embattled car importers also got some good news during '84 in the form of Senator John Button's new import scheme for the coming years. Some relief was at hand. Quotas were to be gradually phased out — meaning that existing restrictions on numbers sold locally were to be eased and ultimately abolished.

The Regata arrived Down Under earlier this year carrying with it Fiat's hopes of recapturing lost ground here. It is the first of several new models destined for Australia.

Optimism was high at the Regata's launch. Key words like "resurgence", "renaissance" and "rebirth" flowed from the lecturn like red vino. The message: Fiat is on the comeback trail in Oz. The sales projection for '85: 2000 units. (Remember, just 300 of the old Argenta and 131 SuperBrava range were flogged off last year.) And the confident prediction for the future is to attract 5000 Fiat customers by 1987 or '88. By then there'll be three models in the local armory — the Regata will be joined by the Uno and the bigger Thema from sister company Lancia.

The Regata is a ground breaker for Fiat. It isn't like the Fiats it replaced. That's good. The corporate heavies insist it matches Japanese quality. That's good too, particularly if it's the truth.

It's the first front-wheel-drive Fiat to hit these shores, but that wasn't the biggest change. The old exhaust bark has gone, replaced by a whimper from the silencer — sacrilege. There are two models, the 100 and the 85. Those numbers designate the horsepower output of the respective engines, so we'll concentrate on the faster of the two . . .

At its introduction here the Regata was cheaper than the Alfa 33 and its other principal opposition, the Volvo 360. "We don't expect the retail price to change during 1985," said the distributors at the time of the launch. That statement triggered querulous looks. Pricing, particularly on imported vehicles, has been in a constant state of animation in recent years. The 100S came in at $13,995 in January, and was unchanged in March. No way is it still the same price today. No way . . .

Styling of the Regata has been accorded a mixed reception. It's not unattractive, but big plastic bumpers don't help aesthetics. Their job is to assist peace of mind. Sloping bonnet and duck's-arse rear give it a purposeful stance and a handily slippery 0.35 coefficient of drag factor. After the boxy, uninspiring shape of the now departed Argenta and SuperBrava, the occasional rounded edges of the Regata come as welcome sights. A modern twin-cam 1.6-litre engine producing 73.5 kilowatts mobilises the Regata 100. While it is certainly no tyre burner, performance is one of Fiat's selling points.

The five-speed Regata's top speed is in the region of 180 klicks, and it'll run from rest to 100 km/h in around 10 seconds. Engineering and design emphasis does lean towards the enthusiastic driver. There's independent MacPherson strut suspension at each corner, and rack and pinion steering.

For a product of a firm so steeped in the history of sporting motoring, this car does not quite reach the finest standards of road-holding and cornering. On second-class road surfaces, the rear wheels want to dance about a little. Having the tail weighted down with extra passengers or some boot cargo helps. The steering, too, is not quite as sharp as it might be although maybe Fiat is merely allowing for what is known in the business as The Sneeze Factor. Translated, it is deliberate inbuilt sloppiness at the dead ahead position to prevent the car darting about in the hands of an imprecise driver. Good drivers don't need or like The Sneeze Factor. Bad ones do. The steering is sensibly geared and there's no need to fork out further money on the power option.

Still, the Regata is a particularly practical motor car. It misses out on the quirks of many previous Fiats. It's as if Fiat wants desperately to sell this car to people other than Italians. A roomy little critter despite its modest external dimensions, it's a genuine five seater (at a squeeze). There's plenty of room for a couple of substantially proportioned adults in the rear. Head-to-headlining clearance is abundant, shoulder room not so good.

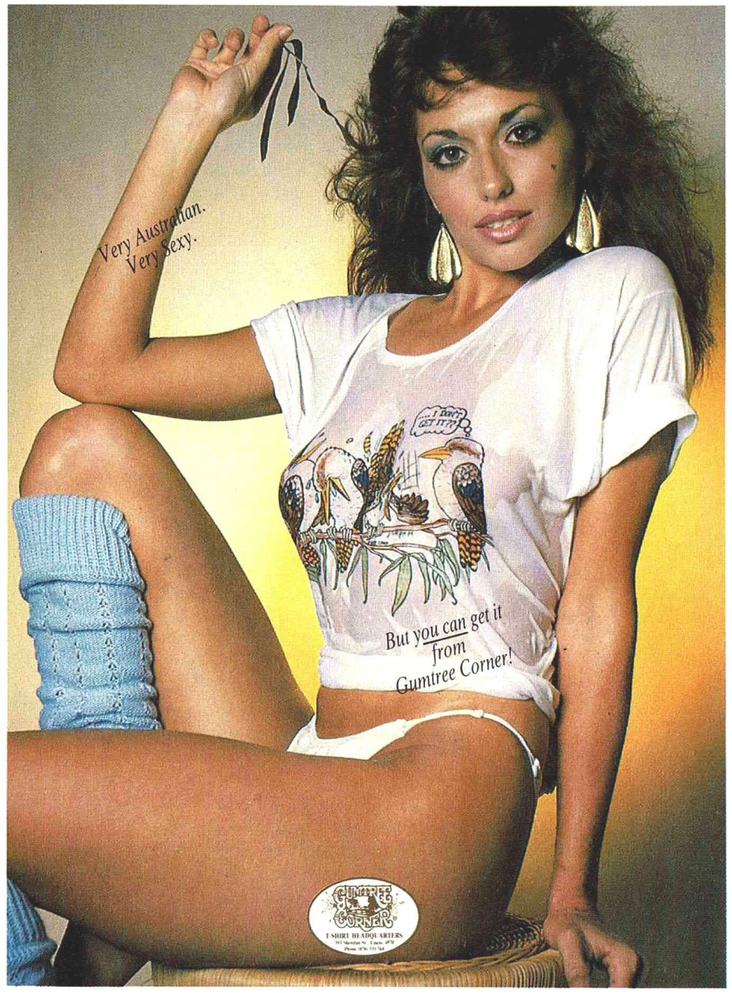
The real surprise is its list of appointments, spectacular by compact-car standards, including power front windows, central door locking and low-profile Pirelli P8s. The auto option is due here any time now with a wagon version called the Weekend lobbing next summer. The automatic box will be greeted enthusiastically by Fiat salesmen as it is a feature the rival Alfa 33 doesn't possess.

With summer heat like ours, the ventilation systems in European passenger cars are often found wanting. The Fiat is an exception. Travelling at 100 km/h, fresh air gushes into the cabin even with the booster fan switched off, while for driving about town the three-speed fan more than copes. For stay-awake wintertime driving it's possible to dial up cool air for the face and warm for the legs and feet.

A strong selling point for the Regata is its fuel thriftiness. *Australian Penthouse* achieved around 8.3 litres/100 kilometres on a extended highway run. That's 34 mpg in the old Imperial and good news in any language. As part of turning over a new leaf, Fiat is trumpeting about the Regata's anti-corrosion measures. If not assured, longevity has at least been promised.

It's a welcome sign that the Italians are fast coming to grips with the new demands of Eighties' motorists. The Regata is a chance for success because Fiat has showcased the manufacturing philosophies of the Japanese, acknowledged the demands of buyers outside of Italy, while not forgetting the tradition upon which Fiat made its name. Most of the old faults have been banished.

No-one will rue the absence of body corrosion — rust by another name — from the equipment package offered with the new generation Fiats. One other thing though: we're gonna miss that raunchy exhaust bark. O



Send to:

393 Sheridan St Cairns 4870

GUMTREE CORNER T-SHIRT HEADQUARTERS

brings you 100% Cotton All Australian Maid T-shirts for only $18.00 + 1.50 postage
This design is also available on All Australian Maid Rugby Winter Cotton long & short sleeve shirts. **Make cheques & money orders payable to Gumtree Corner.**

T-shirt sizes	☐ 12	☐ 14	☐ 16	☐ 18	☐ 20	☐ 22
Short Sleeve Shirts	☐ S	☐ M	☐ L	$28.00 + $1.50 postage		
Long Sleeve Shirts	☐ S	☐ M	☐ L	$28.00 + $1.50 postage		

Yes: please rush me ..... (how many) of your original hand printed T-shirts/sweaters.
I understand my money will be refunded if not completely satisfied. I would also like one of your famous 1985 colour catalogues of other designs.

Name:.....

Address:.....

Postcode:.....Phone No.:.....

Please charge to my Bankcard account no.:

4 9 6 ☐☐ ☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐ $.....

or accept my cheque/money order for $.....

Signature:.....

LOCAL HERO

Queensland runner Ron Grant is defining the limits of human endurance

At 6.15am heat is already rising, mixing with the smoke of summer fires in a burnished haze across the coastal flatlands 45 kms north of Brisbane. Three of us run abreast on a rough bush track, hearing the first synthesised screech of cicadas, a peculiar, high-pitched sound so pervasive it seems to enter the pores and circulate in the blood. The circuit we're running extends five kilometres around the top of a hill whose slopes are a verdant patchwork of banana plantations.

My companions — a man and a woman — are small, lithe, neatly proportioned, with fair hair and deep tans. They move along effortlessly in state-of-the-art running shoes, dwarfed by your correspondent, who lumbers between them in sneakers.

After two kilometres of savage little inclines and steep descents, I slow to a walk, urging the others — who had done a fast eight kilometres before I joined them — to go on ahead. "I'll . . . catch . . . up," I wheeze, a piece of bravado that brings a faint smile to the weathered face of Ron Grant, a 42-year-old bread vendor who happens to be the world's toughest endurance runner.

Politely, Grant and his wife Dell — no mean marathon runner herself — walk with me to the top of the next rise. Then Grant begins to run on the spot, the neat little feet impatient for more punishment. Assisted by gravity, I lurch into motion once more.

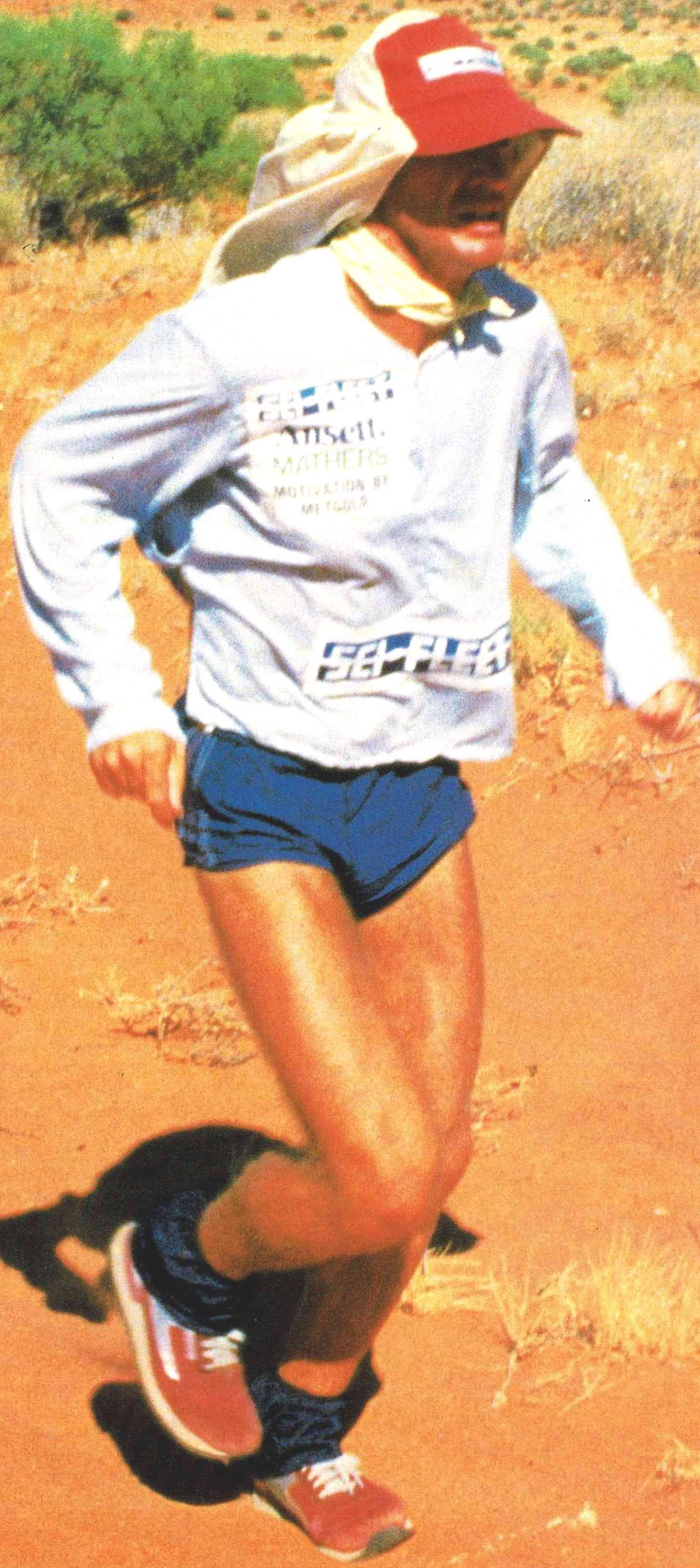
There's a couple more brief walking breaks, and then, after running up a long steep incline, we're within sight of the finish. At the top I can see Grant's car. I desperately want to reach the car without stopping, but my lungs won't co-operate.

"Nearly there," Grant says encouragingly, but I've had it. As Ron Grant runs away from me up the hill, I kiss goodbye to one of journalism's more cock-eyed ideas: my theory that by meeting Grant in his environment — by asking penetrating questions as we ran — I might gain some inkling of *why* this man is addicted to a singular form of self-torture.

Why, for example, he underwent seven months of excruciating pain and loneliness to become the first person to run around Australia: 217 days of *continuous* physical punishment that took Grant 13,383km over

PROFILE BY FRANK ROBSON

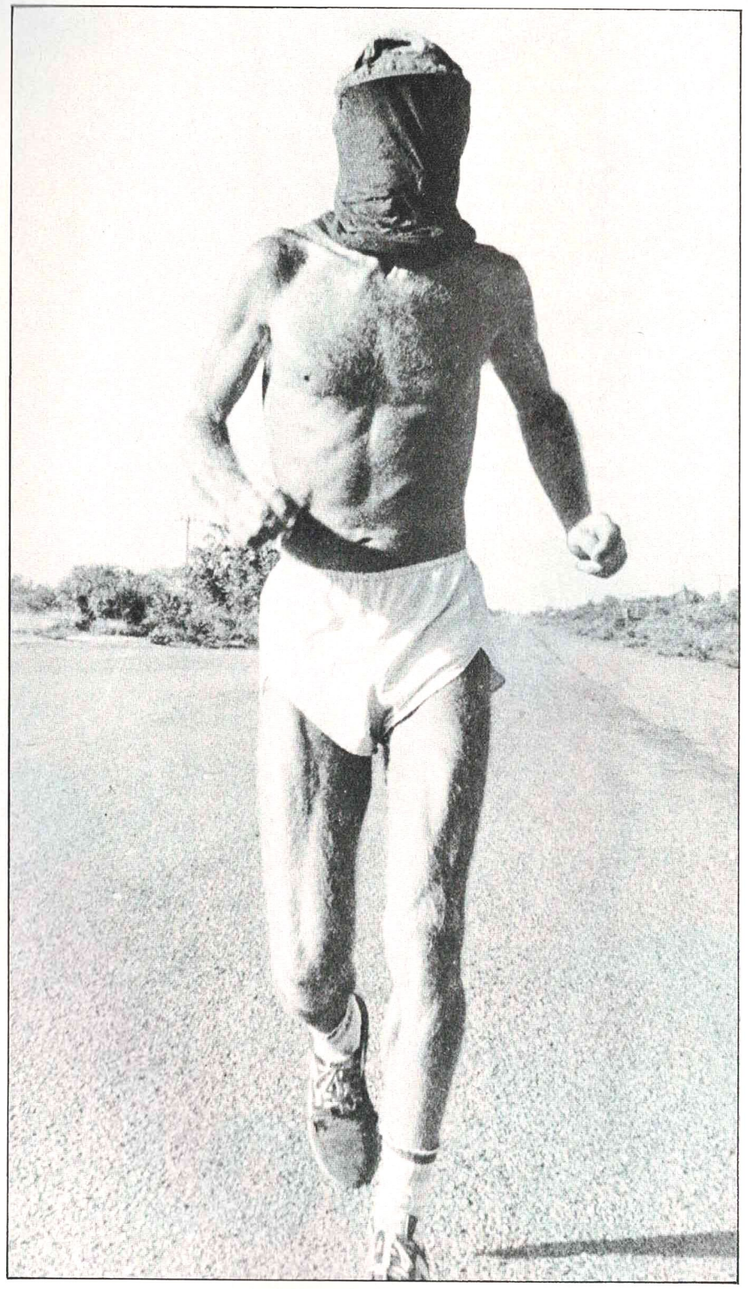
PHOTO BY STEVE GROVE/NEWS LTD



LOCAL HERO

some of the most inhospitable, depressing and plain boring terrain on the face of the planet. Or why, only a fortnight before our meeting, he ran clear across the Simpson Desert during the hottest part of the year, smashing his own winter record for the crossing by covering 380km — in temperatures of up to 65 degrees — in just over three days.

Dressed like Lawrence of Arabia, whose legendary contempt for pain he admires, Grant literally crawled over the steepest of the 1162 sandhills (he counted them) along his route, wearing gloves to protect his hands against the blazing red sand. He ran across gibber rocks hot enough to cook on in an area that is home to the world's most aggressive and deadly snake, the western taipan. Described by boffins in the *Guinness Book Of Records'* London office as "the most gruelling endurance run yet attempted in extreme heat", the Simpson crossing confirmed that clean-living Ron Grant, a modest country-bred father of two from the snoozy Queensland town of Caboolture, is somehow not quite your conventional human animal.



Between Mt Isa and Darwin Ron Grant wears a hood against swarming flies.

For years before the 1983 round-Australia run made him a national figure and a local hero, Grant ran other ultra-distance marathons: Sydney to Brisbane (new record 1979), the Birdsville Track (new record 1980), Cairns to Brisbane (new record 1980), and many more. He spent countless hours of anonymous suffering in a baffling determination to get from one arbitrary point to the next.

But WHY?

Not for money, certainly. Even the round-Australia epic, capturing the nation's imagination with its sheer entrepreneurial scope, failed to attract one major sponsor. Grant mortgaged his small home to finance the run. When it ended he was mentally fatigued to the point where he was probably on the verge of a serious breakdown and so heavily in debt he faced losing his home or his business.

He's since been named Queensland and Australian Sportsman of the Year, and Queenslander of the Year. His debts have been cleared, somewhat to Grant's embarrassment, by spontaneous contributions from an adoring public. And now, instead of being regarded by some locals as not quite right in the head, Grant is King of Caboolture. He's the perfect small town hero: quiet, unassuming, good-looking and attributing his successes to the work ethic influences of his mum and dad and the wholesome simplicity of a rural upbringing.

In just about any other sport or realm of activity, someone possessing Grant's abilities and daunting, almost supernatural will to succeed would be a so-called superstar, rolling in lucre and flicking luxuriantly through absurdly generous film and publishing contracts. But Ron Grant did not set his many world records just to become a hero, as much as he — like any of us — may enjoy such status. The fact is that Grant is driven by forces outside his understanding; he just *doesn't know* why he does it.

He first told me this back in 1981, when I went to Caboolture to interview him about his plan to run against horses in the annual Winton to Longreach Endurance Ride. (Astonishingly, by reducing his rest periods, Grant completed the 112 miles *ahead* of the horses).

Grant was virtually unknown then, and I was unable to forget what he told me of earlier distance runs. "The pain and loneliness is just... well, ghastly," he said, shaking his head in a kind of disgust at what he recalled.

"When I'm doing it, I hate just about every second — the heat, the flies and that white line on the road stretching on forever. I tell myself every time that I'll never do it again. Never! But I always do. It's as if... as if I was *two people,* one quite lazy and ordinary, and the other who has to do these things. And when local people ask me why, I can't tell them."

It was knowing this that gave me the idea — a fantasy really — of drawing Grant out by running alongside him. I imagined that somehow I would be transformed into a creature with winged heels who would pace him for miles across the mountains. Finally (in my fantasy) Grant would sit on a rock to catch his breath, while I marked time furiously on the spot. "If you quit that jigging about," the great athlete would say, "I'll tell you something no reporter has heard before. I'll tell you... *why I do it!*"

I suppose I became a little obsessed with finding the answer to that puzzle. Without, I hope, sounding too analytical or pretentious, the business of defining the limits of our determination is a compelling theme of this peculiar era, perhaps as a backlash against the indolence of the Sixties and Seventies.

In 1983, when Grant was running around the country, I was morbidly fascinated by a newspaper photograph of him alone on the terrible Barkly Highway, en route from Mt Isa to Darwin. Grant's head was enclosed in a black muslin hood against the flies, which swarmed in their billions above that hellish ribbon of fiery bitumen.

No writer cares to admit such things, but that picture of Grant battling across the desert in his hood captured the essence of man's inexplicable struggle against himself in a way all the newspaper articles failed to do.

Made anonymous by that sinister-looking veil, Grant's head became a sort of question mark. What was *happening* under there? Was he crying? Screaming? Laughing in delirium? No-one could know.

The picture seemed symbolic of Grant's own inability to understand why he voluntarily undertook such horrendous ordeals. It allowed us to imagine ourselves in the hood, every muscle in torment, staring at ten thousand flies and a shimmering, endless wasteland ahead, more than two-thirds of the distance still to cover — without a *single day* off — and getting closer by the step to the kind of self-knowledge only the looney human animal craves, and yet simultaneously fears.

Deep dark Joseph Conrad devoted most of his life to the question of what the black hood really conceals. Ron Grant, by averaging 61 kms a day for 217 days — two years after a doctor warned that because of degenerative changes in his bone structure he risked life in a wheelchair by running more than *five kilometres* a day — is likewise clearly hooked on the outer limits of self-exploration. And, queer though it may seem, what Grant does implies a challenge to other men — as if by setting himself such outlandish goals, and achieving them, he's throwing down a gauntlet to lesser mortals.

This is probably why so many unfit reporters, myself included, have taken the opportunity to run with him. Not to prove ourselves physically, but hoping to show that we too possess determination and grit, those qualities which set Ron Grant apart from any number of technically better athletes whose inner resources are not up to his.

In the outback, particularly, Grant's unspoken challenge to all men causes reactions like the one described in his book *My Life On The Line* (ghosted by Margaret Carlyon, Boolarong Publications) when a grizzled old-timer confronts Grant in an isolated pub during his round-Australia Oddyssey. "You ain't doing anything new," the old bloke exclaims. "When I was young in the Depression days fellows used to carry their swags all over Australia — so what do you think *you're* gonna achieve?"

At the Birdsville pub, finishing post for Grant's Simpson Desert crossing in January, reporters waiting for him to arrive filed stories in which locals were equally disparaging of Grant's efforts. The notion of a "city fella" running across their desert seemed to threaten some of the cowboys; that's not all that surprising I suppose, considering that their own survival represents the pinnacle of achievement for the men who live and work in these terrible heartlands.

> "When I'm doing it, I hate just about every second — the heat, the flies and the white line on the road stretching forever."

When the Grants had finished their morning exercise, and ruined my investigative fantasy on the hill of bananas, we drove back to Caboolture and the promise of a swim at the local pool. I lolled on the back seat, gasping, while they described their 13 km run as "playing around." They spoke guiltily — as though they should have done more.

Close to the swimming pool, Grant pointed to a spot on the road where he and Dell had met in 1981.

"You met on the *road*?"

"Yep. Right there. I was running and Dell came up behind me, also running, and introduced herself. We'd grown up in Caboolture but never met. We even went to the same school and worked within 100 metres of one another.

"It wasn't until years later, when we'd both been away — me in New Zealand and Dell up north — that we came back here and finally got together."

While locals watched their "world-beater" with coy smiles, Grant did 10 laps of the Olympic-sized pool. In brief togs his body appears deceptively frail — almost emaciated. Because of his vitality and boundless energy, I had to remind myself that only two weeks earlier he'd been out running the desert, losing a litre of sweat every hour. (With Grant's crew on the Simpson run were two support runners from a local athletics club. Only days after their return, Grant won a short "fun" marathon, while the support runners, still suffering the effects of pacing him over just a percentage of the desert course, ran well below their normal form.)

After breakfast (raw fruit, muesli and aloe vera juice) Grant went into the backyard and hung himself up by the heels on an inversion machine, a therapy he uses regularly and which may help to explain how he's avoided seizing up through wear and tear, as the doctor predicted.

The Grant home is small, modest and functional. It lacks evidence of any cultural pursuits; the bookshelves are dominated by stories of strong-minded achievers like Sir Francis Chichester, Mahatma Gandhi and R.M. Williams. A copy of *The Tough-Minded Optimist* by Norman Vincent Peale is conspicuous.

Like Ron and Dell's romance (they were married after the round-Australia run in late 1983) the home itself has a folksy, almost fairy tale feeling. Grant's mother, Melda, lives next door in what was once his boyhood home; the spot occupied by Grant's house was his parents' tennis court until he built there 12 years ago.

Both previously married, Grant and Dell live with her two young children and his 18-year-old son Lee, an apprentice baker built like a wrestler, whose weight-lifting equipment is out the back next to dad's inversion contraption. All members of the household have busy exercise regimens, giving the place the atmosphere of a small, friendly gymnasium. But none of this discreet nosing about was throwing much light on Grant's motivation, the question I had begun to think of as: *What happens under the black hood?*

Around mid-morning Grant and I drove to a local park and stopped beneath a tree to talk. Ducks and geese ghosted about a man-made lake and boys on bicycles rode around the car, grinning at their hero. Grant spoke about his father, Alexander, who died in 1977. "He was an ordinary man who would never have believed, as a baker, that his life could inspire anybody. But every day I can remember, as a kid, he got up at dawn and made his pies. He made the best pies he possibly could, and they were so popular that tourists detoured off the highway to buy them.

"My son Lee was only 10 when Dad died, but he remembered those pies —

and that's what inspired *him* to become a baker! I just wish Dad could have lived to see it."

And did this early environment shape his own determination as a runner?

Grant nodded.

"There were many times on the run around Australia when I thought about tossing it in and going home. I thought about going to my favorite beach.

"On the Barkly Highway especially, with the heat and the flies and the stink of dead animals on the road — I'm a vegetarian to make it worse — my determination was threatened. I'd have to hold my breath to run past those bloated corpses. Some days in Western Australia I'd run for two days solid without a bend in the road.

"I hated going to bed some nights [Grant slept in one of two caravans towed around the route by his support crew] knowing I'd wake and have to go out on that road. I'd just *hate* to face the day."

Grant's voice had changed, becoming low and halting. I stared at his sandalled feet, smallish and flat with several toenails dislodged and the skin around them peeling away — a legacy of his last skirmish with the Simpson Desert, where the heat causes running shoes to disintegrate.

"On the really bad days," Grant went on, "there were times when . . . when I actually cried to myself it was so terrible. I was just so low I couldn't stand it! But I knew I had to maintain my daily average, or the next day would be worse."

I kept watching his feet, fearing that if I met his eyes Grant would revert to self-conscious formality.

"Normally I don't show my emotions much," he said. "But out on the road on the bad days my feelings became uncontrollable. I would think of my father, and all that had happened since he went, or my children.

"But the decision to go on had been made when I decided to make the run. There were many people I didn't want to let down, the main one being myself. You see, there are plenty of athletes physically capable of doing what I've done. It seems the difference is that I stick with it.

"And that started a long time ago. Our family has always been that way. As a kid I'd wake at dawn and see that light in the bakehouse. Dad did that every day . . . and every day Mum was in the shop to sell his pies.

"So many kids today have parents who think nothing of going on the dole or taking days off work. That can't be good for the kids. I was lucky, being surrounded by people who didn't *consider* giving up."

In her introduction to Grant's book Margaret Carlyon refers to the American athlete Tarak Kauff, whose continuous long distance record of 8299 kms was broken by Grant on the round-Australia run. Kauff studied meditation and spiritual awareness to help his mind overcome physical pain, yet Grant, whom Carlyon describes as a "self-taught mental giant", had studied none of these things.

"I *like* being the outsider," Grant said when asked about this. "I've always been a sort of outcast. The pleasure for me is completing these runs my way."

And coping with pain?

Grant referred to a scene in the Peter O'Toole remake of *Lawrence Of Arabia*. "Remember when Lawrence holds a lighted match to his finger without flinching? His offsider tries it and — ouch! — drops the match. He asks how it's done . . . what's the secret?

"And Lawrence says, 'The secret, my dear friend, is not to *mind* the pain.'"

I nodded, unconvinced.

Grant continued: "It's not a matter of using mind control to eliminate the pain. I don't even try to shut pain out. In ultra-distance running the pain is *always* there. You accept it. You say, okay, this is going to hurt. But nothing stays the same. Maybe tomorrow it will be worse, but maybe — just maybe! — it won't be as bad."

> "It's not a matter of using mind control to eliminate the pain. In ultra-distance running the pain is *always* there. You accept it."

"But why do it at all?" I yelled at him.

Grant shrugged, watching the kids playing in the idyllic park in the centre of this peaceful town of simple God-fearing values, where his father once made pies so dependably delicious. "I could give a different answer every time to that," he said. "But the truth is I just don't know. I've stopped wondering about it."

Another shrug.

"We all have a purpose, great or small. With me, it's as if all the paths I've followed have led to this. I'm fascinated by achievers, no matter in what field. Everyone has a role . . . it's just that some people bugger it up by not *playing* their role."

As we drove home Grant talked of the welcome Caboolture put on when he returned from playing his role around Australia. "There were 'Welcome Home' banners on every storefront and just about everyone was waiting in the main street," he said. "It was a wonderful experience."

We passed a building that will soon bear the name RON GRANT HOUSE; people waved at Grant from the streets and motorists sounded their horns.

It's a wonder he hasn't been asked to stand for parliament, I thought, remembering photos of Premier Joh wringing Grant's hand and commending him to the world as further evidence of what can be achieved north of the tick gates. Later a National Party friend of Grant's confessed that Caboolture's hero was likely to be asked to stand at any time. Grant, though, insisted he wasn't interested in a political career.

Before meeting a few of Grant's running friends for lunch in a local pub, I asked Lee Grant if he understood his fathers' motivation. He didn't, of course.

"In a sentence," he said, "you could say it's crazy. I couldn't imagine myself doing it. He's so *hard* on himself that sometimes I get really worried.

"When I flew to Western Australia to see him on the round-Australia run, I felt sorry for him. He was miles away, like his thoughts were on Jupiter, you know? You spoke to him, and he'd acknowledged you, but it was like he wasn't really there."

In the hotel, while Grant autographed drink coasters for wide-eyed youngsters, I put the same infernal question to Bob Hill, a banana farmer and recreational athlete who is among Grant's closest friends. Hill claimed he knew why Grant did it, but couldn't explain. "It's a very personal thing," he said. "If you could find out, it would make a great story!"

I stared at him. "How the hell can I find out, if *he* doesn't know?"

Hill smiled enigmatically. Over lunch he was scornful of aerobic exercisers, advising them to "get out on the road and *hurt*!"

"Where's the pleasure in hurting?" I asked.

"I can't describe that," said Hill. "It's a personal thing."

Not to be drawn into this theme, Grant wondered aloud whether men could outrun camels over long distances. (He'd mentioned earlier how he was casting about for his next big challenge. It was a real problem, he confessed — the round-Australia epic being a hard act to follow. One possibility was the challenge from Victorian runner Tony Rafferty to race across Death Valley in California.)

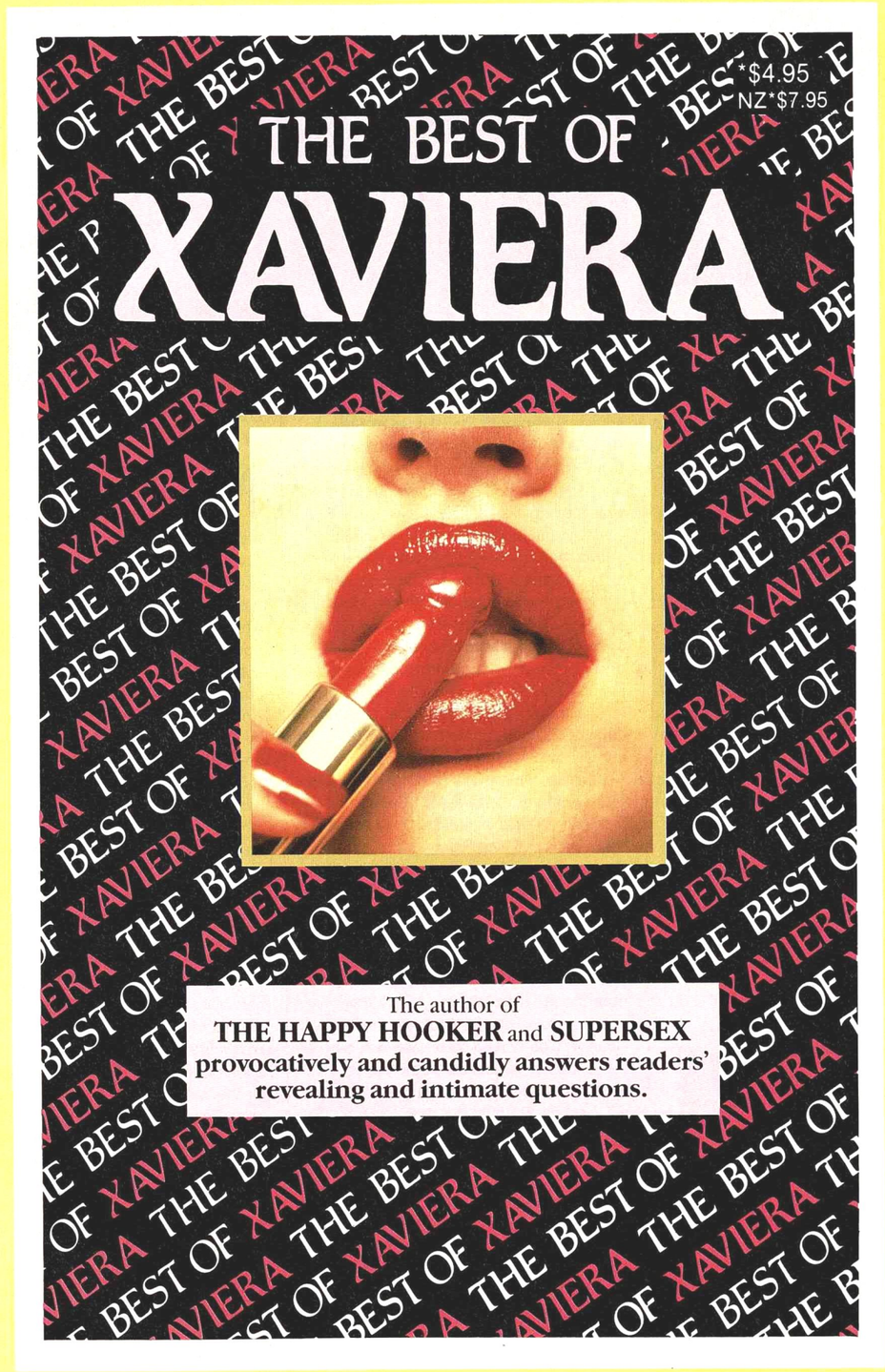
As the other runners became animated about endurance threshholds and natural highs and mysterious personal goals, Ron Grant — serenely in possession of *The Knowledge* — seemed somehow aloof, the high priest of pointless pain.

Soon after that, I went home. Next day, barely able to move because of my meaningless exertions on the banana hill, I drank beer and went to sleep.

Why did I stop playing my role? Why did I quit caring what went on under the Black Hood?

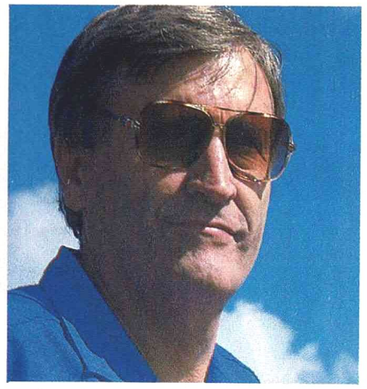
I can't explain. It's a personal thing.

So there.



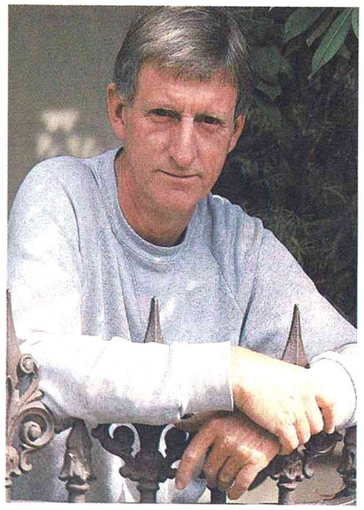
NOW AVAILABLE AT YOUR NEWSAGENTS.

PENTHOUSE PEOPLE



ROSS HIGGINS

Not even the hugely successful characterisation of Ted Bullpit, one of Australia's favorite TV sons, could permit the danger of Ross Higgins being typecast. Though people everywhere instantly recognise him as that incorrigible rogue-softie from the six-year-running TV series *Kingswood Country*, those in the electronic media and theatre know him for his incredible array of talents and credits. His vocal gymnastics were first recognised when, as a lad of 15, he joined the comedy team of the legendary Jack Davey in the declining years of radio in the Fifties. He jumped over to television at its inception in Australia in 1956. Since then he has created characters, too numerous to list entirely, who have become part of Australia's commercial folklore: Mr Sheen (still kicking after 20 years), Coco The Monkey (Co-co-lossal!), Snap, Crackle and Pop, Tony The Tiger, Cornelius The Rooster. In more recent times he has been "making money come to terms...", blitzing insect crawlies for aerosols, and doing voices for full-length animated tele-features of Charles Dickens' novels. It had been a sketch from the irreverent *Naked Vicar Show* which inspired the idea for *Kingswood Country; The Naked Vicar* was first a tremendously successful radio series which later became a stage play and then a TV series. Prior to that he provided many of the voices behind Sydney radio's 2JJ *Chuck Chunder* series and the ABC's *Doctors And Nurses*; he has whistled while fronting the Daly Wilson Big Band, played a vicar in a soapie, and impersonated a cockatoo too often to even caw about. And he does not rest. "It's been my rule, so I can pay the rent and eat, to always diversify, but I have certainly done comedy most of my life." That trend continues. His success in the current radio series *The Samuel Pepys Show* (satire which earned him gold records for releases of two albums) has led to a TV pilot series, just completed. We shall be seeing and hearing Ross Higgins for some time to come.

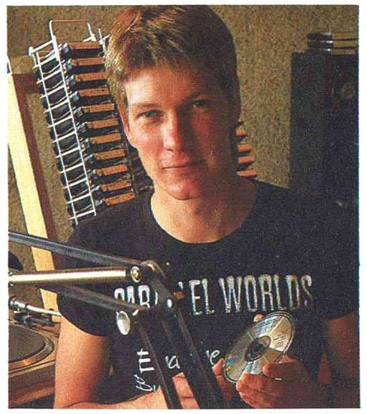


JOHN HOOKER

Melbourne-based author John Hooker has sparked an international war of words with his highly successful novel *The Bush Soldiers*. The book, set in Japanese-occupied Australia during World War II, has evoked wildly differing reactions wherever it has been published. It so upset the Poms that the *London Times* substituted a boxing kangaroo for the unicorn on their masthead, and accused Hooker of carrying on the tradition begun by Douglas Jardine and his bodyline bowlers and continued in the Maralinga A-Bomb tests. The Irish, on the other hand, loved it. *The Irish Times* decided Hooker "writes like a God — quite simply he writes more beautifully and more powerfully than virtually anybody I can think of..." Back home in Australia the critics were lukewarm. But in the US, one of the few countries where book royalties are worth more than the paper they are written on, Hooker is quickly becoming the flavor of the season. Viking published *Soldiers* in hard-cover, *The Washington Post* raved, and now Tor Books have made it their lead paperback for the winter. Hooker is now one of a select few Australian authors who employ overseas agents and earn a living full-time from books. The follow-up to *Soldiers*, set in the Korean War, is already well under way. By the time it is finished later this year Hooker believes someone will have picked up the film rights to *Soldiers*. Then he can think seriously about trading his secondhand Ford for something more befitting an internationally acclaimed author. But success has been no overnight phenomenon. Hooker has been involved in book editing and publishing in Australia for 20 years, and achieved some notoriety in the late Sixties when he was prosecuted for bringing *Portnoy's Complaint* to these shores.

ALAN JONES

Alan Jones hasn't got time for false modesty. When you're flat out trying to fill the substantial shoes of talkback radio guru John Laws and you also have to prepare the Australian rugby union team for a total of five Test matches against three nations, there's no room for self-doubt and no point in being coy. "Failure is a prospect that I have never entertained," says the man whose motivational genius, dedication and perfectionism were unarguably crucial factors in the Wallabies' incredible performance in pulling off a Grand Slam against England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland on the 1984 tour. For the 40-year-old former schoolteacher and former political adviser, the pendulum of fortune has swung full circle. When Jones coined the fateful phrase "Life wasn't meant to be easy" in his capacity as speechwriter for Malcolm Fraser, he knew what he was talking about. His appointment as national coach early last year was accompanied by a wave of vilification without precedent in Australian sport; one year later his reputation as the maestro of motivation earns him four-figure sums on the lecture circuit (where his favorite subject is "the pursuit of excellence"), and when the nation's sporting stocks run low it is Jones to whom the media turn for pearls of wisdom. When 2UE were casting around for a replacement for the irreplaceable Laws, Alan Jones was at the top of a star-studded shortlist. He signed up for a new career in radio talkback and is grateful for the chance to have a wider influence on Australian youth: "I am completely committed to the development of excellence in young people." Jones has made it clear that if there's any conflict between his radio and football commitments, the latter will come first: "I will not compromise in any way with the Australian rugby team." The first task is to get the brilliant Wallabies into shape for two home Tests against Canada prior to a single Bledisloe Cup game against the All Blacks on June 29 — a match which, in the absence of the South Africans, amounts to an unofficial World Championship in the eyes of rugby enthusiasts.



ROB DUCKWORTH

Rob Duckworth has always been fascinated by showbiz. Even in his first job as a travel consultant, where the perks included trips to New York, Europe and other points more exotic, he hankered for a life in the spotlight. But he was also frankly aware of his limitations. "I couldn't act; I couldn't sing; I couldn't play a musical instrument; I couldn't even tell a joke," he confides. "I wanted to get into the industry but I had no obvious talent — then I thought of radio." Duckworth promptly enrolled in radio school and from there it was a quick step into the studios of 2LF in Young (NSW). He only spent six months at the tiny station, but the experience he gained there was invaluable. As well as doing his six six-hour shows a week he was required to read the news, see clients, write copy for commercials and then produce them, and handle the mail. "Seeing I was the new boy on the staff I even had to attend to the gardening," recalls Duckworth. From Young he moved on to Orange (NSW) for another six-month stint, then spent eight months in Canberra before finally hitting the Big Smoke at 2UW. Duckworth's a great believer in moving rapidly in the cause of career advancement; he also sees no point in hanging around a place if you're not enjoying it. He found the format at 2UW too tightly scripted for his liking, so it was back to the national capital for another year. He returned to Sydney to work with Radio 2MMM for a while before jumping across town to 2SM to do the breakfast session there, "because it's the ambition of every radio announcer in Australia to do breakfast in Sydney." Duckworth has since returned to MMM and in 18 months there has established himself as Sydney's most popular drive-time announcer. Eventually he'd like to get into TV, being "very happy to start small and work up through the ranks." If his whirlwind track record on radio is anything to go by, expect to catch Duckworth's amiable mug on your video screen soon.

IAN TASKER

For well over a decade Ian Tasker, a 37-year-old jack of all trades on the entertainment scene, has been attempting to break down the barriers that have been built up between "legitimate" and "illegitimate" forms of entertainment. In Tasker's opinion, there's no difference between a stripper and a Shakespearean actor — they're both entertainers, and the gulf that exists between them is purely theatrical snobbery. In his attempt to bridge that gap, Tasker has been credited with much of the commercial success of Max Gillies and the Sydney Dance Company as well as the rocketing revival of the Delltones — all of whom he presented to audiences in his role as artistic director of Sydney's wildly popular Kinselas nightspot. During his 20 months directing the venue, Tasker would dish up top music performers with magicians, our top comics with puppet shows, modern dance troupes with acrobats — and the crowds lapped up his inventive approach. In the early Seventies, Tasker was also in on the ground floor of pub theatre in Australia when he teamed up with Bryan Brown and Hugh Rule to stage actors co-op productions starring folks like Chris Hayward and Grant Dodwell at the White Horse pub, Sydney's (and Australia's) first pub theatre. After growing up on a dairy farm near Wyong, NSW, he cut his theatrical teeth working with the Australian Arts Council before moving on to an eight-year stint with the Old Tote. He has supervised stage management, production, direction or lighting on such hits as *The Pleasure Of His Company* with Douglas Fairbanks Jr, *The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas, West Side Story* and the Peter Allen knees-up. He is also Barry Humphries' production supervisor on each of the comedian's extravaganzas. Tasker has recently set up his own production company, Inca Productions, and true to form has veered between cabaret shows with Lana Cantrell and Debbie Byrne and black comic reviews like *Helen Keller: The Musical*. His latest effort, a musical review starring Noelene Brown and Grant Dodwell, is currently showing at Rose's Nightclub in Sydney.

They sound even better with these attachments.

Forget the price, a digital disc player is only as good as it sounds.

And how well it sounds depends on how well it converts the digital signal to an analog signal.

It's as simple as that. (Providing you understand it!)

Both the Yamaha CD-X2 and CD-3 digital disc players feature Yamaha's superbly engineered and much praised LSI (Large Scale Integrated Chip).

This LSI converts the digital sound to an analog signal at twice the rate of its competitors. This over-sampling virtually eliminates phase distortion, greatly improving play-back resolution.

It also eliminates the need to pay any more than between $499* and $699* for a digital disc player.

For more information, please send the coupon to: Rose Music, 17 Market St., Sth. Melbourne, 3205.

Name _____

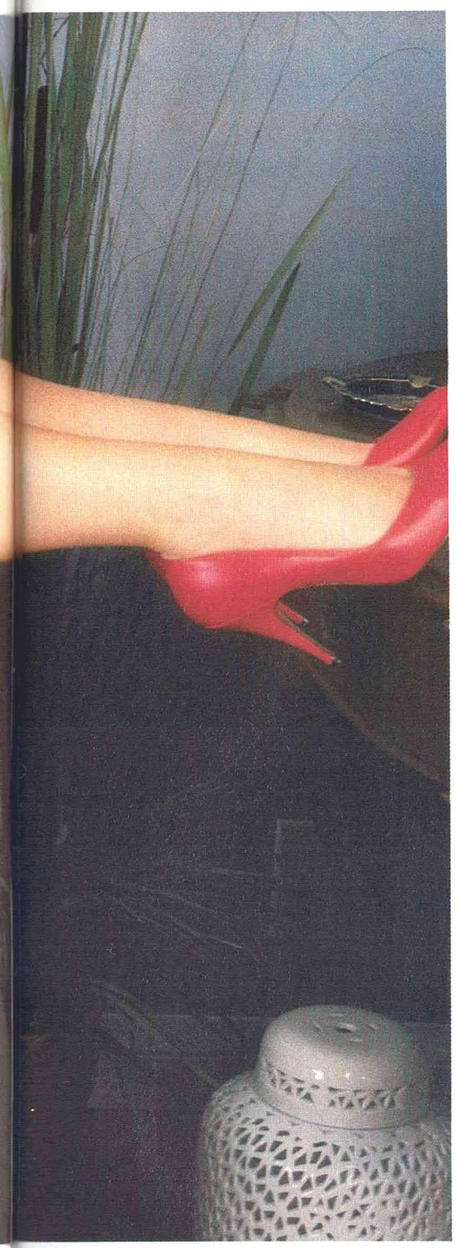
Address _____

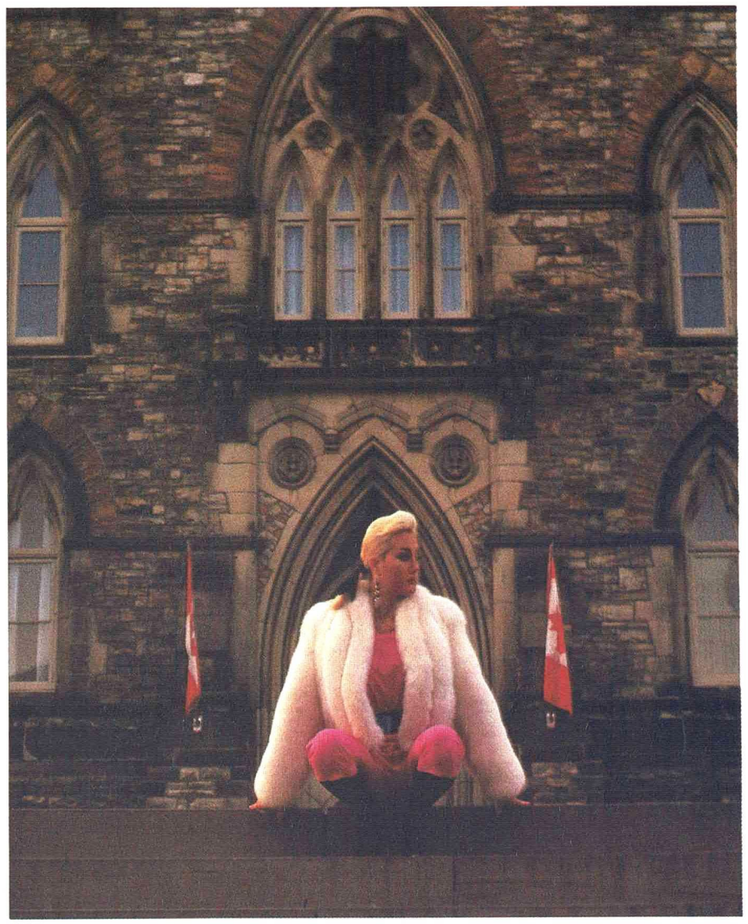
Postcode _____

YAMAHA

* Recommended retail price. * Silver model available.

Saatchi/RM 6138





LIBERATED LADY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

A stranger once accosted lovely Sondra Dickson as she strolled the streets of her native Canadian city of Toronto, and told her that she seemed like a very sensual person. Sondra agrees totally, and the stranger's forthright insight formed the basis for a long-standing friendship. "I'm soft, affectionate and caring. I like those things in myself and I look for them in others."

Comfort, especially with her special man, is something that is extremely important to her. She confides that her biggest sexual turn-on is "being with one particular man who is sensitive and gentle, but at the same time of strong character." In short, someone very much like Sondra herself.

Nobody could be fairer than Sondra about the dos and don'ts of sex. "I'm liberated in the sense that what everybody else wants to do is fine. As long as you don't physically injure anyone, I'm the first to encourage others to go ahead and do whatever feels right."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY JOHN MARSDEN

John Marsden LLM, a practicing solicitor, is the National President of the Council for Civil Liberties.

HEROIN: CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Australian politicians can no longer collectively bury their heads in the sand to escape the heroin problem. That has been tried — and failed. It is still failing. If our governing bodies are to address the wider issues of crime and its deterrence, it *must* dawn on our lawmakers that drug dependence cannot be understood as a self-inflicted condition. Drug addiction, whether those drugs are legal or outlawed, is the outcome of unquantifiable personal and environmental factors. We all share responsibility for the carnage that heroin is wreaking throughout Australia today, just as we share equally the responsibility for alcoholism and its destructive effects.

You don't stop wars by hating wars; you stop wars when you love peace. The criminal justice system, in relation to addicts, is spiteful and unfeeling. It is a system dependent on punishment and deterrents. The criminal justice system has failed to grasp that heroin addiction is a *living* punishment and perhaps the ultimate deterrent, eroding the capacity to live and love. The addict is the subject of a terrible and debilitating disease; he requires careful and compassionate treatment.

The present "treatment" of addicts is nothing short of bizarre. These genuinely sick people are incarcerated in jails: places where it is commonly acknowledged that heroin is as readily available as on the streets of Kings Cross. The punishment of the "offender" is perceived as acting as a deterrent to other users or potential users in the community. That sort of logic is dubious enough without taking into consideration the plight of the ill addicts, for whom the jail experience is a confirmation of the callousness of society. It reaffirms their conviction that a drug-induced emotional and psychological vacuum, interpreted as euphoria, is preferable to dealing with a system which offers so little in the way of solace and humanity.

There is another widely bandied rationalisation for why "justice" deems that addicts be jailed. A recent survey by the Bureau of Crime Statistics and Research estimated that between 50 and 60 percent of NSW prisoners serving sentences for armed robbery or break and enter offences had serious heroin addictions when they committed the crime. Conservative estimates by officials say a third of the money spent on heroin is derived from property crime. The bureau found that drug addiction was perhaps the major factor in the 100 percent increase in break and enter offences between 1980 and 1983.

The community is worried, seeing heroin addiction as a threat to the order of society. *Of course* it is criminal that young people must take up arms and invade people's homes and privacy to maintain habits that often devour more than $1000 a week. It *is* criminal that human beings have to resort to such measures to cope with their disease, the symptoms of which are a relentless craving for the drug with life revolving around its procurement.

What remains unaddressed is how much this community fear itself verges on the criminal. What true justice it would be if all the fears were replaced by compassion — if people substituted their materialism with a relentless *giving* to those less fortunate than themselves.

But, as yet, society is stoutly unwilling to look to the sources of criminal behavior. While the figureheads of organised crime — who nurture the vile destruction of the nation's youth through the supply of the drug — are collectively slandered and justifiably acknowledged as the lowest form of parasitic life, a strange process, *en masse*, seems to take place. Society at large can *relate* to the motives of these voracious people; they can understand willingly that people will kill for riches. There is no such mass understanding, or even willingness to understand, what makes a person commit a crime to get money to inject drugs into his veins. In its place is a blithe, naive hostility — a profound, heartless ignorance of which the judicial system is symbolic.

As painstakingly slow as this metamorphosis of our mass conceptions may be, the first steps towards righting the injustice must come through the legal system. The veil of mysticism surrounding heroin addiction must be torn away. The problem must be addressed with realistic frankness by politicians and officialdom. We must abandon the posturing and petty placations of the profile-conscious in favor of heartfelt concern.

The first step is immediate registration of addicts through medical channels. We must make available, without judgement, heroin to the addict. Ideally, under caring medical supervision — without dealing with the addict mentality in terms of its degree of criminality — a program of self-help could assist some to be cured of the disease. An addict could live a normal life, remembering that for an addict it *is* normal to inject the drug, but not to go out and steal for it.

> Convicted drug users' civil rights are in constant jeopardy as a result of unconstitutional and highly questionable enforcement practices. The manipulative personality of an addict is only outdone by those who choose to manipulate him for personal or political status.

There is no question that this would save lives. The unhygienic surroundings and the questionable additives commonly used to dilute the drug could be eradicated. The prospect of saving just one life makes this action of immediate importance. As a by-product, it would be likely to reduce drug-related crimes. It would also hopefully transform the mass perception of addicts as outsiders whose role is to be kicked around like footballs. Convicted drug users' civil rights and liberties are in constant jeopardy as a result of unconstitutional and highly questionable enforcement practices. The manipulative personality of an addict is only outdone by those who choose to manipulate him for personal or political status.

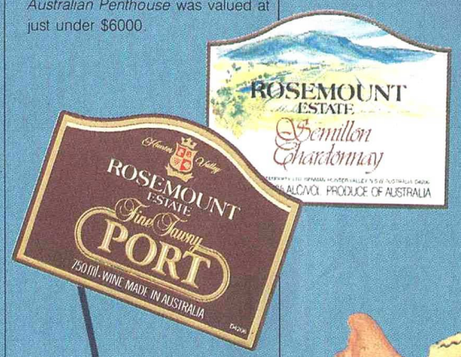
Registration of addicts may not be the cure-all that some perceive it to be, but there is no doubt it would remove some from the criminal scene. Addicts have more than enough to deal with besides their supposed criminal nature.

There can be little doubt that the decriminalisation of marijuana would assist a reduction of the heroin problem, though in no sense is this to suggest that heroin and marijuana are linked inextricably on the same level. It is simply that marijuana, which is now *passe* in its mystical allure, is sold usually by the same profit-conscious mongers who deal in heroin. This means that a casual marijuana user must adopt the same criminal mentality as that required of a heroin addict. Otherwise law-abiding people are forced to mix with the criminal fringe to obtain a drug which is, without intelligent doubt, no more dangerous than alcohol. While alcohol is presented as a desirable status symbol by the media, and while law-makers and enforcers obediently guzzle it with the encouragement of sports stars, marijuana users are forced into the renegade fringes where they are commonly introduced to narcotic drugs. Lives would be saved and organised crime would receive a setback if marijuana were decriminalised.

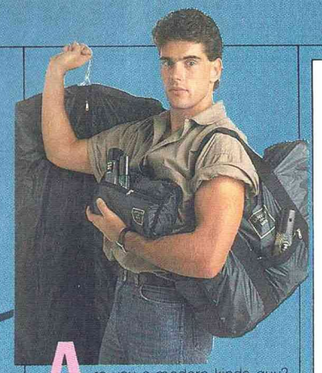
There is no immediate solution to the ruthless agony that heroin symbolises in our society. The solution is in the mass realisation that it is a responsibility we all share, and those who have been elected to responsible positions must realise the pathetic response that our "justice" system has made so far. There is little doubt that future generations will be aghast at the situation as it was in the Eighties and they will ponder the Dark Age mentality of the current generation.

LOOSE ENDS

Rosemount Estate reds, whites, ports and champagnes are currently taking up a lot of space at the Ryde, NSW, home of Alan Burke, the winner of our January Super Cellar Competition. From all reports, Mr Burke has played cheerful host to the 55 cases of quaffable liquids since they turned up on his doorstep. His prize, courtesy of Rosemount Estate and *Australian Penthouse* was valued at just under $6000.

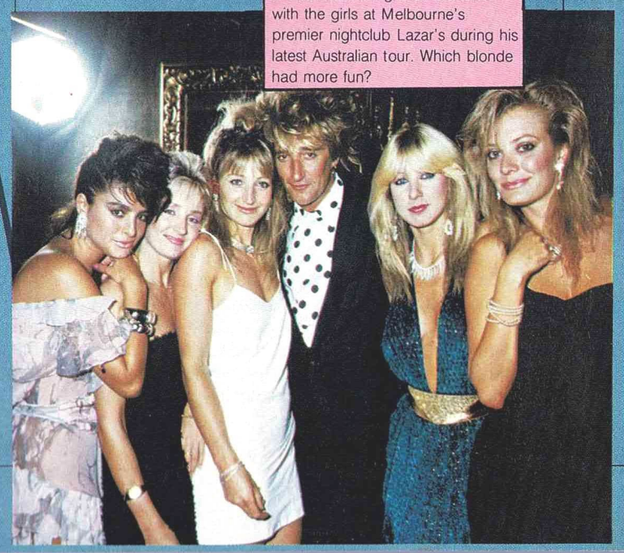


Well, have a go at this — a combined razor and shave cream for the hirsute human on the move. It should have been called the Bladerunner but the folks at Winlo have opted for the more prosaic Shave-Away — a boon for men and women travellers, sportspeople and the busy executives of this word. The nifty compact features a replaceable stainless steel twin-blade razor atop an aerosol shave cream dispenser. Enough for 20 away from home scrapes. Available at pharmacies and selected department stores for a very reasonable $2.94.



Are you a modern kinda guy? The Lanvin For Men range of toiletries is summed up by the people who are paid to sum up these things as: "a modern masculine fragrance created for the businessman." Sort of the Sweet Smell Of Success in a bottle or a handy roll-on. Prices of the six products in the Lanvin For Men collection range from $9.50 to $29.75. Hop in now and pick up a Lanvin Porter Carry Pack like the one sported by Sam Smooth in the picture. Offer available at selected department stores throughout June.

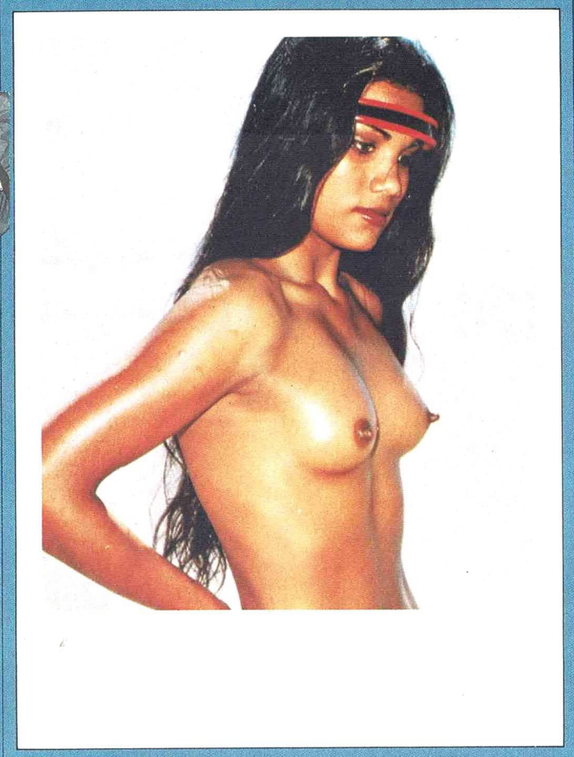
Everyone's famous for five minutes of their life, it's been said, but the lure of stretching that to 15 minutes is the strategy behind a US firm's marketing of "Hall Of Fame" tapes. In these tapes YOU ARE THERE in your favorite sporting fantasy . . . "Thwack! Norm [you] has demolished McEnroe with that scorching cross-court backhand and the crowd is going wild" . . . or "Australia II crosses the line, that brilliant tactical manoeuvre by helmsman Norm sealing the America's Cup for the Norm-led syndicate." Business is booming in the States, despite a $60 price tag per cassette. There's a tip for all you Australian entrepreneurs out there.



Presenting . . . Rod Stewart's latest line in bodyguards, *Penthouse* Pets Donna Lea Turner, Tracee Edwards, Helenka Antar, Carol Thompson and Chris Heins. Stewart had a night on the town with the girls at Melbourne's premier nightclub Lazar's during his latest Australian tour. Which blonde had more fun?

Rather aptly, it took a seamstress by the name of Madam Lash to strap, truss and generally cantilever the contours of 14 *Penthouse* Pets into leather and lace gowns for the Pet Of The Year extravaganza in Sydney in March. Ms Lash, known to her intimates as Gretel Pinniger, is renowned for whipping up such wearable confections for the fashion-conscious decadent set. Pet Of The Year Bobbie Wallbank took home her $500 red and black outfit along with the rest of her rich swag of prizes. Madam Lash, working from The Church Of The Sons And Daughters Of Temperance in Sydney can whip up fantasy attire by appointment. (02) 512 909.

The result of our February Win An Aiwa Sound System was music to the ears of one Robert Divitec of Cooma in NSW. His prize is a compact system comprising turntable, amplifier with built-in graphic equaliser, AM/FM tuner and stereo cassette deck. The prize is valued at around $1700.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

The exotic charm of Ms Shanoon Eder as captured in this photo by Louis Eder of Morningside in Brisbane wins this month's photographic prize from Polaroid.

Louis and Shanoon win the pride of the Polaroid range, the SLR 680, a go anywhere camera that provides excellent full-color results in a matter of minutes.

If there's a lady or ladies in your life who enjoy watching the birdie and saying cheese, get in there with camera in hand and share the results with *Penthouse* readers. Send one or more photographs or transparencies (taken on any film) and you're in the running for a Polaroid prize. the subject of your shot may also be chosen to be tested as a *Penthouse* Pet, and if successful, she'll pick up a modelling fee of $5000. Snap to it.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

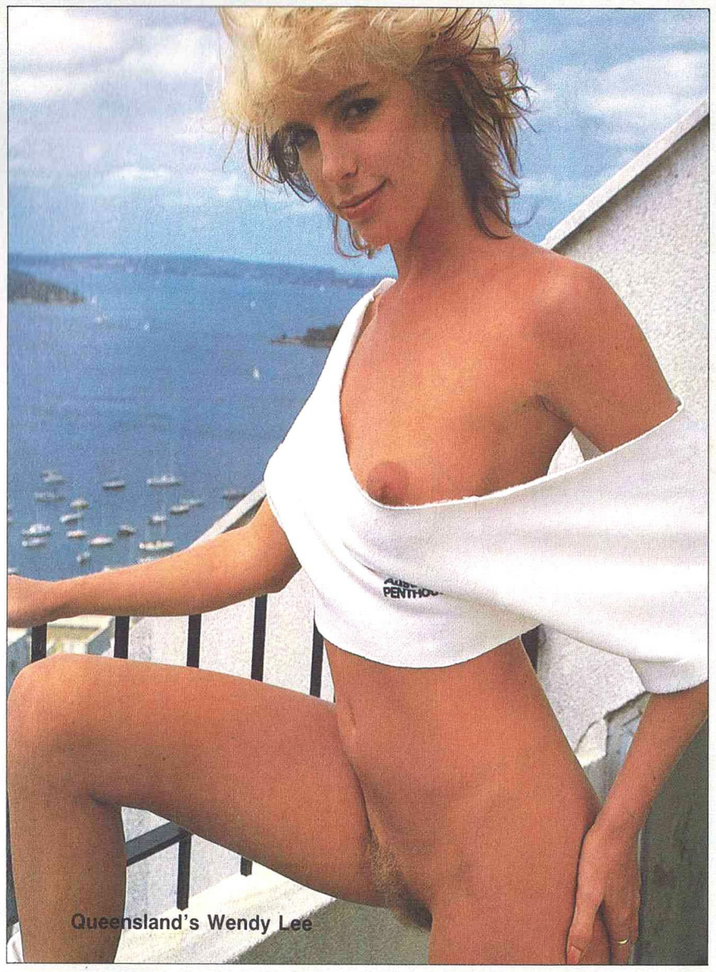
_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse* I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . . .



COMING IN JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Enter The Dragon — Asian crime syndicates, notorious for their ruthlessness, have gained a firm foothold on Australian soil and are gearing up for a bloody battle for control of the heroin trade, gambling and prostitution. This frightening investigation unveils the Australian operations of the Chinese Tongs and Triads, and analyses the burgeoning influence of the Japanese Yakuza, the Vietnamese gangs and the Filipino, Thai and Singaporean mobs, whose enforcement methods make the Mafia Dons look like wimps.

Newton's Law — It states that you must never dwell on the past. Jack Newton, world class professional golfer and rager extraordinaire, suffered horrendous injuries when he was sucked into the blades of a light aircraft in July 1983. Newton's iron will and boundless spirit have transported him from the brink of death to a place in the sun. *Penthouse* profiles an exceptional Australian.

Mike Carlton Interview — One of the country's most feared verbal hitmen, Carlton is also an outrageous raconteur who warms to boiling point in one of the most entertaining interviews you'll ever read.

Evil In Paradise — Neil Cunningham dreamed of becoming a world champion race driver. His mother shared the dream, so she sold her body to the losers on the Gold Coast to finance her son's climb to the top. Weeks before the dream was to become reality, Lovena Cunningham was murdered. Frank Robson's sensitive account of the Cunningham saga places a new perspective on our very own plastic paradise.

Pet Of The Month — Wendy Lee is a standout even in her home town of Cairns, where blonde bombshells are reasonably thick on the ground. Don't miss this steaming hot centrefold.

ENFORCERS

Continued from page 60

bloke needs a bodyguard he's bad news."

Asked to define what goes into the making of a hard man, Sam responds: "Let's take an example. There's a legendary doorman in Melbourne who recently took two .38 bullets in the stomach fired by a guy who was sitting in a car. The doorman dragged the guy out of the car, punched the shit out of him and then drove himself to hospital. Now, that's a hard man." According to Sam hard men are not criminals. "Your typical hard man has always been a streetfighter and a scammer; he's got no fancy qualifications, no references — and as a doorman he finds he can be paid to do something he's always done well. His professional role is to do what has to be done — to take care of business. He commands enormous respect. He does not affiliate with imbeciles, and his word is his bond. If he'd had a different kind of background, he'd probably be a business executive. He's never a fool."

There are many ambitious bouncers who might be characterised as up-and-coming hard men. According to Christopher Murphy, "Whereas in the old days the bouncer was a legendary type, these days he's less comfortable with that image. He's normally a restless personality who tends to regard bouncing as an inconvenience, a necessary stepping stone on the path toward bigger things." When you consider the enormous difficulties facing bouncers in the Eighties, that seems an understandable approach to the game. One Kings Cross nightclub bouncer in his early twenties was asked how he rationalised having to stand in the firing line and cope with the constant attention of the law in return for a standard wage of around $80 a night. His response confirms Murphy's insight into the motivations of the ambitious bouncer: "You think I'm doing this shit for a lousy 80 bucks a night? I make closer to 200 a night. There are so many scams you can get into when you're a bouncer. Some blokes don't get involved in it, and I can't understand that. They'll stand on the door, make their $80 a night, and go home to mummy. That attitude just shits me. My heroes are the really successful thugs — the blokes who started with nothing, like me, and made it to the top. In ten years' time I'll either be rich or dead."

The elite bouncers of the Eighties will follow men like Bob Jones into the infant field of sophisticated armed security work. They'll be the counter-terrorists and executive bodyguards of the Nineties. The remainder will become increasingly obsolete, while the monkey-suited Neanderthals who ruled the street scene only a decade ago will have passed into history. They'll serve as comical reminders of Australian society's traumatic transition from adolescence to adulthood.

'I'll come if you take me to STEPS' NIGHTCLUB
At the Metropole Centre 287-305 Military Road, Cremorne, N.S.W. Phone (02) 909 8888

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

WV2.Q2
CC494/80